The Music Hour

Fourth Book

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by

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Piano accompaniments for the Fourth Book may be found in the Intermediate Teacher's Book.

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△

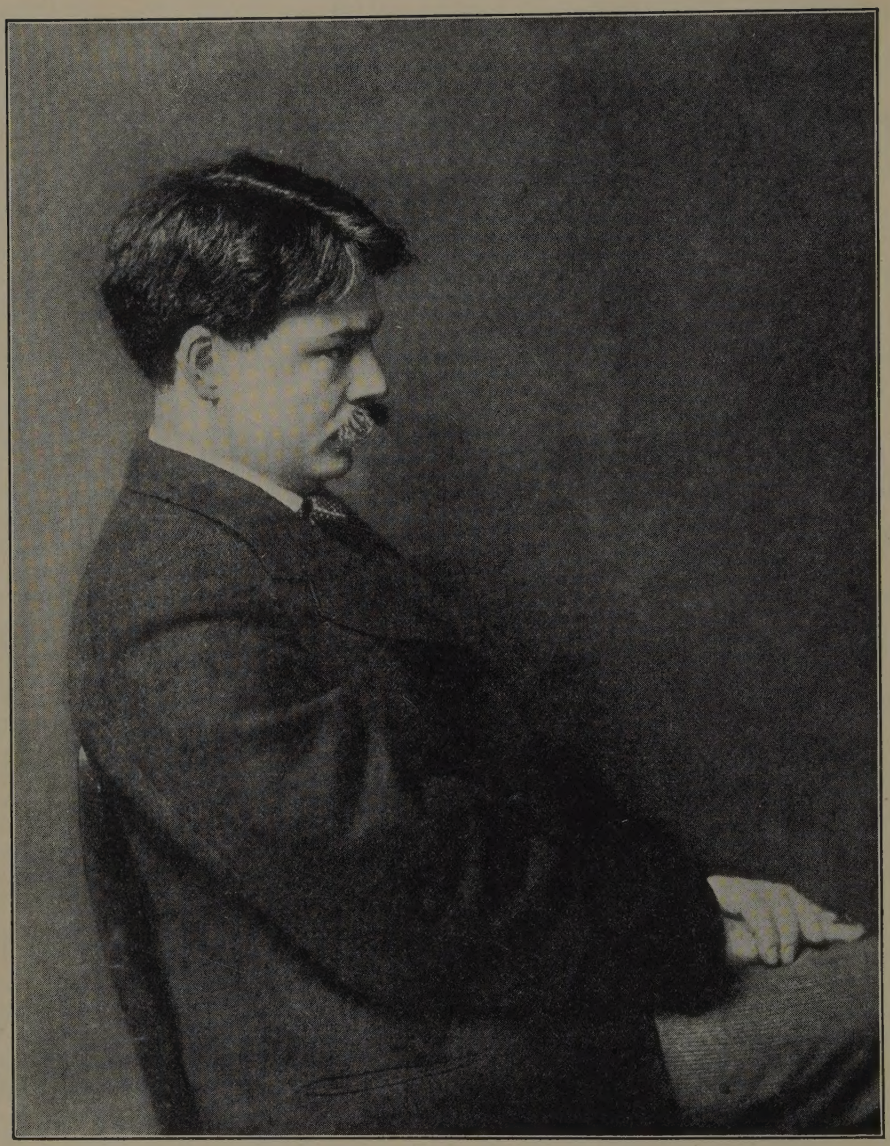
To

Edward A. MacDowell

the first great American composer

to express the spirit of his country

in music



E. Macdowell.

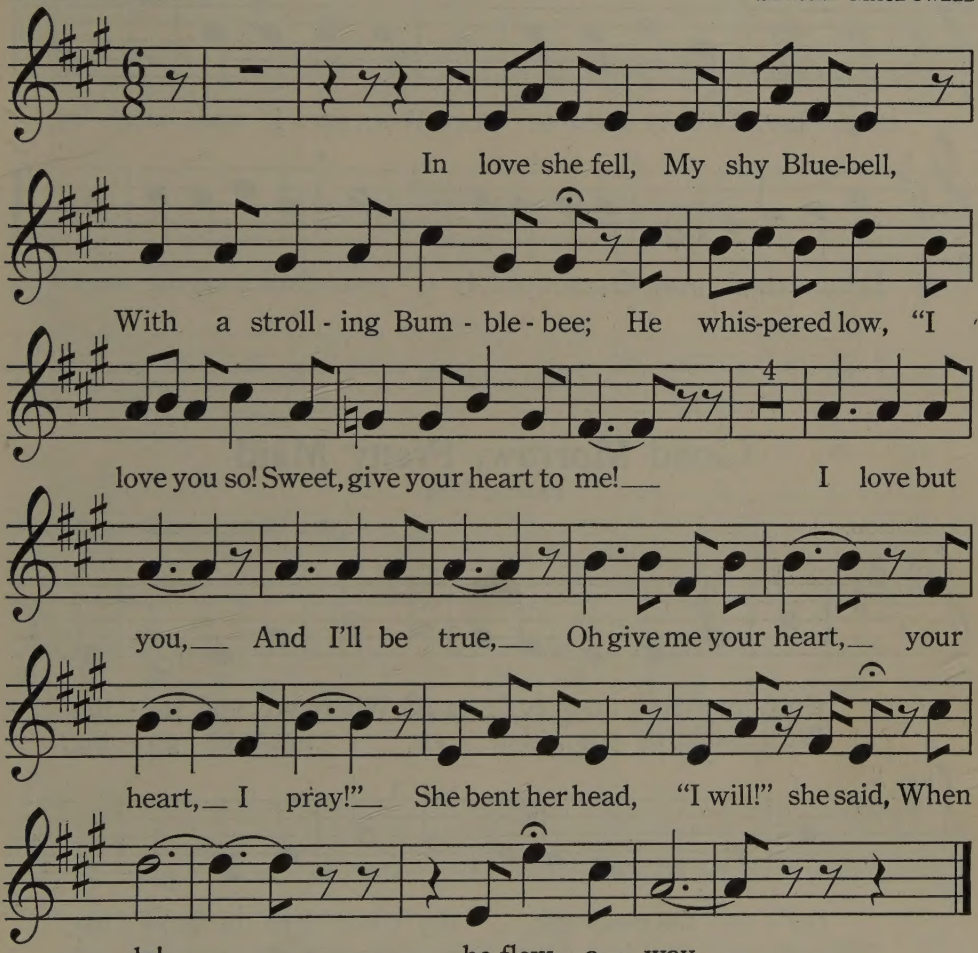
The Music Hour

FOURTH BOOK

The Blue-Bell

Rote Song

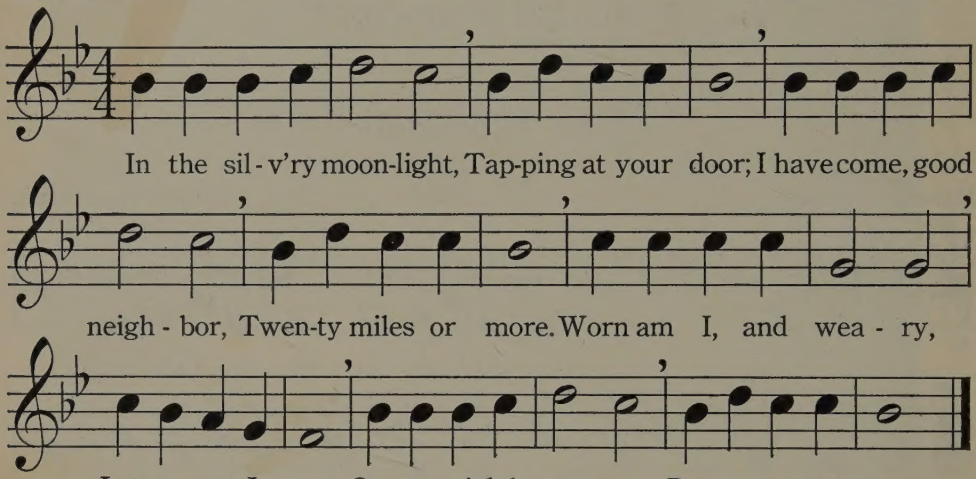
MARGARET DELAND — EDWARD MACDOWELL


In love she fell, My shy Blue-bell,
With a stroll - ing Bum - ble - bee; He whis-pered low, "I
love you so! Sweet, give your heart to me!___ I love but
you,___ And I'll be true,___ Oh give me your heart,___ your
heart,___ I pray!"___ She bent her head, "I will!" she said, When
lo!_____ he flew a - way.___

The Traveler

Reading Song

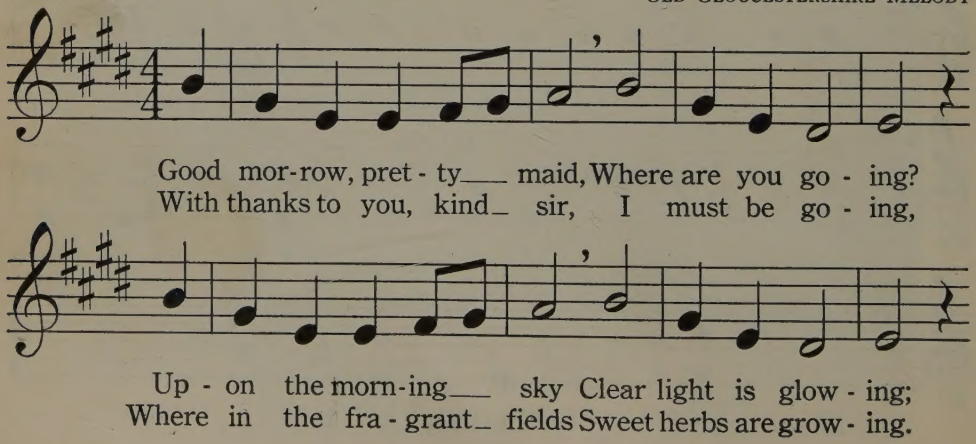
SUSANNA MYERS — OLD FRENCH SONG

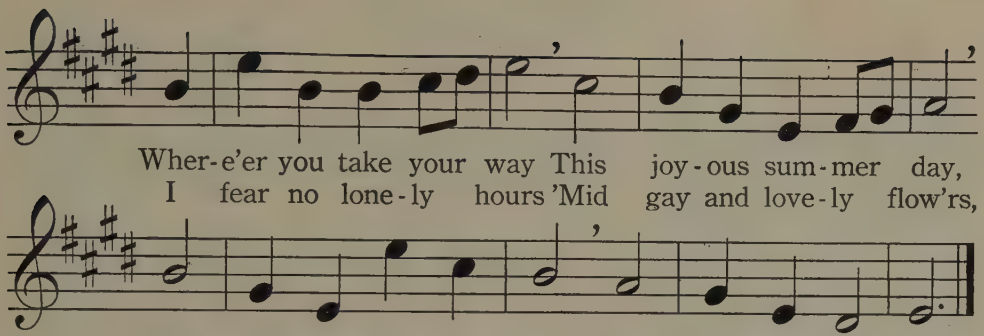

In the sil - v'ry moon-light, Tap-ping at your door; I have come, good
neigh - bor, Twen-ty miles or more. Worn am I, and wea - ry,
Let me rest, I pray; O-pen, quick-ly o - pen, Do not say me nay.

Good Morrow, Pretty Maid

Reading Song

TRADITIONAL — OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE MELODY


Good mor-row, pret - ty maid, Where are you go - ing?
With thanks to you, kind sir, I must be go - ing,
Up - on the morn-ing sky Clear light is glow - ing;
Where in the fra - grant fields Sweet herbs are grow - ing.

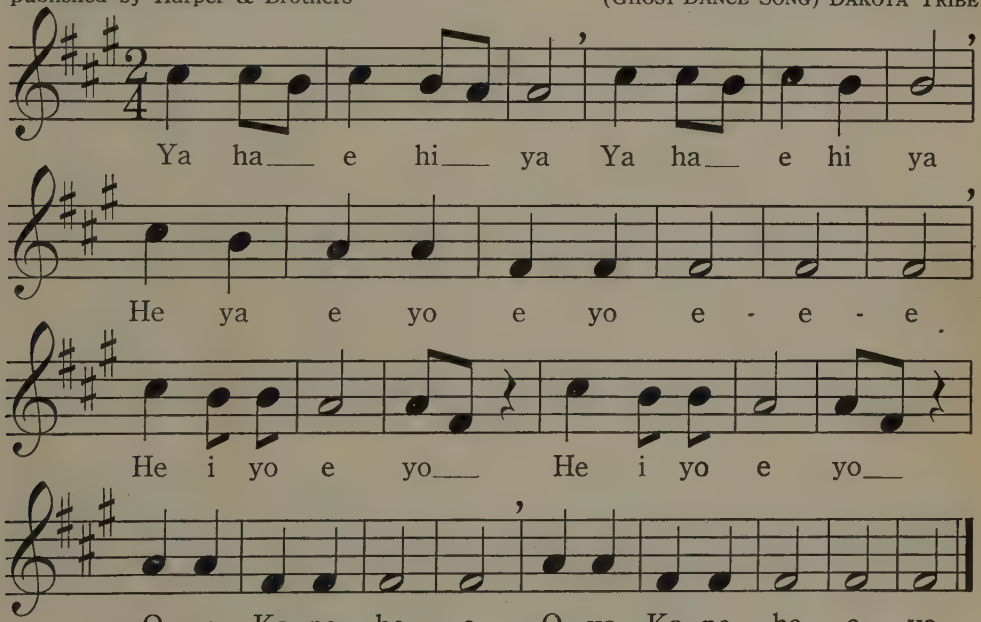

Wher-e'er you take your way This joy-ous sum-mer day,
I fear no lone-ly hours 'Mid gay and love-ly flow'rs,
Oh, let me with you stray, Most charm-ing maid-en.
Which make de-light-ful bow'rs For an-y maid-en.

Wanagi-Wacipi Olowan

Reading Song

From "The Indians' Book" by NATALIE CURTIS, published by Harper & Brothers

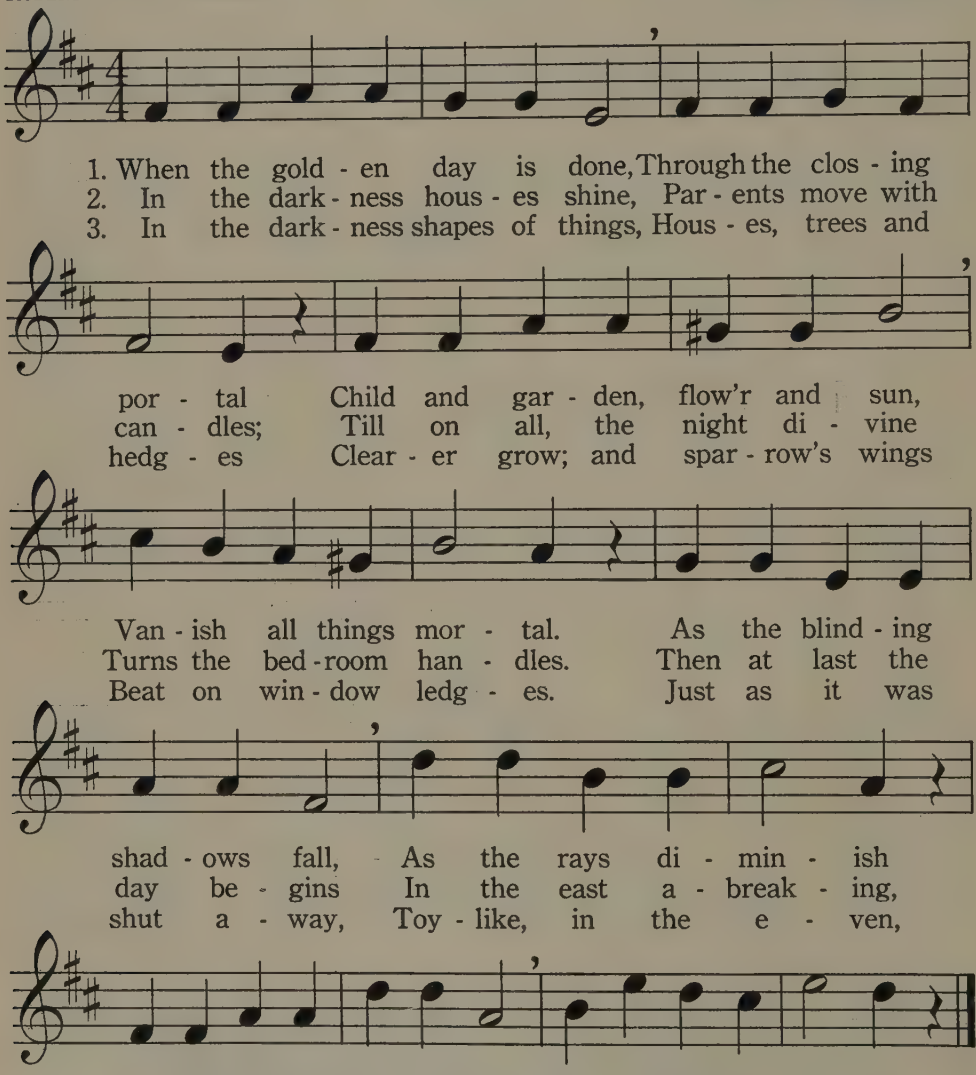
SONG OF THE SPIRIT DANCE (GHOST-DANCE SONG) DAKOTA TRIBE


Ya ha___ e hi___ ya Ya ha___ e hi ya
He ya e yo e yo e - e - e
He i yo e yo___ He i yo e yo___
O-ya-Ka-po he-e O-ya-Ka-po he-e yo.
Tell a-far his mes-sage, Tell a-far his mes-sage, ho!

Night and Day

Reading Song

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN


1. When the gold - en day is done, Through the clos - ing
2. In the dark - ness hous - es shine, Par - ents move with
3. In the dark - ness shapes of things, Hous - es, trees and
por - tal Child and gar - den, flow'r and sun,
can - dles; Till on all, the night di - vine
hedg - es Clear - er grow; and spar - row's wings
Van - ish all things mor - tal. As the blind - ing
Turns the bed - room han - dles. Then at last the
Beat on win - dow ledg - es. Just as it was
shad - ows fall, As the rays di - min - ish
day be - gins In the east a - break - ing,
shut a - way, Toy - like, in the e - ven,
Un - der eve-ning's cloak, they all Roll a - way and van - ish.
In the hedg - es and the whins Sleep - ing birds a - wak - ing.
Here I see it glow with day Un - der glow - ing heav - en.

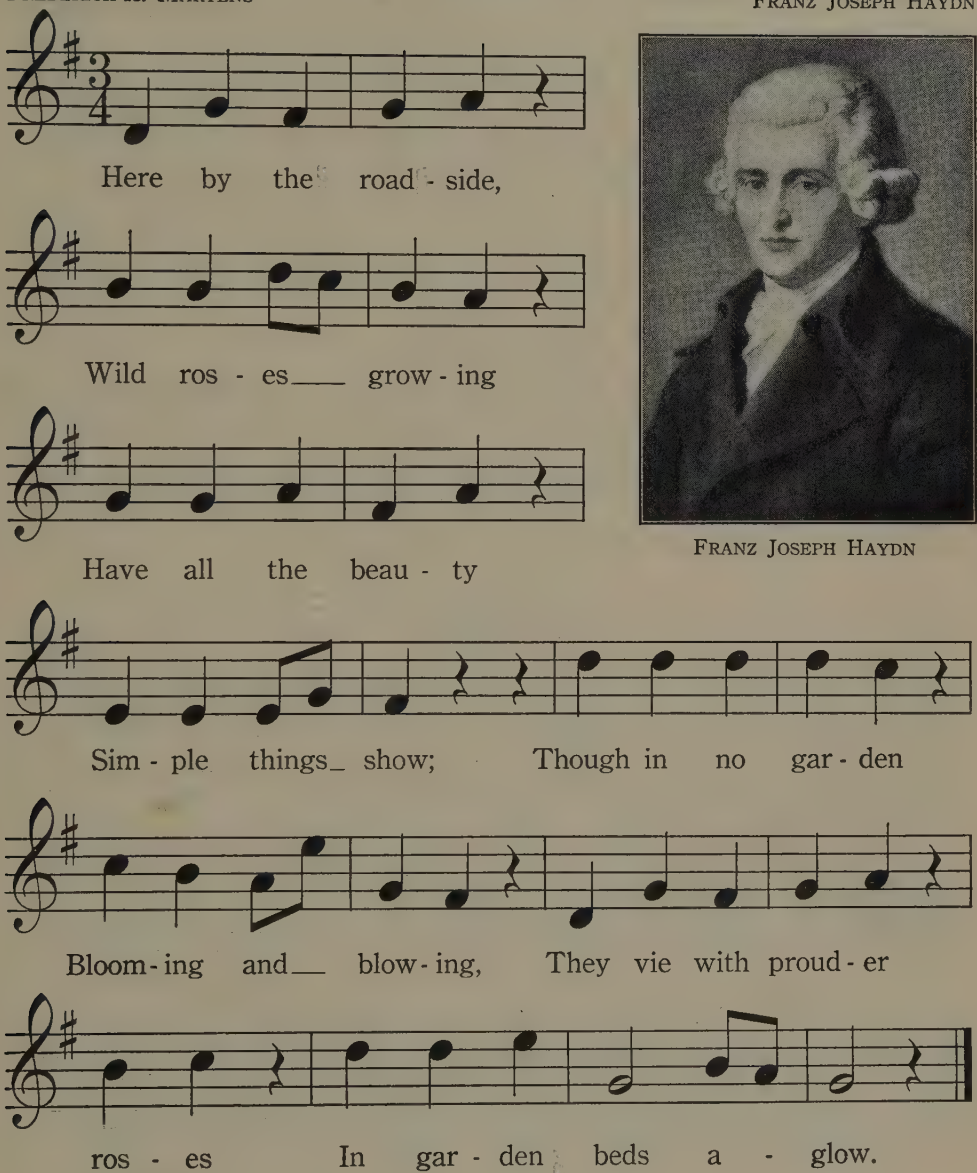
Wild Roses

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

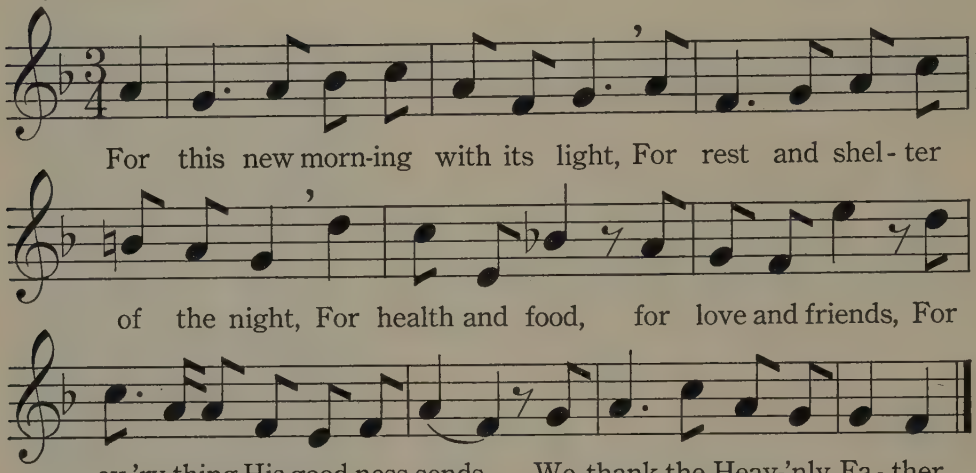

Here by the road - side,
Wild ros - es grow - ing
Have all the beau - ty
Sim - ple things show; Though in no gar - den
Bloom - ing and blow - ing, They vie with proud - er
ros - es In gar - den beds a - glow.

A Morning Thanksgiving

Rote Song

M. J. Garland

William Lester

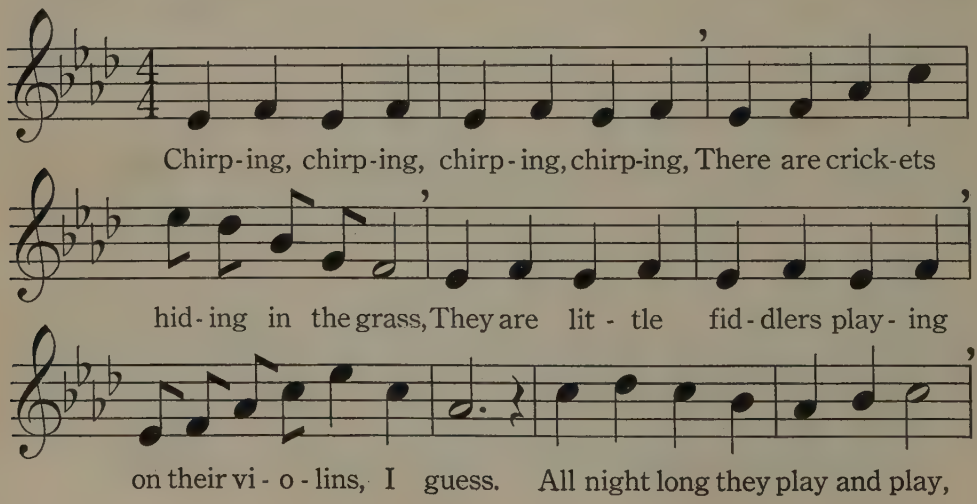

For this new morn-ing with its light, For rest and shel-ter
of the night, For health and food, for love and friends, For
ev-'ry-thing His good-ness sends, We thank the Heav-'nly Fa-ther.

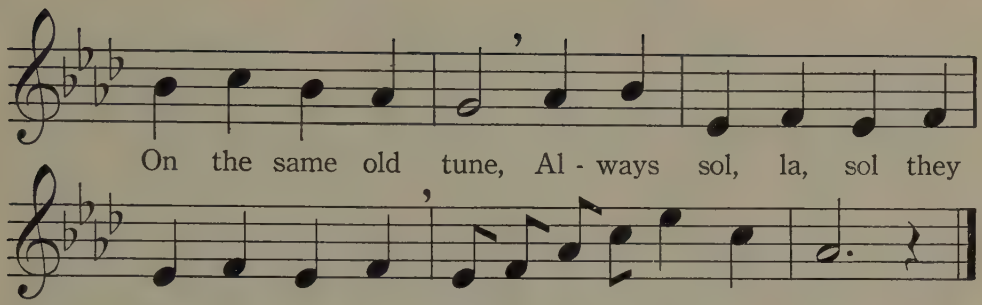
Crickets

Reading Song

Annie M. C. Ostrander

Annie M. C. Ostrander


Chirp-ing, chirp-ing, chirp-ing, chirp-ing, There are crick-ets
hid-ing in the grass, They are lit-tle fid-dlers play-ing
on their vi-o-lins, I guess. All night long they play and play,



September

Rote Song

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

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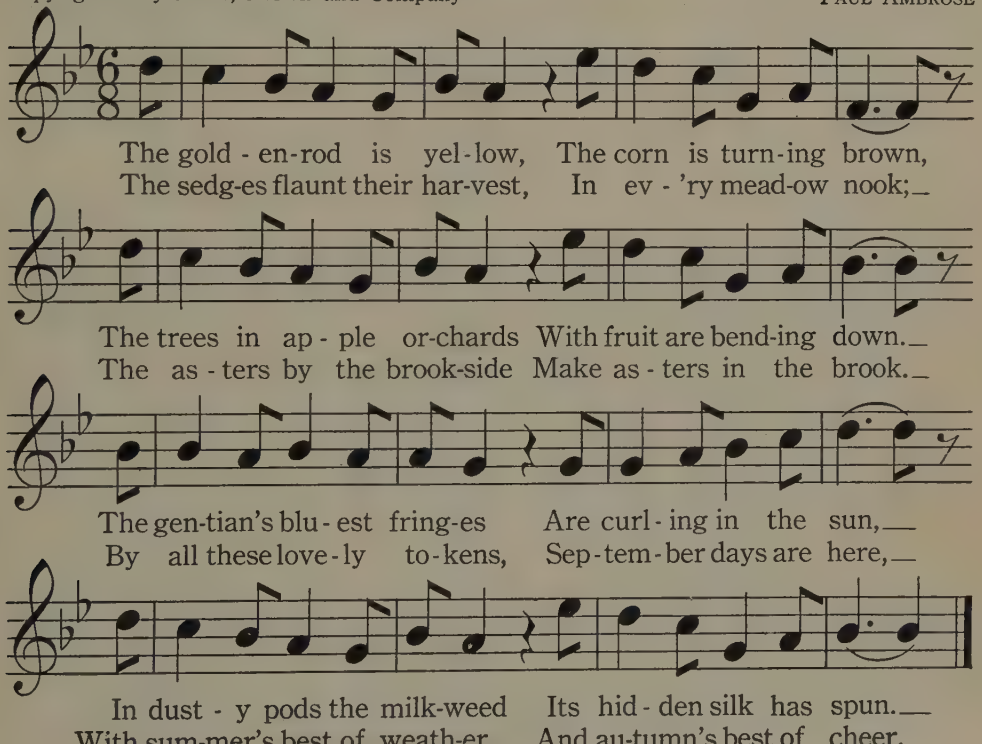
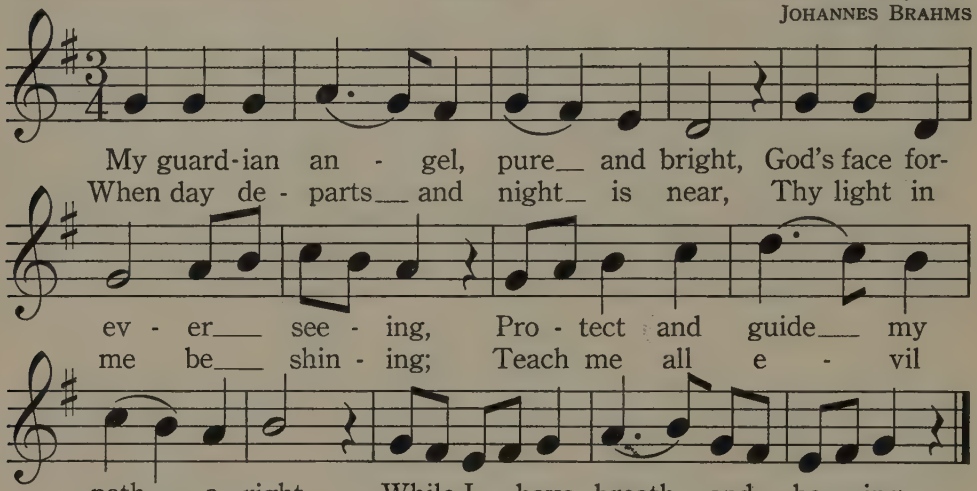
PAUL AMBROSE


The gold - en-rod is yel-low, The corn is turn-ing brown,
The sedg-es flaunt their har-vest, In ev - 'ry mead-ow nook;
The trees in ap - ple or-chards With fruit are bend-ing down.
The as - ters by the brook-side Make as - ters in the brook.
The gen-tian's blu - est fring-es Are curl - ing in the sun,
By all these love - ly to-kens, Sep-tem-ber days are here,
In dust - y pods the milk-weed Its hid - den silk has spun.
With sum-mer's best of weath-er, And au-tumn's best of cheer.

My Guardian Angel

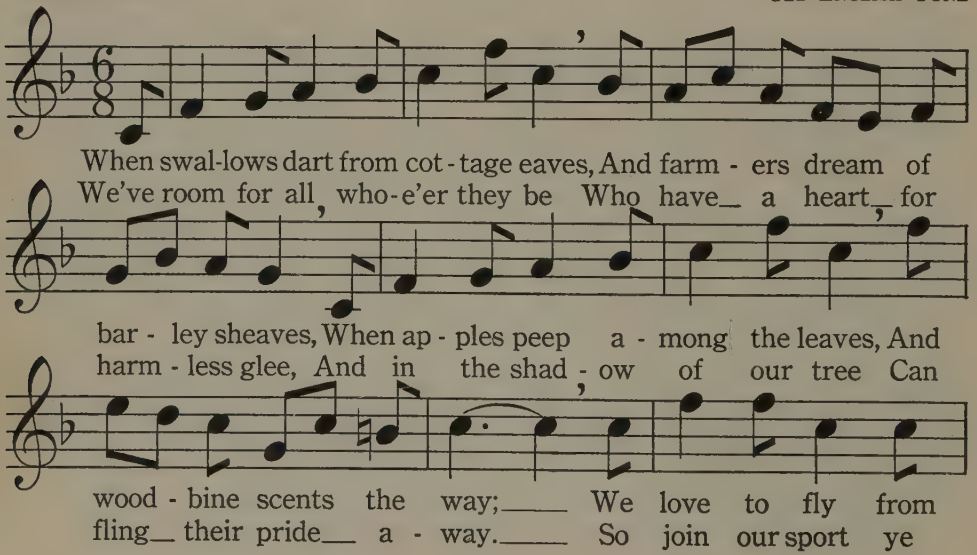
THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES — Reading Song — FOLK SONG, arranged by JOHANNES BRAHMS

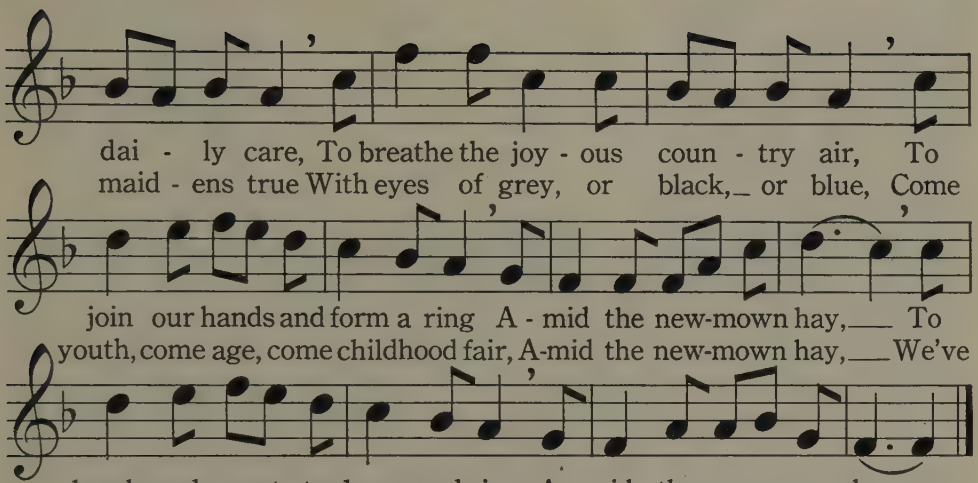

My guard-ian an - gel, pure and bright, God's face for-
When day de - parts and night is near, Thy light in
ev - er see - ing, Pro - tect and guide my
me be shin - ing; Teach me all e - vil
path a - right, While I have breath and be - ing.
deeds to fear, My heart to good in - clin - ing.

The New Mown Hay

Rote Song

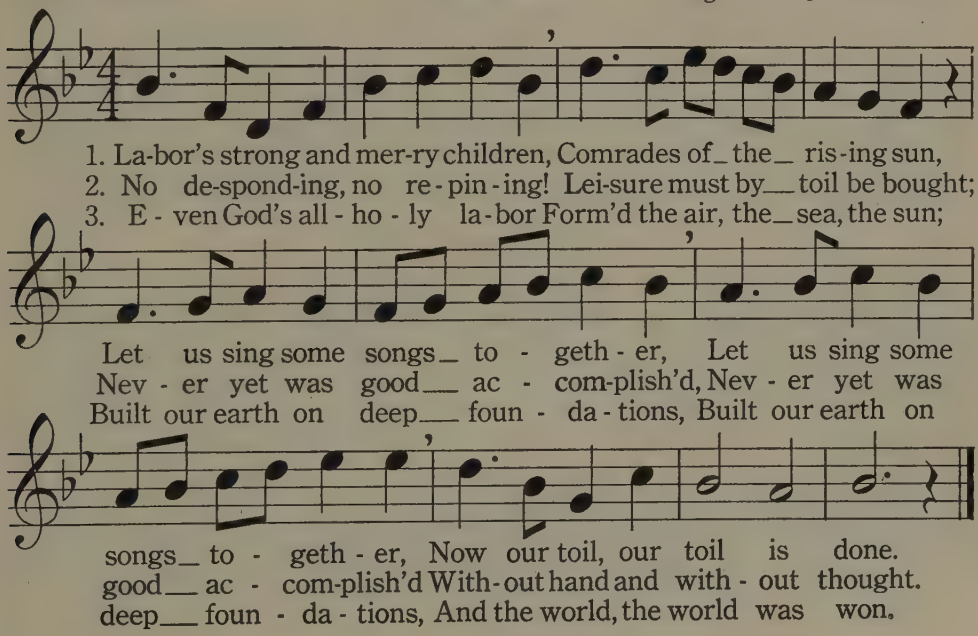
CHARLES MACKAY — OLD ENGLISH TUNE

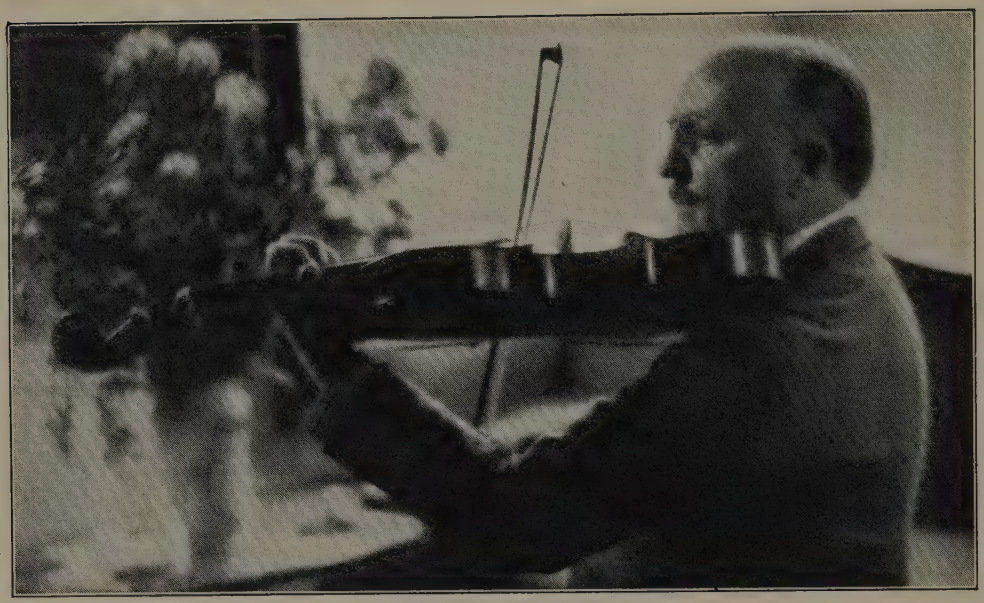

When swal-lows dart from cot - tage eaves, And farm - ers dream of
We've room for all, who-e'er they be Who have a heart, for
bar - ley sheaves, When ap - ples peep a - mong the leaves, And
harm - less glee, And in the shad - ow of our tree Can
wood - bine scents the way; We love to fly from
fling their pride a - way. So join our sport ye


dai - ly care, To breathe the joy - ous coun - try air, To
maid - ens true With eyes of grey, or black, or blue, Come
join our hands and form a ring A - mid the new-mown hay, To
youth, come age, come childhood fair, A-mid the new-mown hay, We've
laugh and sport to dance and sing A - mid the new-mown hay.
wel - come kind and room to spare A - mid the new-mown hay.

Song of Labor

BARRY CORNWALL — Reading Song — Arranged from J. F. REICHARDT


1. La-bor's strong and mer-ry children, Comrades of the ris-ing sun,
2. No de-spond-ing, no re-pin-ing! Lei-sure must by toil be bought;
3. E - ven God's all - ho - ly la-bor Form'd the air, the sea, the sun;
Let us sing some songs to - geth - er, Let us sing some
Nev - er yet was good ac - com-plish'd, Nev - er yet was
Built our earth on deep foun - da - tions, Built our earth on
songs to - geth - er, Now our toil, our toil is done.
good ac - com-plish'd With-out hand and with - out thought.
deep foun - da - tions, And the world, the world was won.



Louis Bailly Playing His Viola

Rêverie du Soir from "Suite Algérienne"

Viola

C. Saint-Saëns

Gossip Joan

Reading Song

TRADITIONAL

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

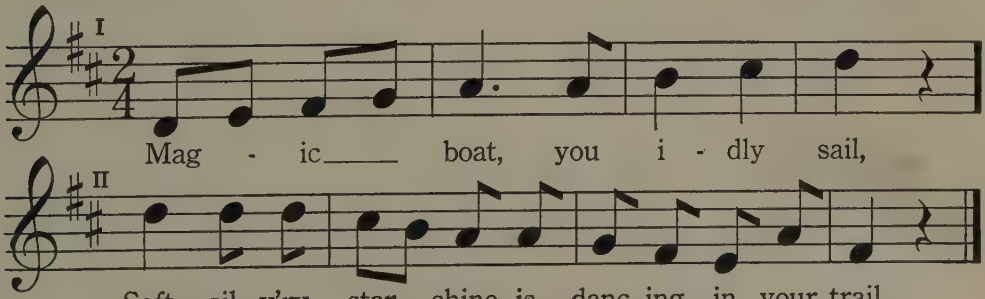
Good mor - row, Gos - sip Joan, Where have you been a-
Let's to the gar - den go, And while a - way our
walk - ing? I have, I have for you at home, I
sor - row; My griefs, my griefs you there shall know, My
have, I have for you at home A
griefs, my griefs you there shall know, And
bud - get, bud - get full of talk - ing, Gos - sip Joan.
then we'll meet a - gain to - mor - row, Gos - sip Joan.

The Dream Boat

Two-Part Round

NELLIE POORMAN

OLD GERMAN ROUND

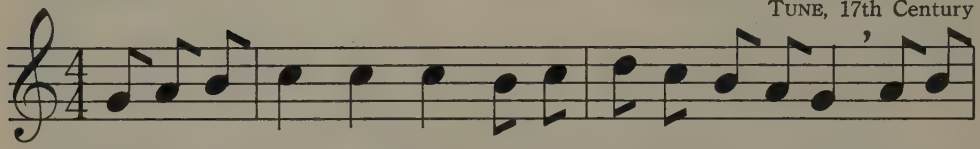


Hope, the Hermit

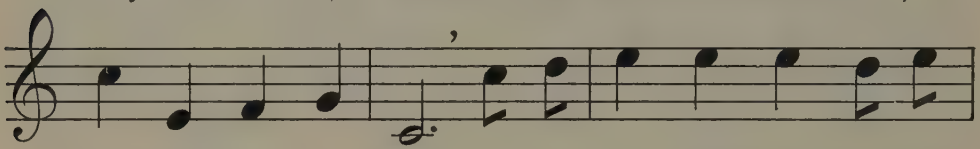
Reading Song

JOHN OXENFORD

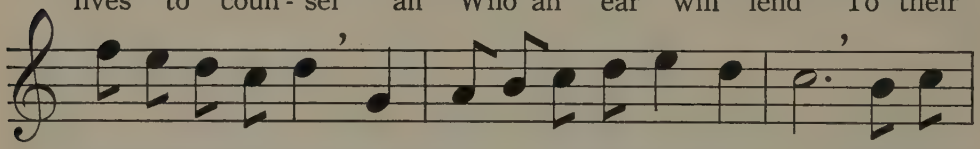
"LADY FRANCES NEVILL'S DELIGHT"
TUNE, 17th Century



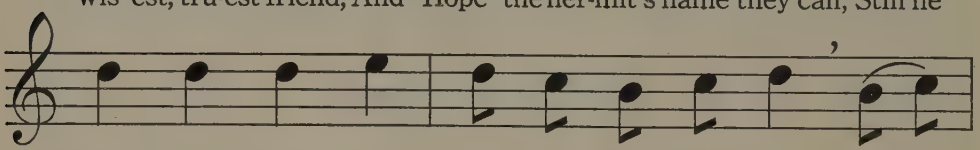
1. Once in a blithe green-wood, Lived a her-mit wise and good, Whom the
2. "The ver- y long - est lane Has a turn-ing, it is plain, E'en the
3. Pray is the her - mit dead? From the for - est has he fled? No, he



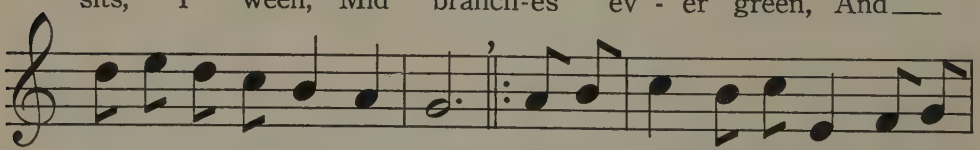
folks from far and near For his coun - sel sought, Know-ing
black - est clouds will fly; And what can't be cured Must with
lives to coun - sel all Who an ear will lend To their



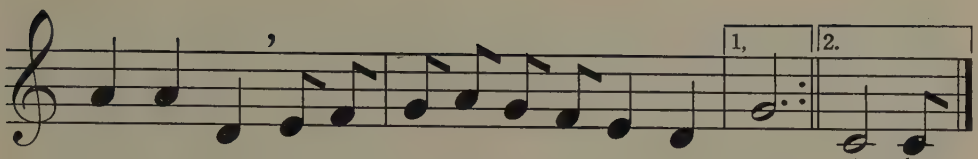
well that what he taught The drear-i-est of hearts would cheer. Though his
pa-tience be en-dured; As cheap-ly can we laugh as cry." And the
wis-est, tru-est friend, And "Hope" the her-mit's name they call; Still he



hair was white His eye was clear and bright, And he
peo - ple gazed, At words so deep a - mazed, While the
sits, I ween, 'Mid branch-es ev - er green, And___



thus was ev - er wont to say: "Though to care we are born, Yet the
her-mit then went on to say: "Though to care we are born, Yet the
cheer-ful - ly you hear him say: "Though to care we are born, Yet the

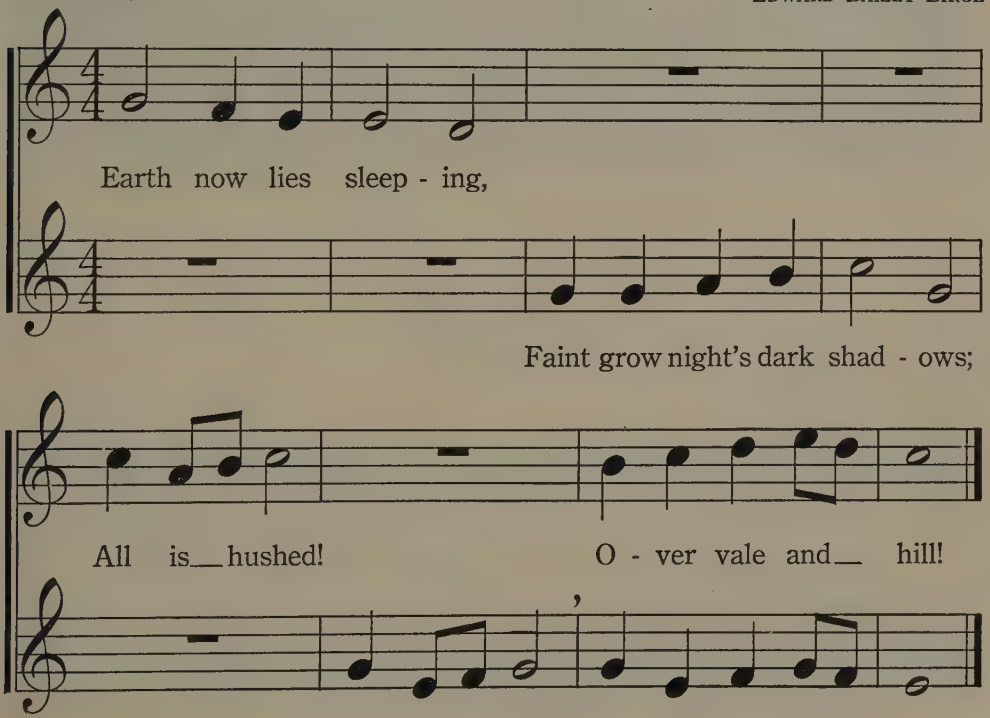


dull - est morn Of - ten her-alds in the fair - est day, day!"
dull - est morn Of - ten her-alds in the fair - est day, day!"
dull - est morn Of - ten her-alds in the fair - est day, day!"

Dawn

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH — EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE



Earth now lies sleep - ing,

Faint grow night's dark shad - ows;

All is hushed! O - ver vale and hill!

All is still!

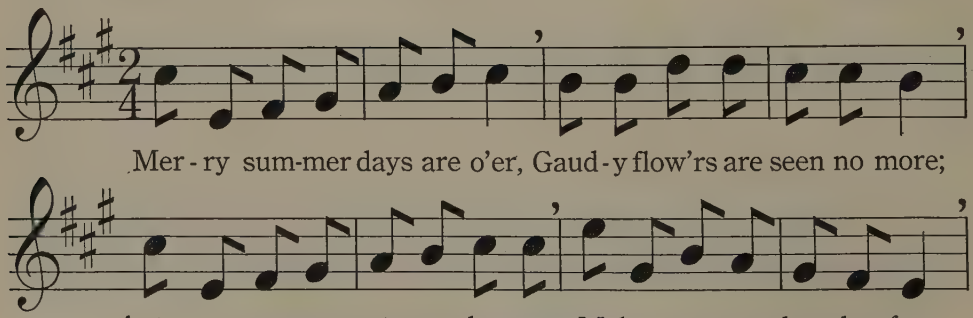
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

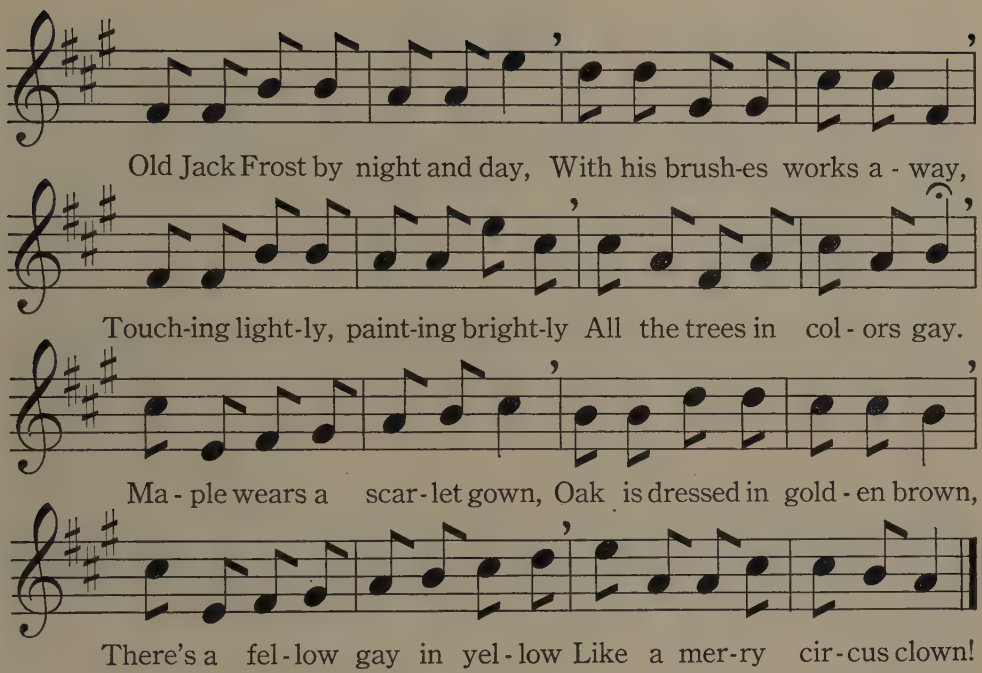
PEACE AND PLENTY, by GEORGE INNESS

Autumn

Reading Song

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN ARTHUR NEVIN

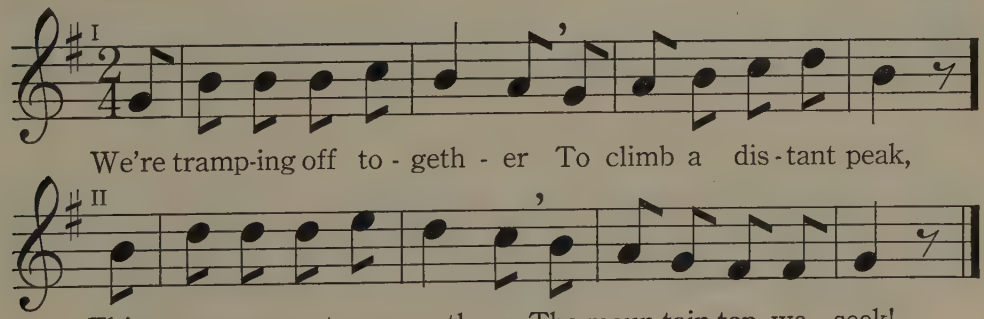



Old Jack Frost by night and day, With his brush-es works a - way,
Touch-ing light-ly, paint-ing bright-ly All the trees in col - ors gay.
Ma - ple wears a scar-let gown, Oak is dressed in gold - en brown,
There's a fel-low gay in yel-low Like a mer-ry cir-cus clown!

Climbing

Two-Part Round

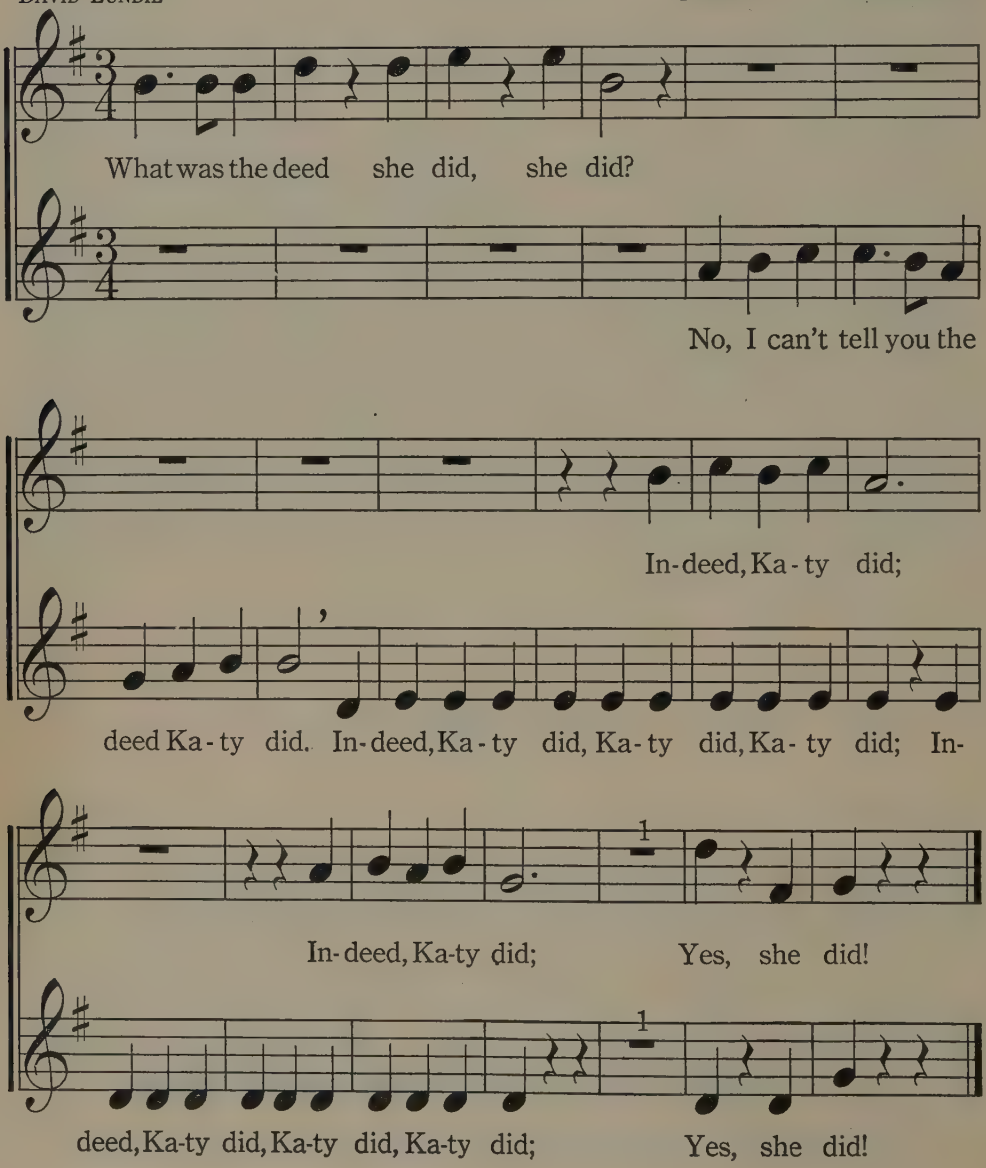
DAVID LUNDIE F. WIESSNER



Katydid

Reading Song

DAVID LUNDIE HENDRIKA VAN TUSSENBROEK

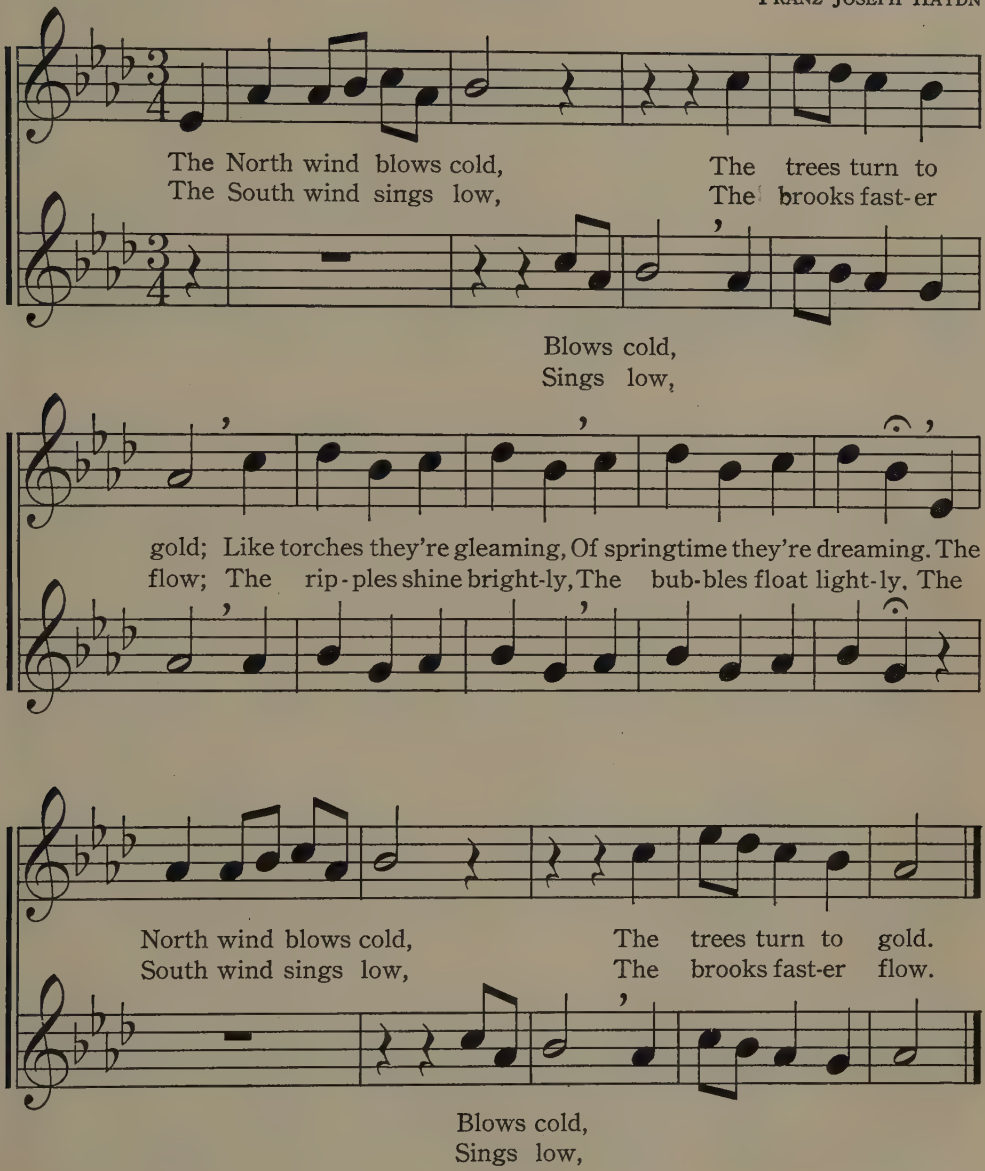

What was the deed she did, she did?
No, I can't tell you the
In-deed, Ka-ty did;
deed Ka-ty did. In-deed, Ka-ty did, Ka-ty did, Ka-ty did; In-
In-deed, Ka-ty did; Yes, she did!
deed, Ka-ty did, Ka-ty did, Ka-ty did; Yes, she did!

Winds

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS

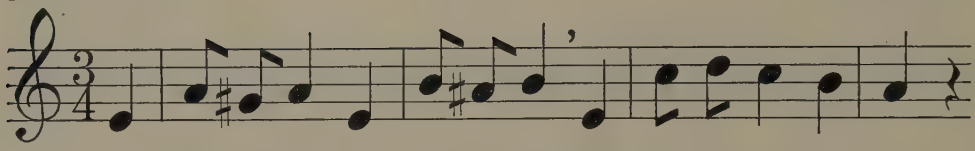
FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN


The North wind blows cold,
The South wind sings low,
The trees turn to
The brooks fast-er
Blows cold,
Sings low,
gold; Like torches they're gleaming, Of springtime they're dreaming. The
flow; The rip-ples shine bright-ly, The bub-bles float light-ly. The
North wind blows cold,
South wind sings low,
The trees turn to gold.
The brooks fast-er flow.
Blows cold,
Sings low,

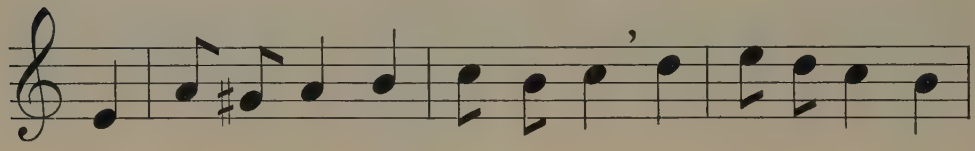
The Cedar Waxwing

Rote Song

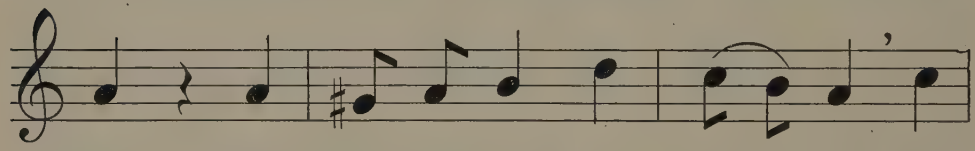
LILLIAN MOHR LILLIAN MOHR



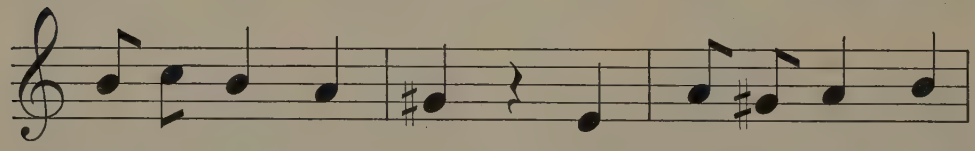
I am a gyp - sy wan-der-er With man - y in my band.
I bring my band to eat the worms That kill your cher-ry trees;



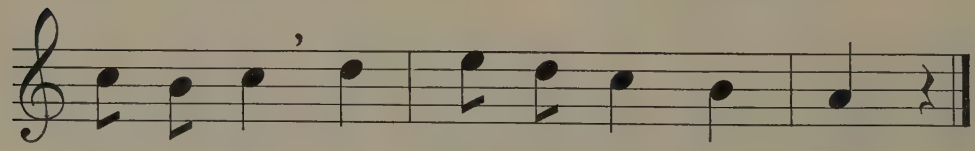
I wan-der where the wild fruit grows In an - y sun - ny
I'd leave your cher - ries if you'd plant For me some mul - ber-



land. I'm some-times called the cher - ry bird, Be-
ries. My name is Ce - dar Wax - wing, My



cause I love them so; Don't blame me if I
beau-ty's in my dress; I do not sing a

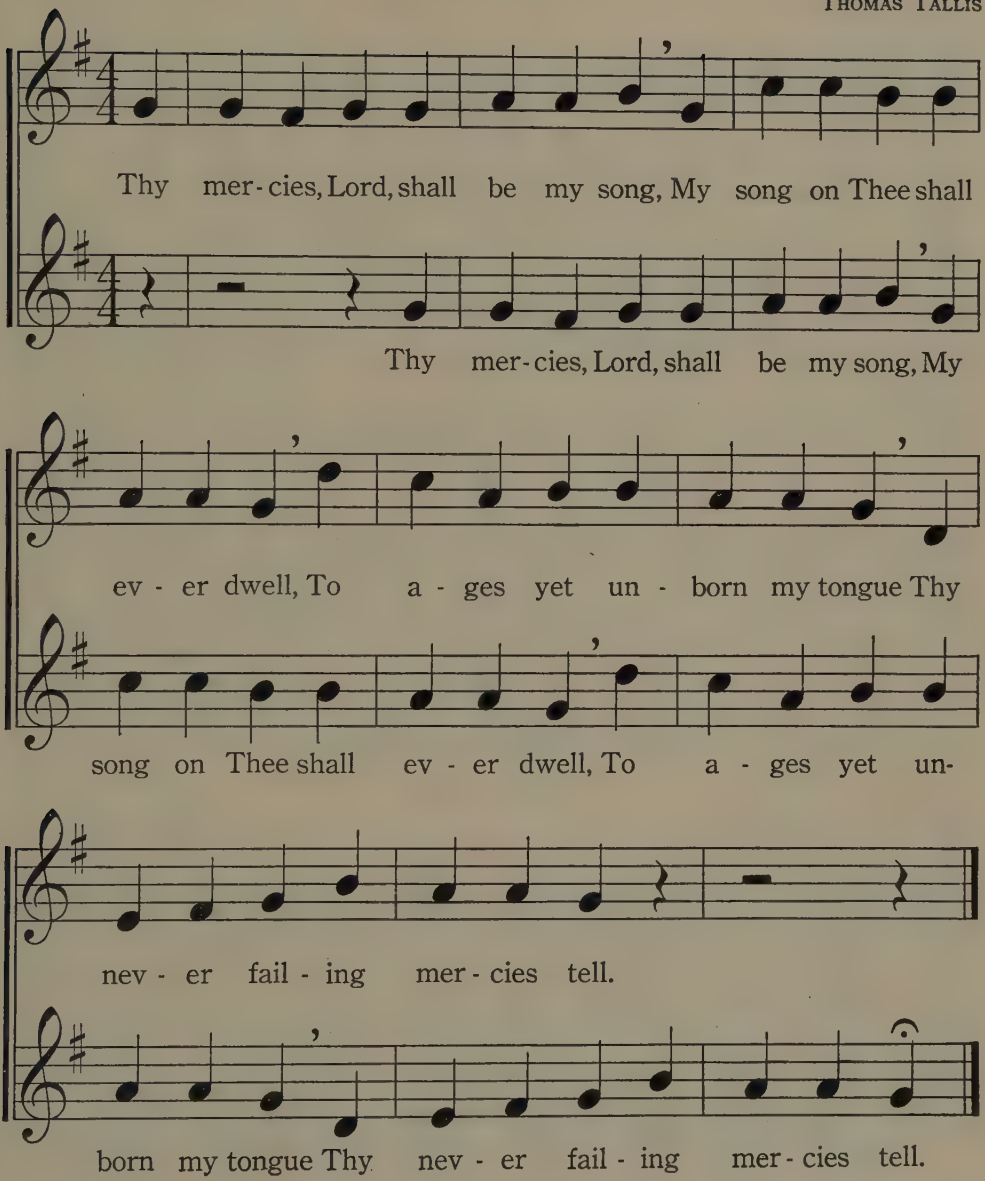


eat your fruit, I saved your crop, you know.
bril - liant song, I like a soft voice best.

Thy Mercies, Lord

Two-Part Canon

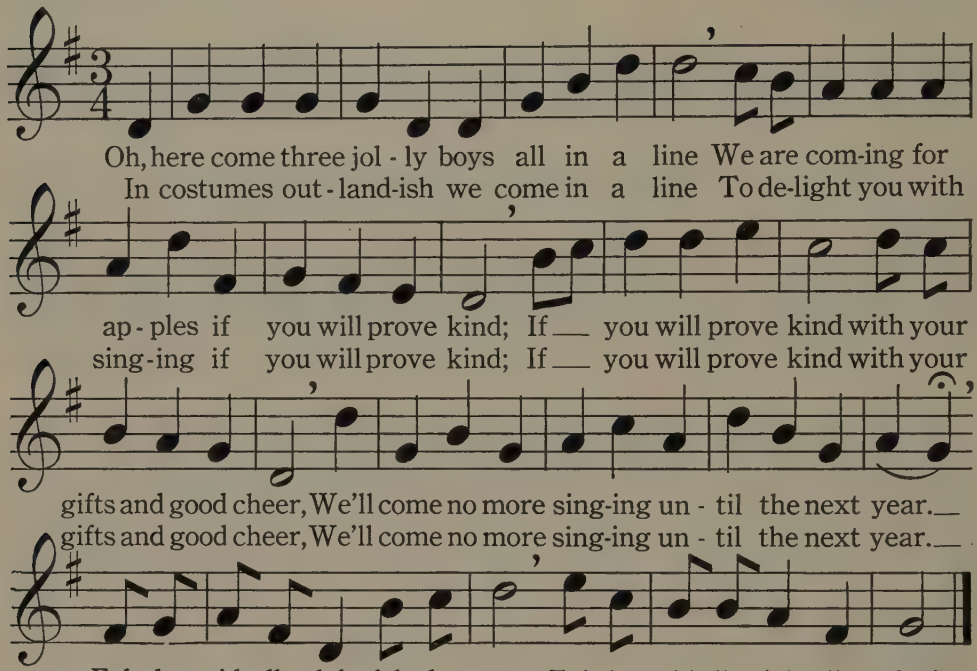
THOMAS TALLIS


Thy mer-cies, Lord, shall be my song, My song on Thee shall
Thy mer-cies, Lord, shall be my song, My
ev-er dwell, To a-ges yet un-born my tongue Thy
song on Thee shall ev-er dwell, To a-ges yet un-
nev-er fail-ing mer-cies tell.
born my tongue Thy nev-er fail-ing mer-cies tell.

Hallowe'en

Reading Song

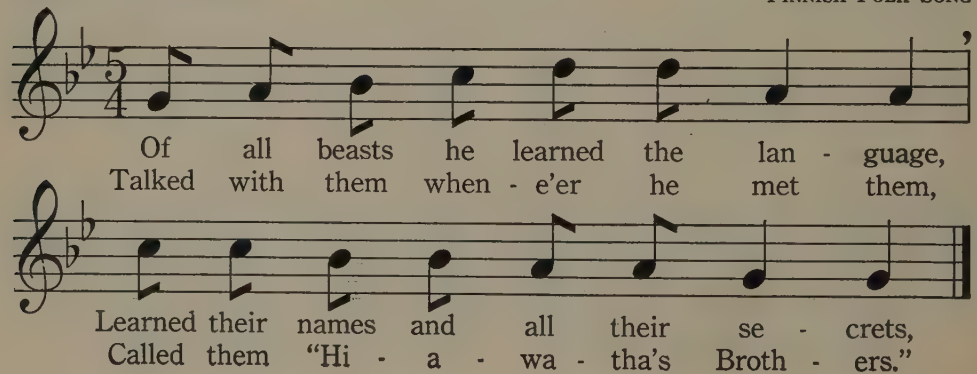
From a TRADITIONAL SONG — OLD ENGLISH SONG


Oh, here come three jol - ly boys all in a line We are com-ing for
In costumes out - land-ish we come in a line To de-light you with
ap - ples if you will prove kind; If — you will prove kind with your
sing-ing if you will prove kind; If — you will prove kind with your
gifts and good cheer, We'll come no more sing-ing un - til the next year.—
gifts and good cheer, We'll come no more sing-ing un - til the next year.—
Fol de rid - dle dol, fol de ray, Fol de rid-dle dol di dey!

Hiawatha's Brothers

Reading Song

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — FINNISH FOLK SONG

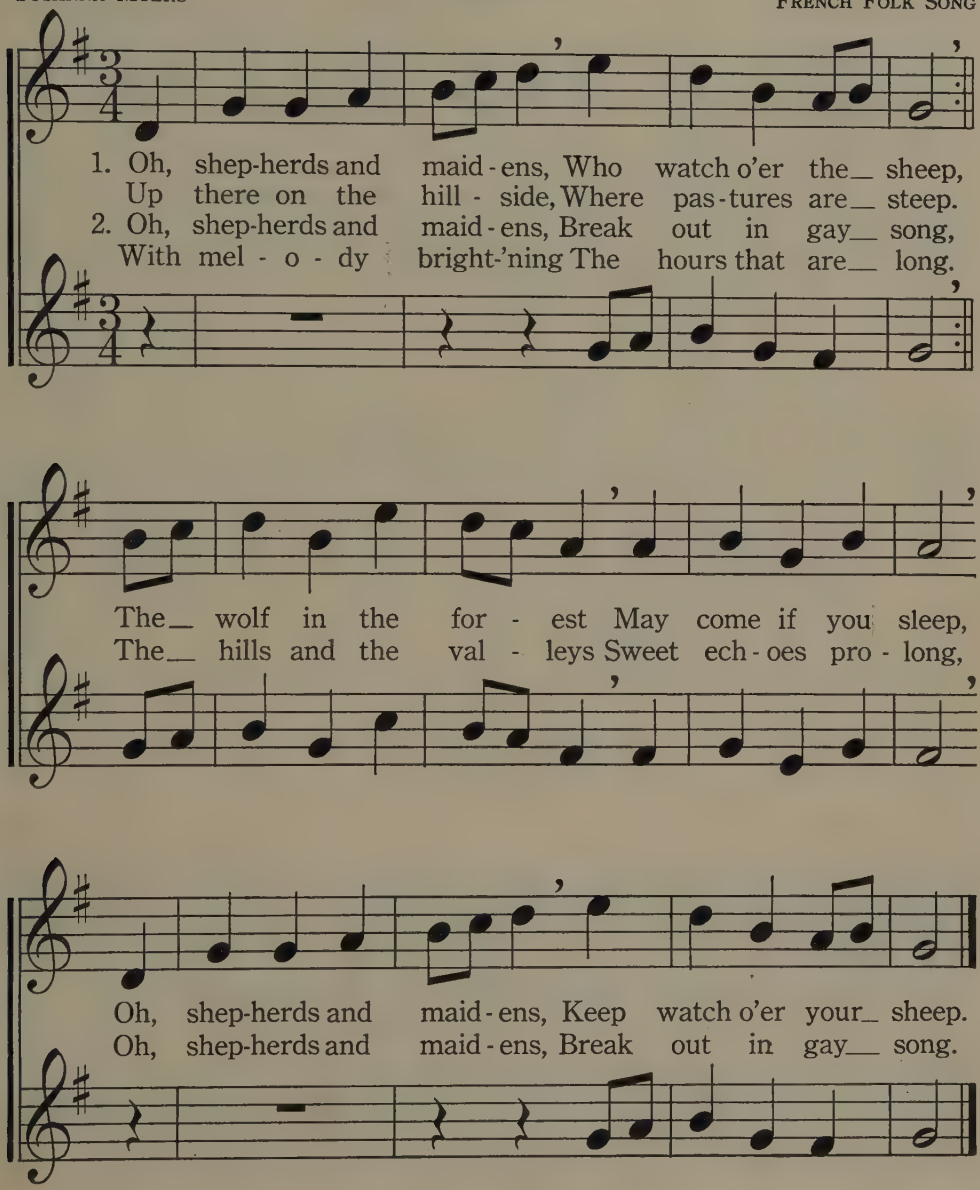

Of all beasts he learned the lan - guage,
Talked with them when - e'er he met them,
Learned their names and all their se - crets,
Called them "Hi - a - wa - tha's Broth - ers."

The Wolf and the Sheep

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS

FRENCH FOLK SONG

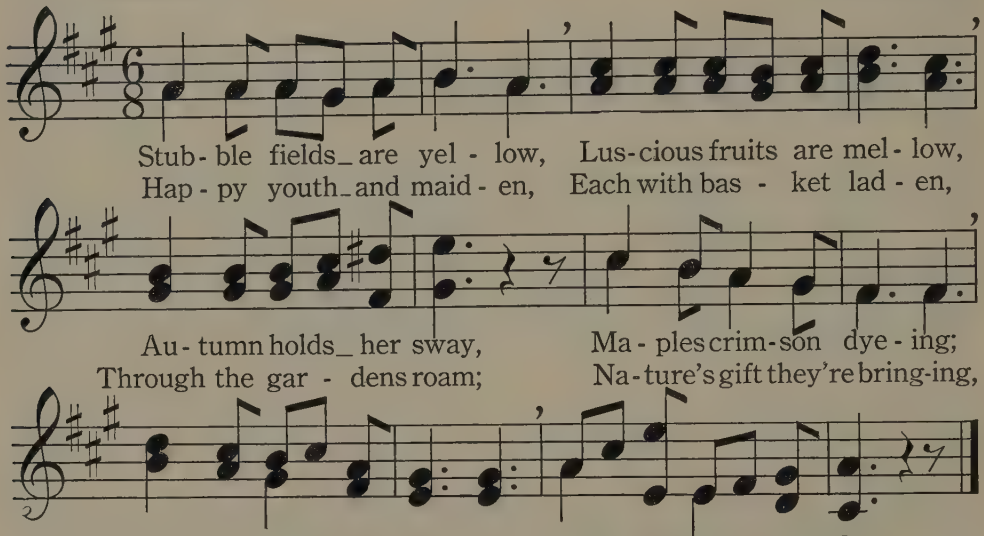

1. Oh, shep-herds and maid - ens, Who watch o'er the_ sheep,
Up there on the hill - side, Where pas - tures are_ steep.
2. Oh, shep-herds and maid - ens, Break out in gay_ song,
With mel - o - dy bright-'ning The hours that are_ long.
The_ wolf in the for - est May come if you sleep,
The_ hills and the val - leys Sweet ech - oes pro - long,
Oh, shep-herds and maid - ens, Keep watch o'er your_ sheep.
Oh, shep-herds and maid - ens, Break out in gay_ song.

Song of Harvest Home

Rote Song

From the GERMAN of SALIS

J. F. REICHARDT

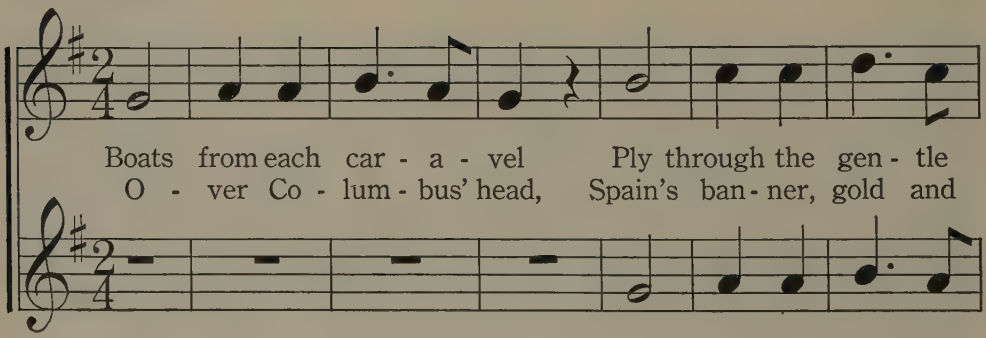

Stub - ble fields_ are yel - low, Lus - cious fruits are mel - low,
Hap - py youth_ and maid - en, Each with bas - ket lad - en,
Au - tumn holds_ her sway, Ma - ples crim - son dye - ing;
Through the gar - dens roam; Na - ture's gift they're bring - ing,
Gold - en leaves are vy - ing With_ the flow'rs of May.
'Mid the sound of sing - ing Songs_ of har - vest home.

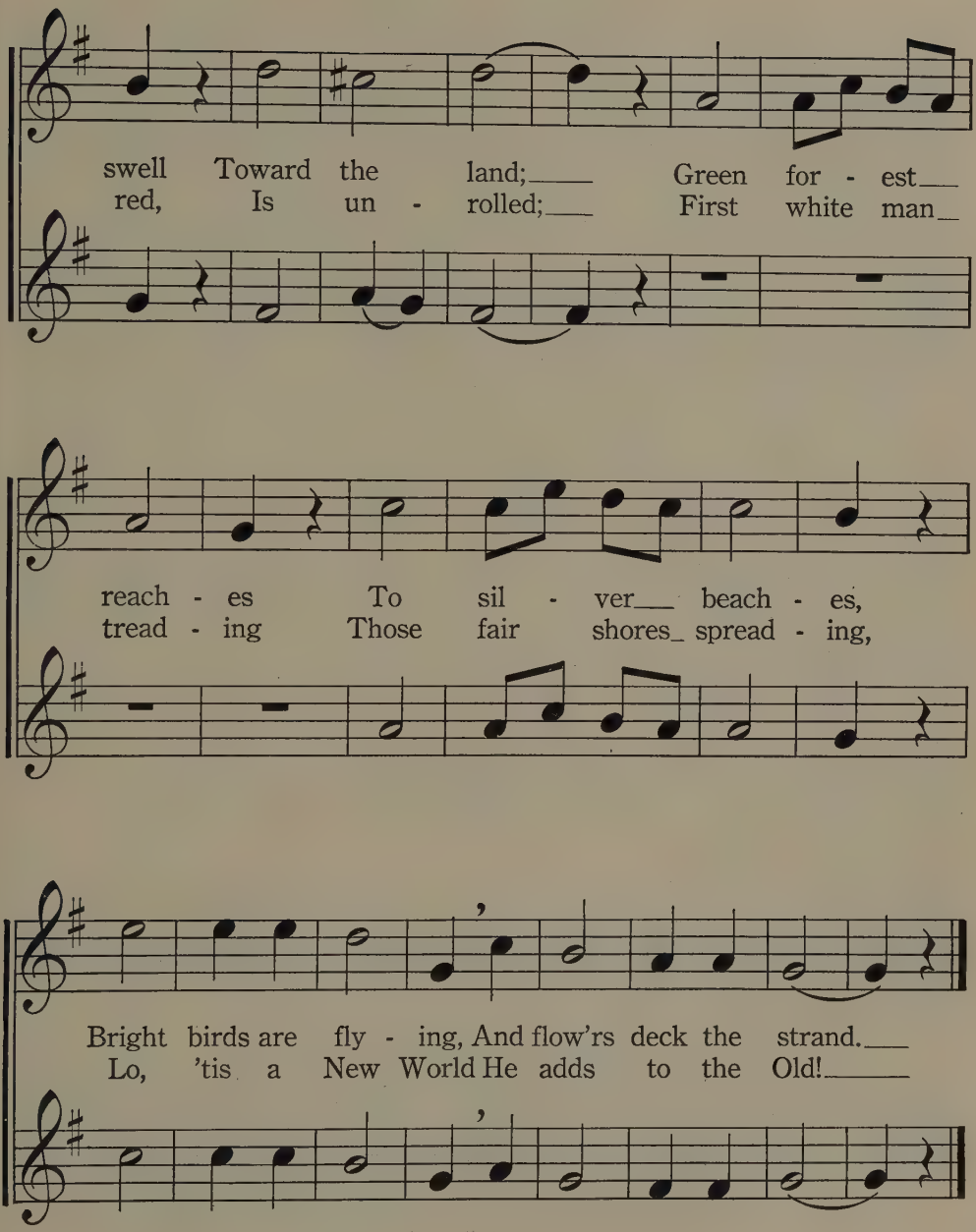
San Salvador

Reading Song

WILBUR WEEKS

V. MIRY



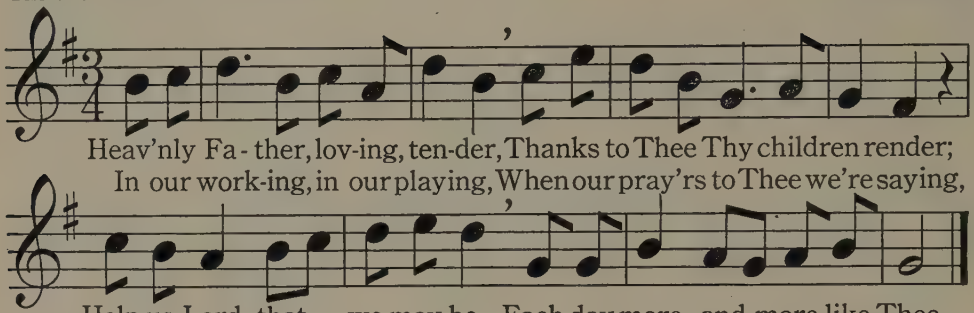

swell Toward the land; Green for - est
red, Is un - rolled; First white man
reach - es To sil - ver beach - es,
tread - ing Those fair shores spread - ing,
Bright birds are fly - ing, And flow'rs deck the strand.
Lo, 'tis a New World He adds to the Old!

A Child's Prayer

Reading Song

The Modern Music Series

CARL REINECKE


Heav'nly Fa - ther, lov-ing, ten-der, Thanks to Thee Thy children render;
In our work-ing, in our playing, When our pray'rs to Thee we're saying,
Help us, Lord, that we may be Each day more and more like Thee.
Make us gen - tle, kind, and true, Let us strive Thy will to do.

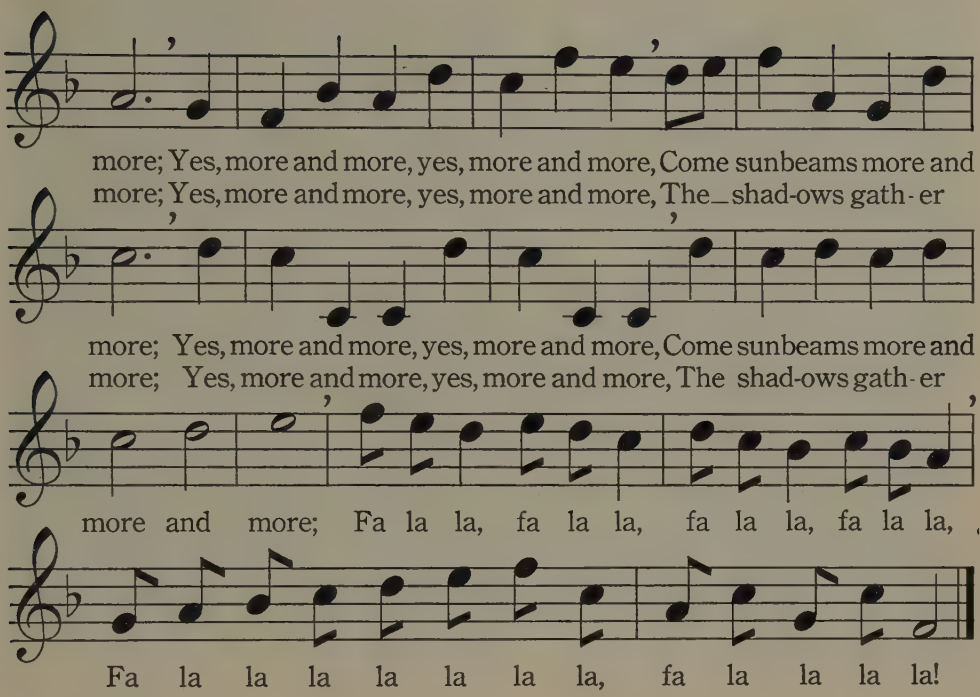
Day and Night

Reading Song

Adapted from an OLD ENGLISH MADRIGAL by SUSANNA MYERS

J. BOTTOMLEY

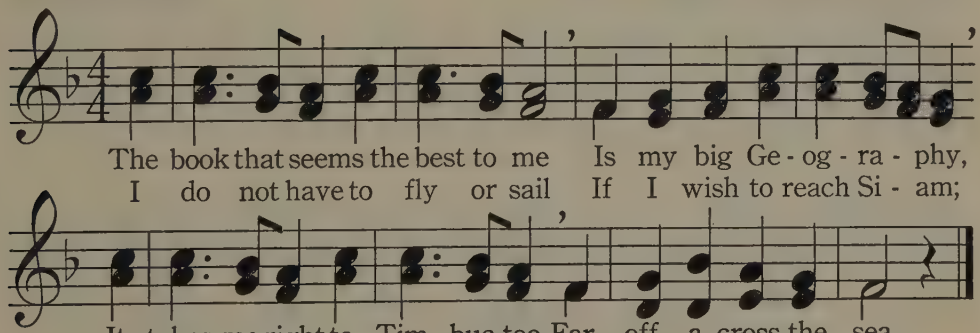
Day on the hills is dawn - ing, Fair in the ear - ly morn - ing;
Night on the hills is steal - ing, Bring - ing the peace of eve - ning;
Fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la,
Fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la,
Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la!
Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la!
From heav-en's gold - en store Come sunbeams more and
In twi-light's dusk - y hour The shad-ows gath - er

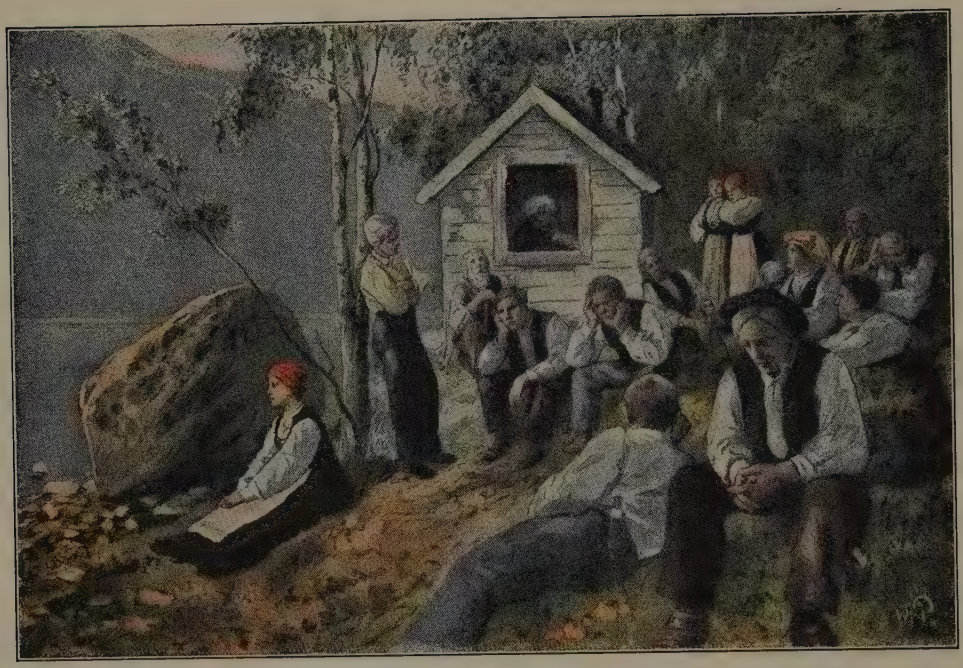

more; Yes, more and more, yes, more and more, Come sunbeams more and
more; Yes, more and more, yes, more and more, The shad-ows gath-er
more; Yes, more and more, yes, more and more, Come sunbeams more and
more; Yes, more and more, yes, more and more, The shad-ows gath-er
more and more; Fa la la, fa la la, fa la la, fa la la,
Fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la!

Geography

Reading Song

CLINTON SCOLLARD — FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONG


The book that seems the best to me Is my big Ge-og-ra-phy,
I do not have to fly or sail If I wish to reach Si-am;
It takes me right to Tim-buc-too, Far off a-cross the sea.
Just o-pen my Ge-og-ra-phy, And there at once I am.

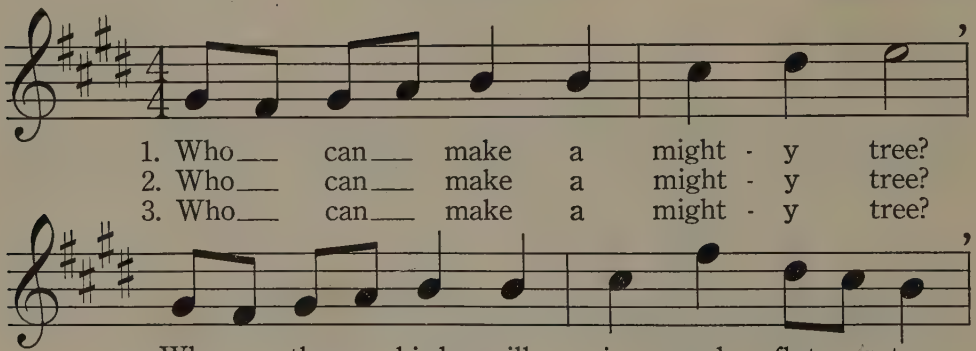


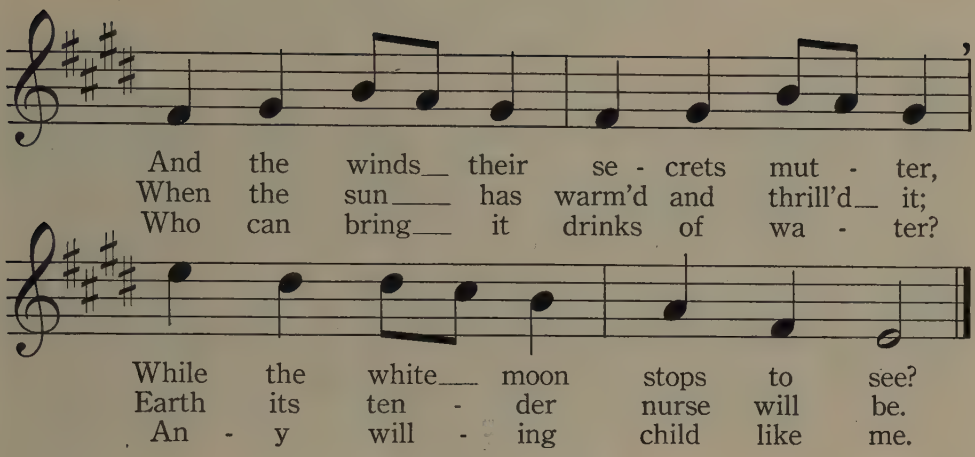
GRIEG IN HIS LITTLE STUDIO PLAYING TO THE PEASANTS, BY PETERS

The Tree-Maker

Reading Song

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — EDVARD GRIEG

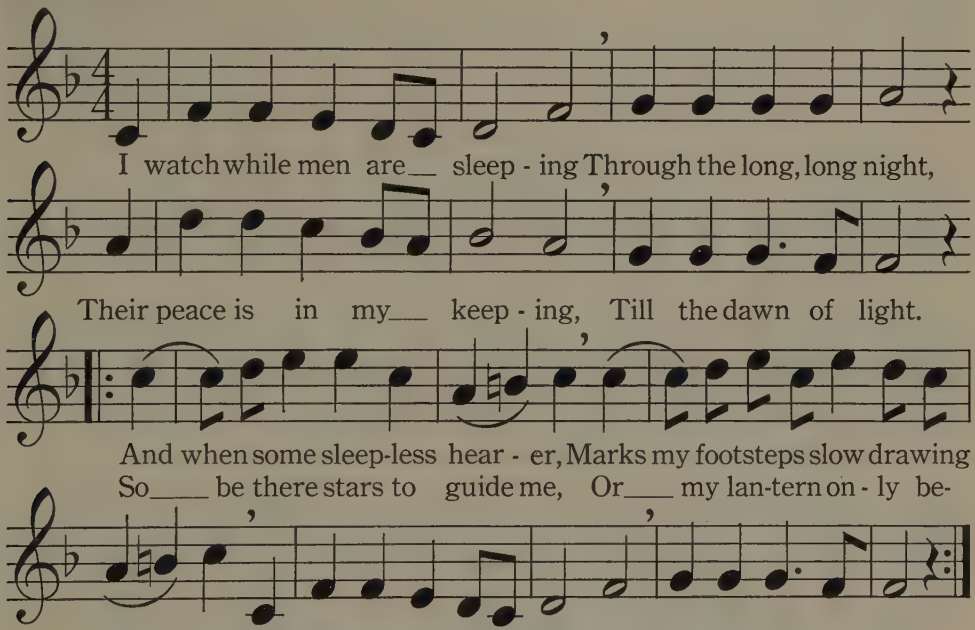

1. Who___ can___ make a might - y tree?
2. Who___ can___ make a might - y tree?
3. Who___ can___ make a might - y tree?
Where___ the___ birds will sing and flut - ter,
Rain___ and___ dew can help to build___ it,
Who___ the___ ti - ny seed can scat - ter,


And the winds their se - crets mut - ter,
When the sun has warm'd and thrill'd it;
Who can bring it drinks of wa - ter?
While the white moon stops to see?
Earth its ten - der nurse will be.
An - y will - ing child like me.

The Watchman's Song

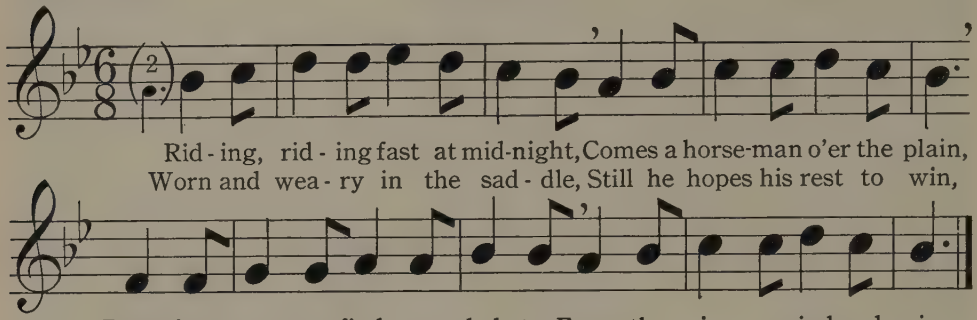
Rote Song

HARVEY OFFICER — EDVARD GRIEG


I watch while men are sleep - ing Through the long, long night,
Their peace is in my keep - ing, Till the dawn of light.
And when some sleep-less hear - er, Marks my footsteps slow drawing
So be there stars to guide me, Or my lan-tern on - ly be-
near - er, He waits my word of com-fort, Cry-ing, "All is well."
side me, I guard the si - lent cit - y, Cry-ing, "All is well."

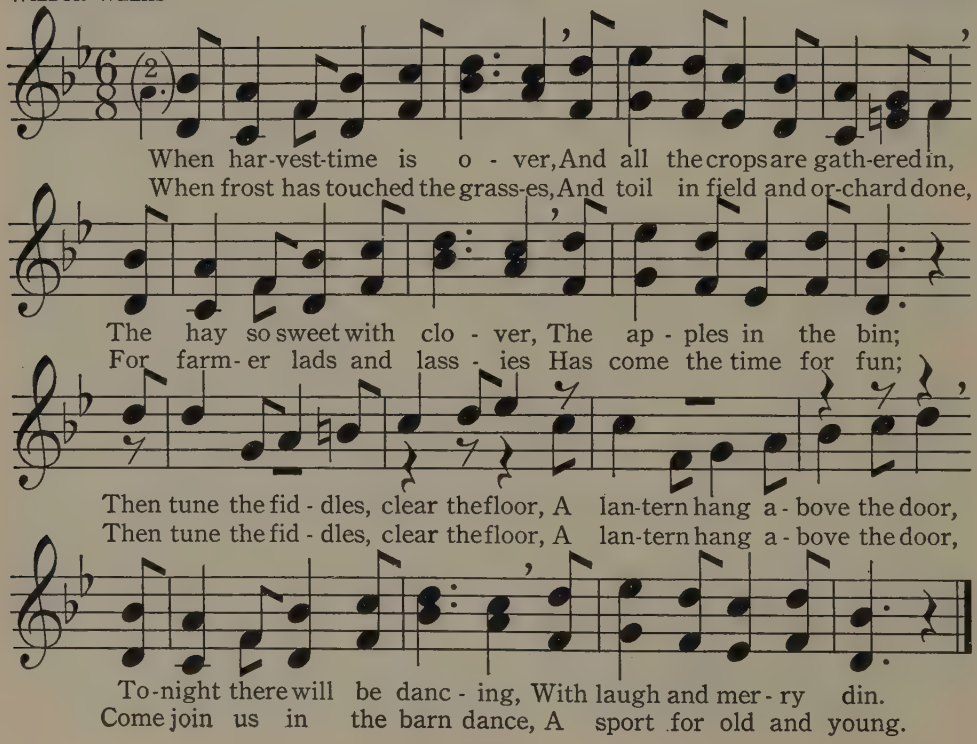
The Village Inn

DAVID LUNDIE — Reading Song — RUSSIAN FOLK TUNE


Rid - ing, rid - ing fast at mid-night, Comes a horse-man o'er the plain,
Worn and wea - ry in the sad - dle, Still he hopes his rest to win,
Press - ing on to find a shel - ter From the i - cy wind and rain.
At the cheer-ful, blaz - ing fire-side Of a friend-ly vil - lage inn.

Barn Dance

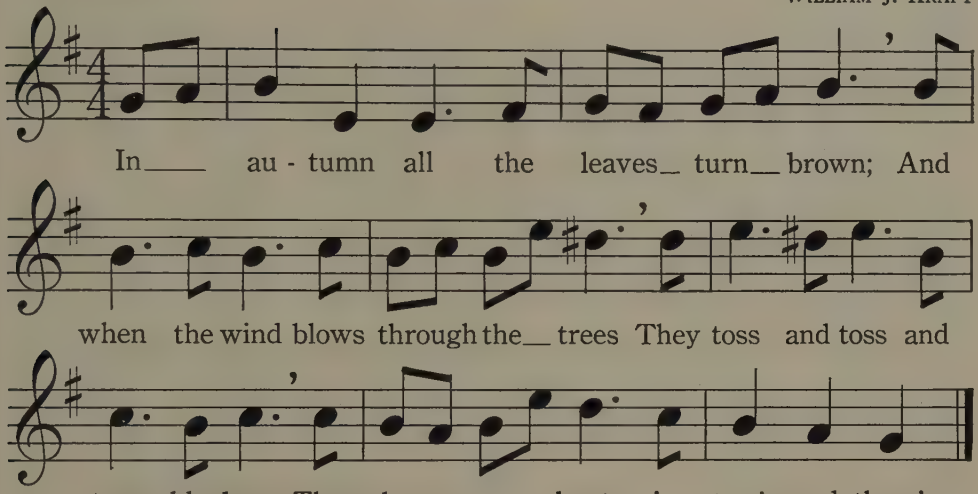
WILBUR WEEKS — Study Song — NIEDERRHEIN


When har-vest-time is o - ver, And all the crops are gath-ered in,
When frost has touched the grass-es, And toil in field and or-chard done,
The hay so sweet with clo - ver, The ap - ples in the bin;
For farm - er lads and lass - ies Has come the time for fun;
Then tune the fid - dles, clear the floor, A lan-tern hang a - bove the door,
Then tune the fid - dles, clear the floor, A lan-tern hang a - bove the door,
To-night there will be danc - ing, With laugh and mer - ry din.
Come join us in the barn dance, A sport for old and young.

Dance of the Autumn Leaves

Reading Song

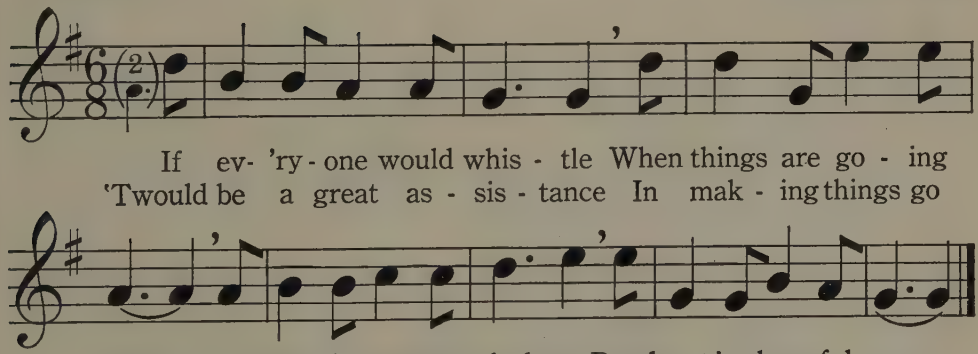
L. C. LOCKLEY — WILLIAM J. KRAFT


In au - tumn all the leaves turn brown; And
when the wind blows through the trees They toss and toss and
tum - ble down, Then dance a - bout in two's and three's.

A Suggestion

Reading Song

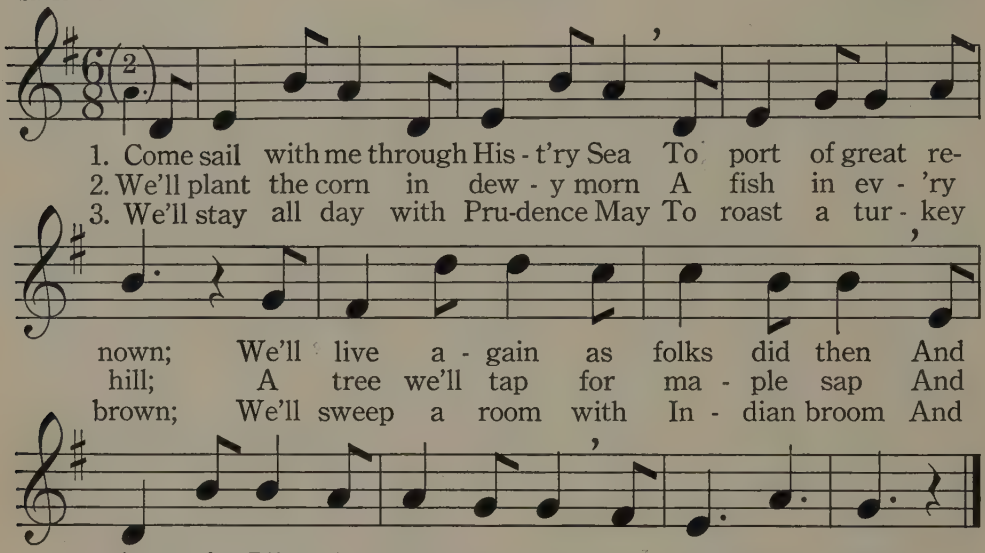
SUSANNA MYERS — GIOVANNI PAISIELLO


If ev- 'ry - one would whis - tle When things are go - ing
'Twould be a great as - sis - tance In mak - ing things go
wrong, Or when the moments dark-en, Break out in cheer-ful song;
right; Oh, whis-tle, whis-tle gai - ly, Or sing with all your might!

In Long-Ago Plymouth

Reading Song

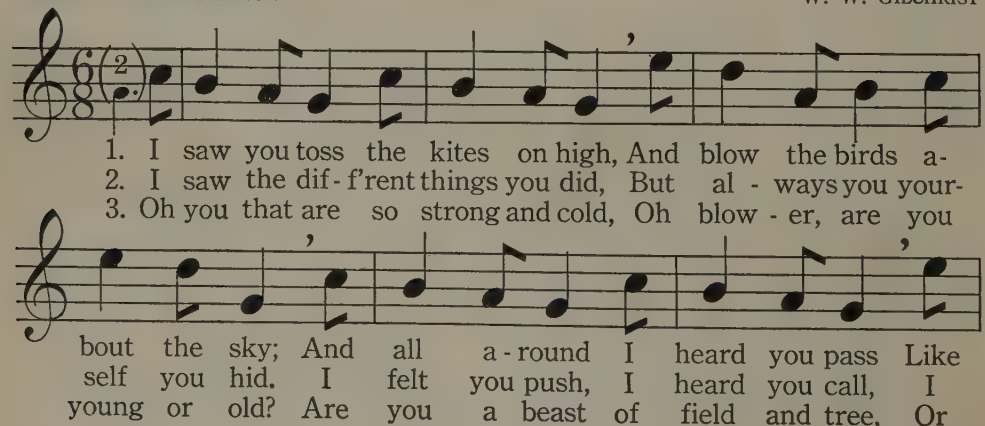
SARAH GRAMES CLARK — W. OTTO MIESSNER

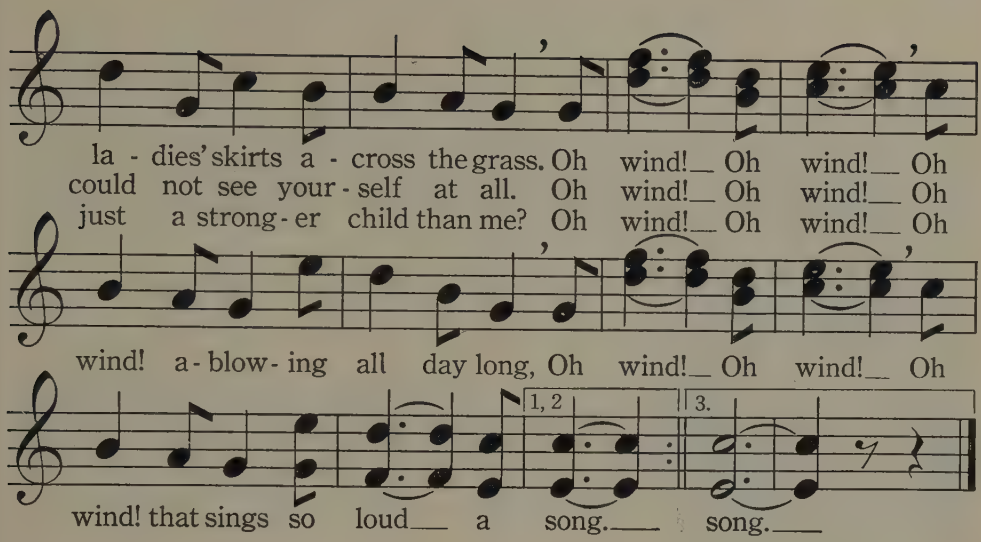

1. Come sail with me through His - t'ry Sea To port of great re-
2. We'll plant the corn in dew - y morn A fish in ev - 'ry
3. We'll stay all day with Pru-dence May To roast a tur - key
nown; We'll live a - gain as folks did then And
hill; A tree we'll tap for ma - ple sap And
brown; We'll sweep a room with In - dian broom And
play we're Pil - grim maids and men In Ply - mouth town.
wear a fun - ny coon - skin cap On eve - nings chill.
wind the wool for Faith - ful's loom In Ply - mouth town.

The Wind

Reading Song

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — W. W. GILCHRIST

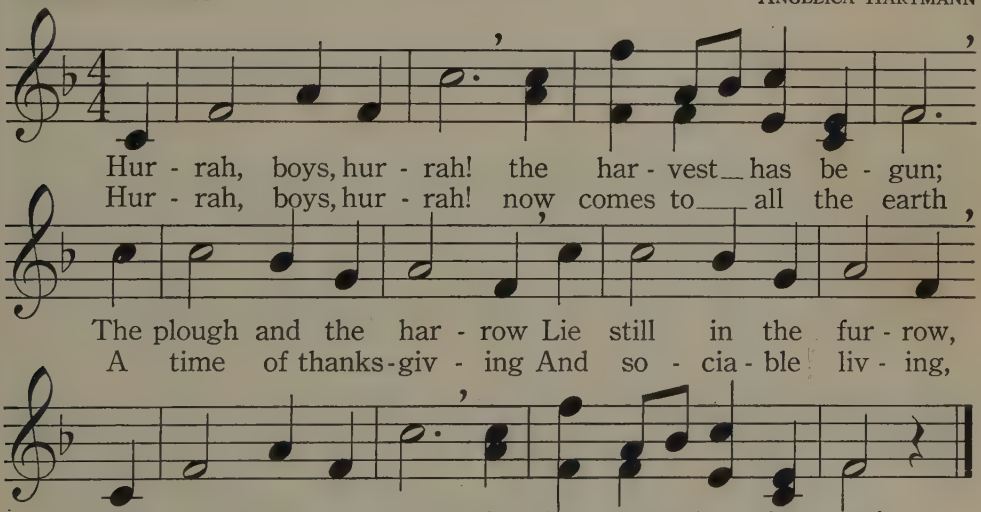

1. I saw you toss the kites on high, And blow the birds a-
2. I saw the dif - f'rent things you did, But al - ways you your-
3. Oh you that are so strong and cold, Oh blow - er, are you
bout the sky; And all a - round I heard you pass Like
self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or


la - dies' skirts a - cross the grass. Oh wind!_ Oh wind!_ Oh
could not see your - self at all. Oh wind!_ Oh wind!_ Oh
just a strong - er child than me? Oh wind!_ Oh wind!_ Oh
wind! a - blow - ing all day long, Oh wind!_ Oh wind!_ Oh
1, 2
3.
wind! that sings so loud_ a song._ song._

Harvest Song

Reading Song

FREDERICK MANLEY ANGELICA HARTMANN

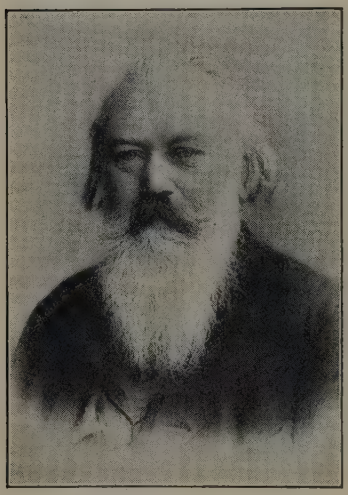

Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! the har - vest_ has be - gun;
Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! now comes to_ all the earth
The plough and the har - row Lie still in the fur - row,
A time of thanks - giv - ing And so - cia - ble liv - ing,
Their la - bor is done; The har - vest_ has be - gun!
Of in - no - cent mirth A - round the_ crack - ling hearth.

Stars Are Always in the Sky

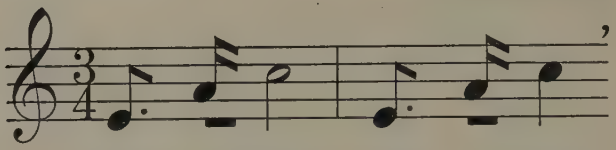
Rote Song

FLEUR CONKLING

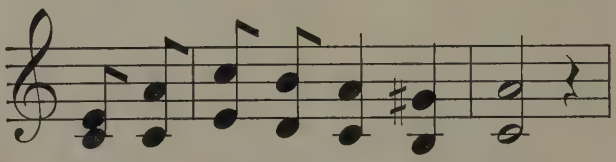
JOHANNES BRAHMS



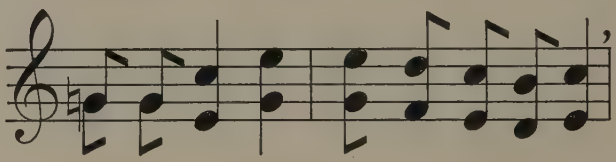
JOHANNES BRAHMS



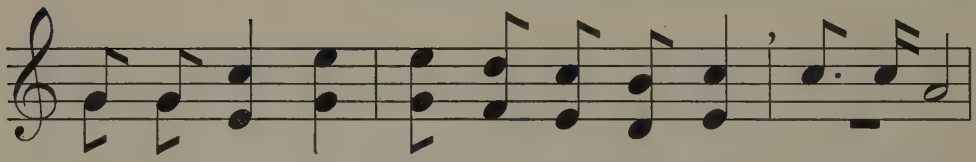
Broth - er mine, Broth - er mine,
Sis - ter mine, Sis - ter mine,



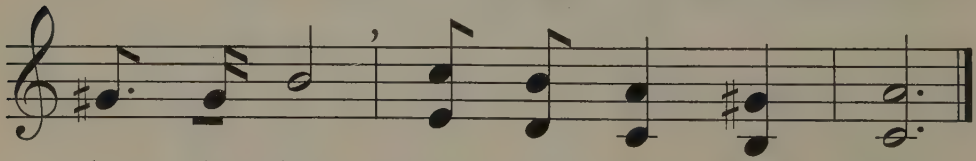
Do you see the stars to - night?
Stars are al - ways in the sky.



Are they shin - ing through the mist - y night?
Dark-est night will make them still more bright,



Soft - ly shin - ing, giv - ing us their light? Look and see
Soft - ly shin - ing, they will shed their light; Through the mist

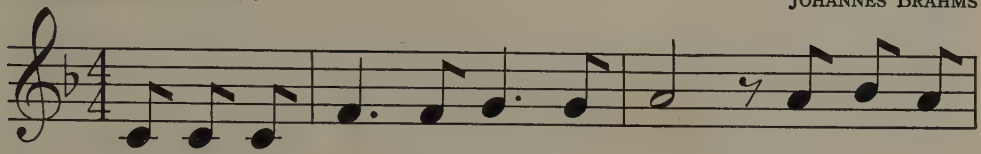


Are they there; Giv - ing us their light?
of our tears They will shed their light.

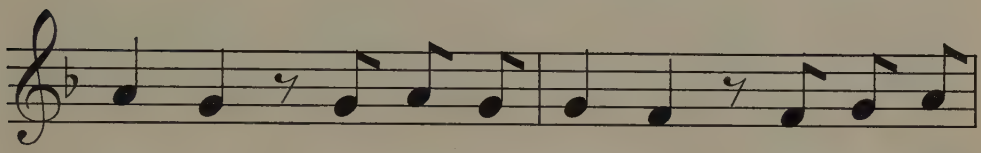
Forest Peace

Reading Song

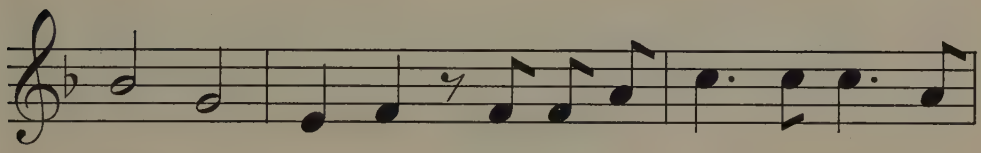
FREDERICK H. MARTENS JOHANNES BRAHMS



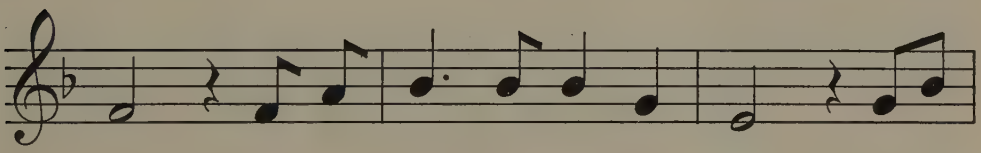
With - in the for - est weaves a spell. O'er moss - y



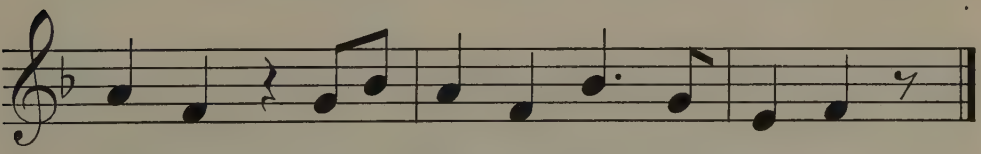
reach - es, In oaks and beech - es, The wind the



leaves ca - ress - es; And on the fra - grant, pine - y



air Mur - mur voic - es that de - clare, Un-

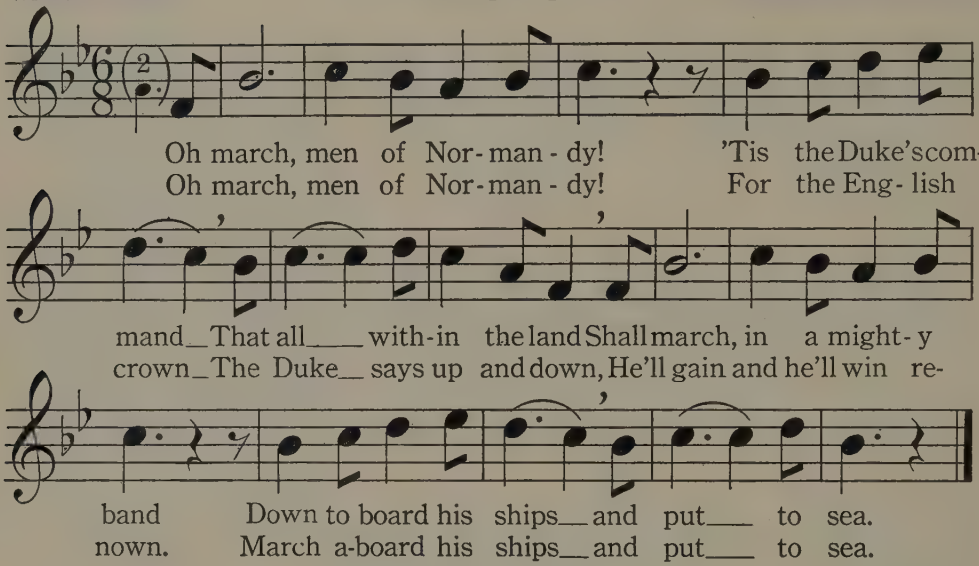


ceas - ing, God's_ peace the for - est bless - es.

Song of Duke William's Men

(William the Conqueror)

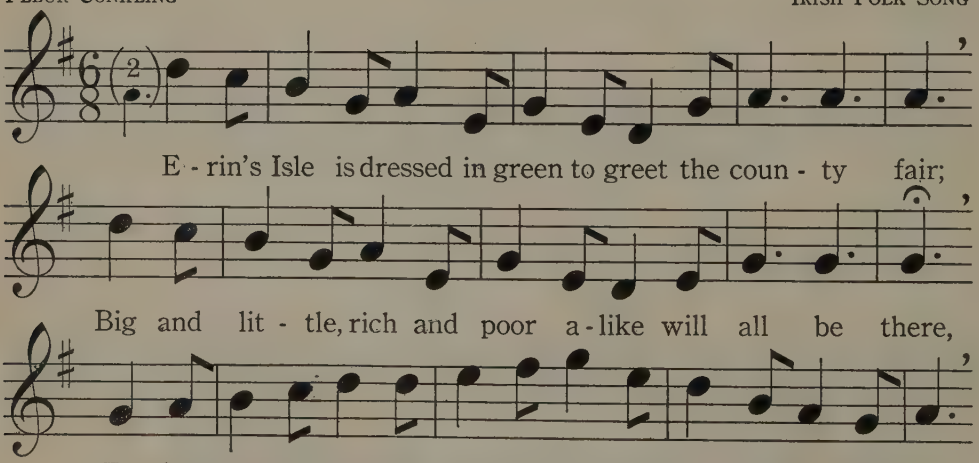
WILBUR WEEKS — Reading Song — NORMANDY FOLK SONG

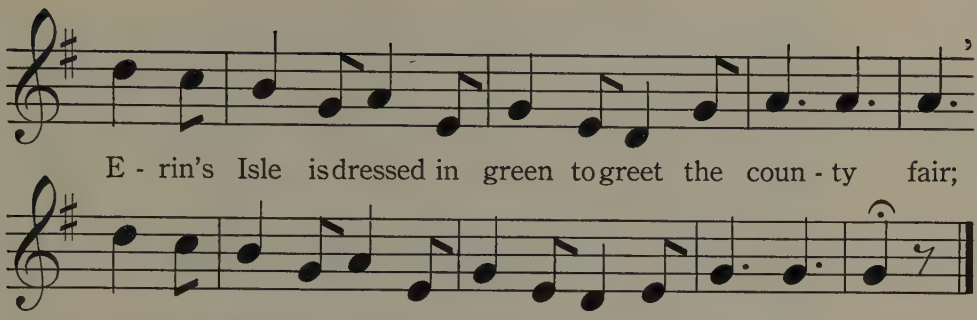

Oh march, men of Nor-man-dy! 'Tis the Duke's com-
Oh march, men of Nor-man-dy! For the Eng-lish
mand That all with-in the land Shall march, in a might-y
crown The Duke says up and down, He'll gain and he'll win re-
band Down to board his ships and put to sea.
nown. March a-board his ships and put to sea.

The County Fair

Reading Song

FLEUR CONKLING — IRISH FOLK SONG

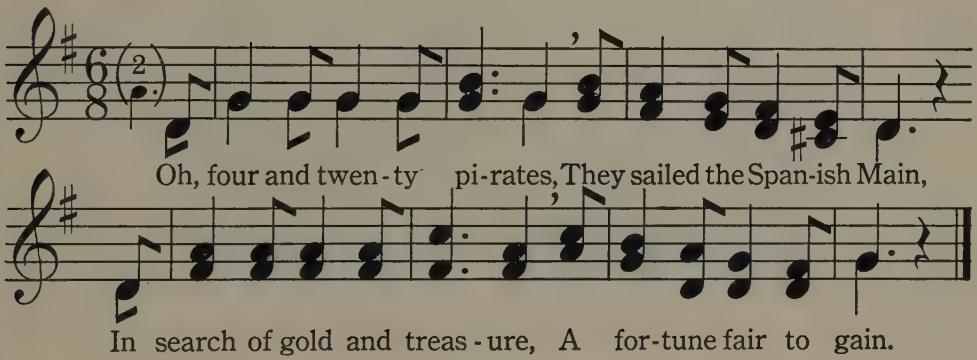

E-rin's Isle is dressed in green to greet the coun-ty fair;
Big and lit-tle, rich and poor a-like will all be there,
Ev-'ry pock-et filled with pen-nies bright, gay ker-chiefs in your hair!



Pirates

Reading Song

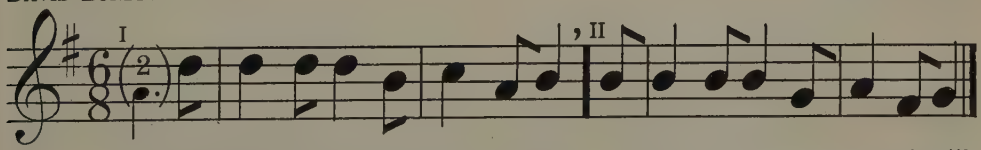
DAVID LUNDIE — GERMAN FOLK SONG



Thirsty

Two-Part Round

DAVID LUNDIE — ERNST SCHMID

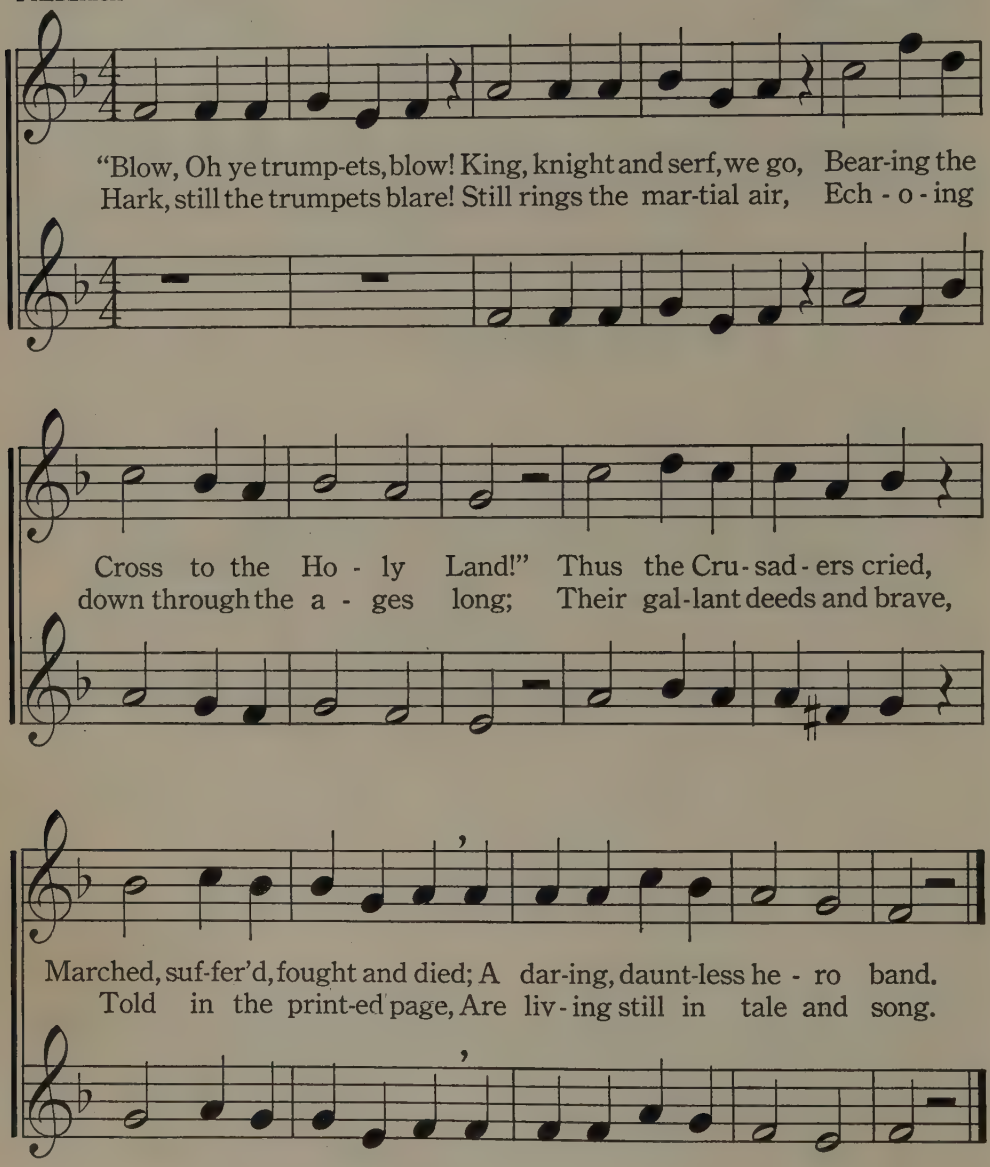

I
II
When climb-ing up a rock - y hill, I came up-on a moun-tain rill;
And there I stopped to drink my fill, So grate-ful for that moun-tain rill.

The Crusaders

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

CRUSADERS' HYMN


"Blow, Oh ye trump-ets, blow! King, knight and serf, we go, Bear-ing the
Hark, still the trumpets blare! Still rings the mar-tial air, Ech - o - ing
Cross to the Ho - ly Land!" Thus the Cru - sad - ers cried,
down through the a - ges long; Their gal-lant deeds and brave,
Marched, suf-fer'd, fought and died; A dar-ing, daunt-less he - ro band.
Told in the print-ed page, Are liv - ing still in tale and song.

Photograph by Bachrach

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYING THE DOUBLE BASS

Theme

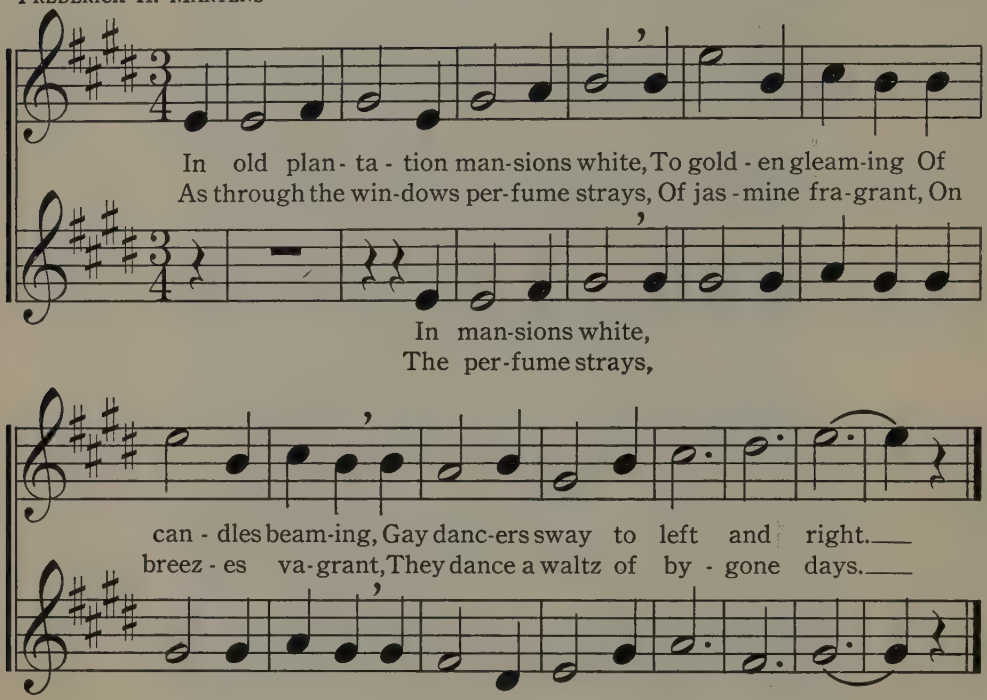
From the Symphony in B-Minor (Unfinished)

DOUBLE BASS — FRANZ SCHUBERT

Old Plantation Days

Reading Song

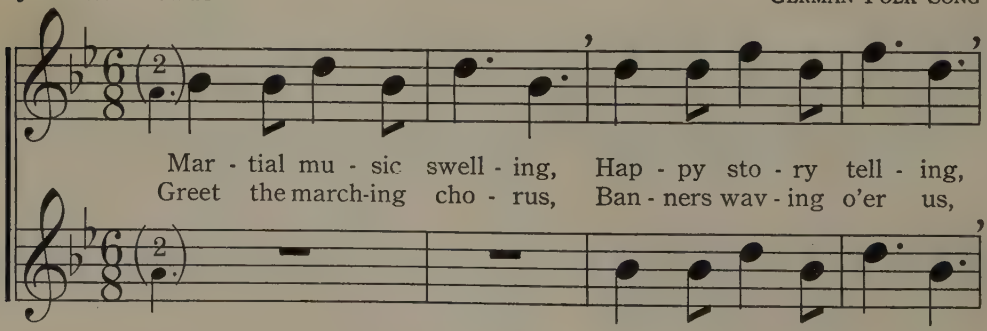
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — FERDINAND HILLER

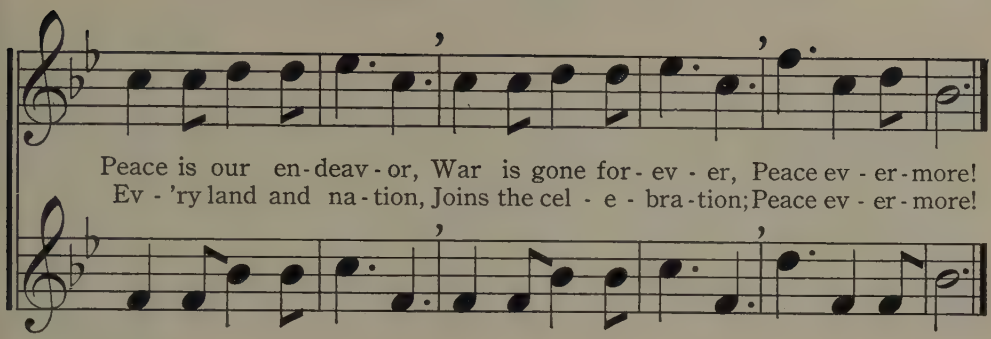

In old plan - ta - tion man-sions white, To gold - en gleam-ing Of
As through the win-dows per-fume strays, Of jas - mine fra-grant, On
In man-sions white,
The per-fume strays,
can - dles beam-ing, Gay danc-ers sway to left and right.
breez - es va-grant, They dance a waltz of by - gone days.

Peace Evermore

Reading Song

JULIA W. BINGHAM — GERMAN FOLK SONG

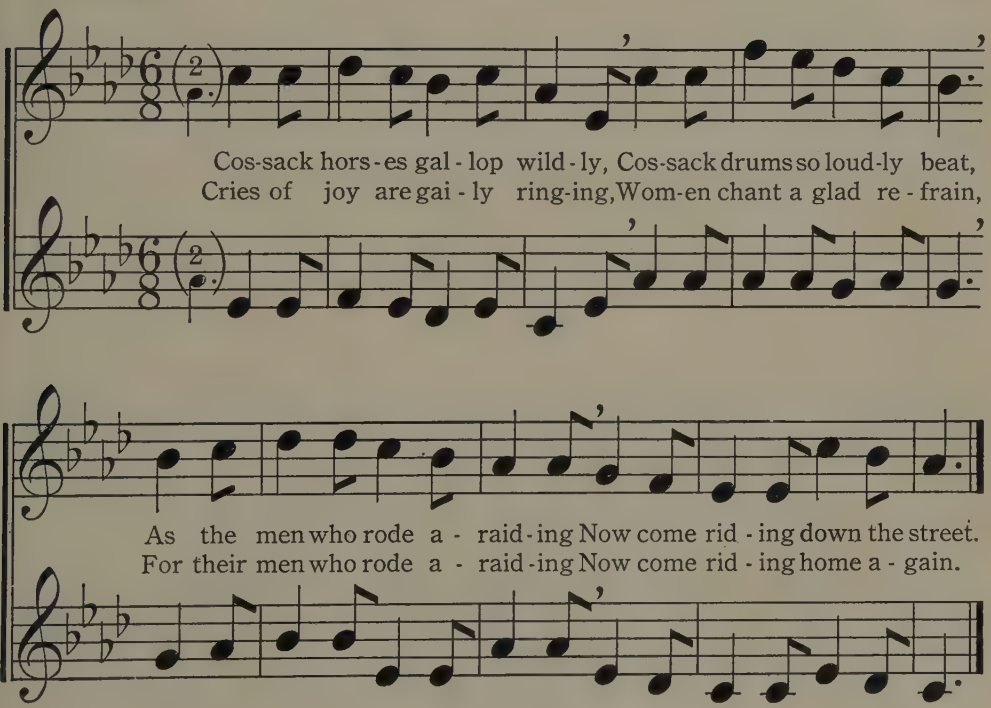




Return of the Cossacks

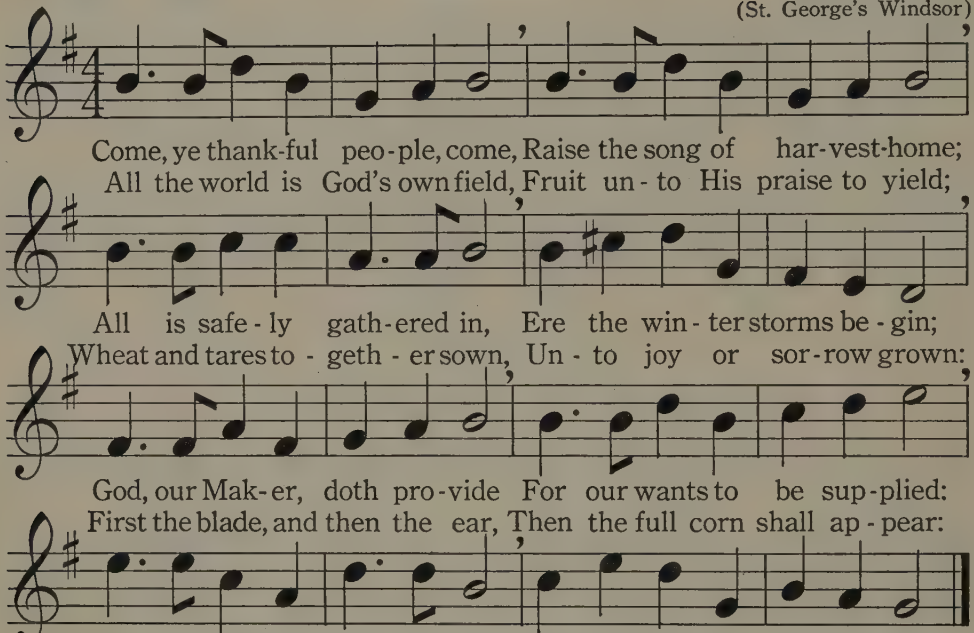
Reading Song

WILBUR WEEKS — RUSSIAN FOLK SONG


Cos-sack hors-es gal-lop wild-ly, Cos-sack drums so loud-ly beat,
Cries of joy are gai-ly ring-ing, Wom-en chant a glad re-frain,
As the men who rode a-raid-ing Now come rid-ing down the street.
For their men who rode a-raid-ing Now come rid-ing home a-gain.

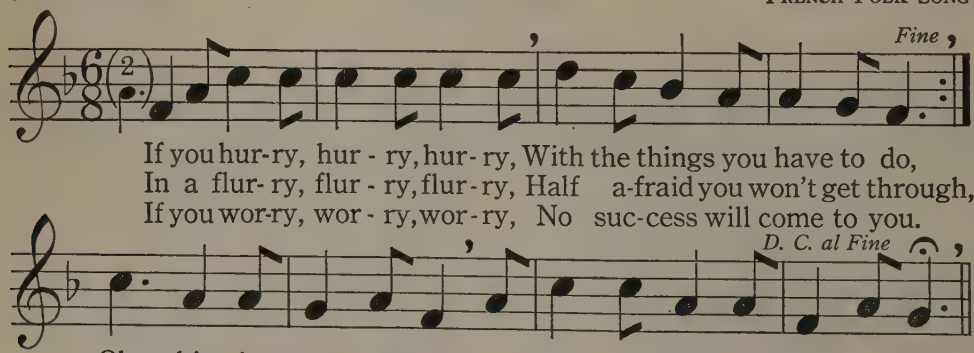
Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

REV. HENRY ALFORD — Reading Song — GEORGE J. ELVEY (St. George's Windsor)


Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home;
All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Hurry and Worry

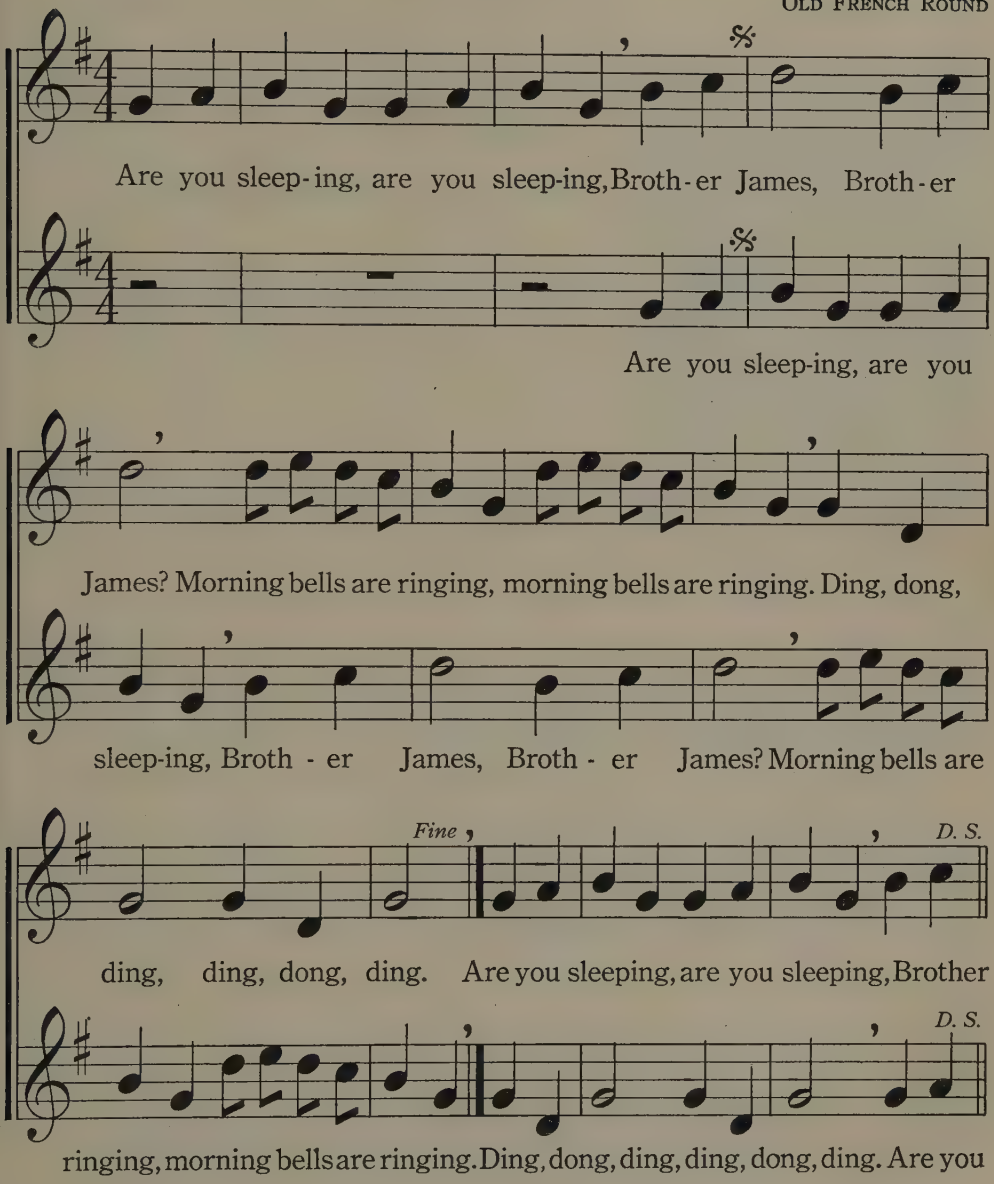
SUSANNA MYERS — Reading Song — FRENCH FOLK SONG


Fine
If you hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry, With the things you have to do,
In a flur-ry, flur-ry, flur-ry, Half a-fraid you won't get through,
If you wor-ry, wor-ry, wor-ry, No suc-cess will come to you.
D. C. al Fine
Oh, this is not the way, To make a bright and hap-py day,

Are You Sleeping?

Two-Part Round

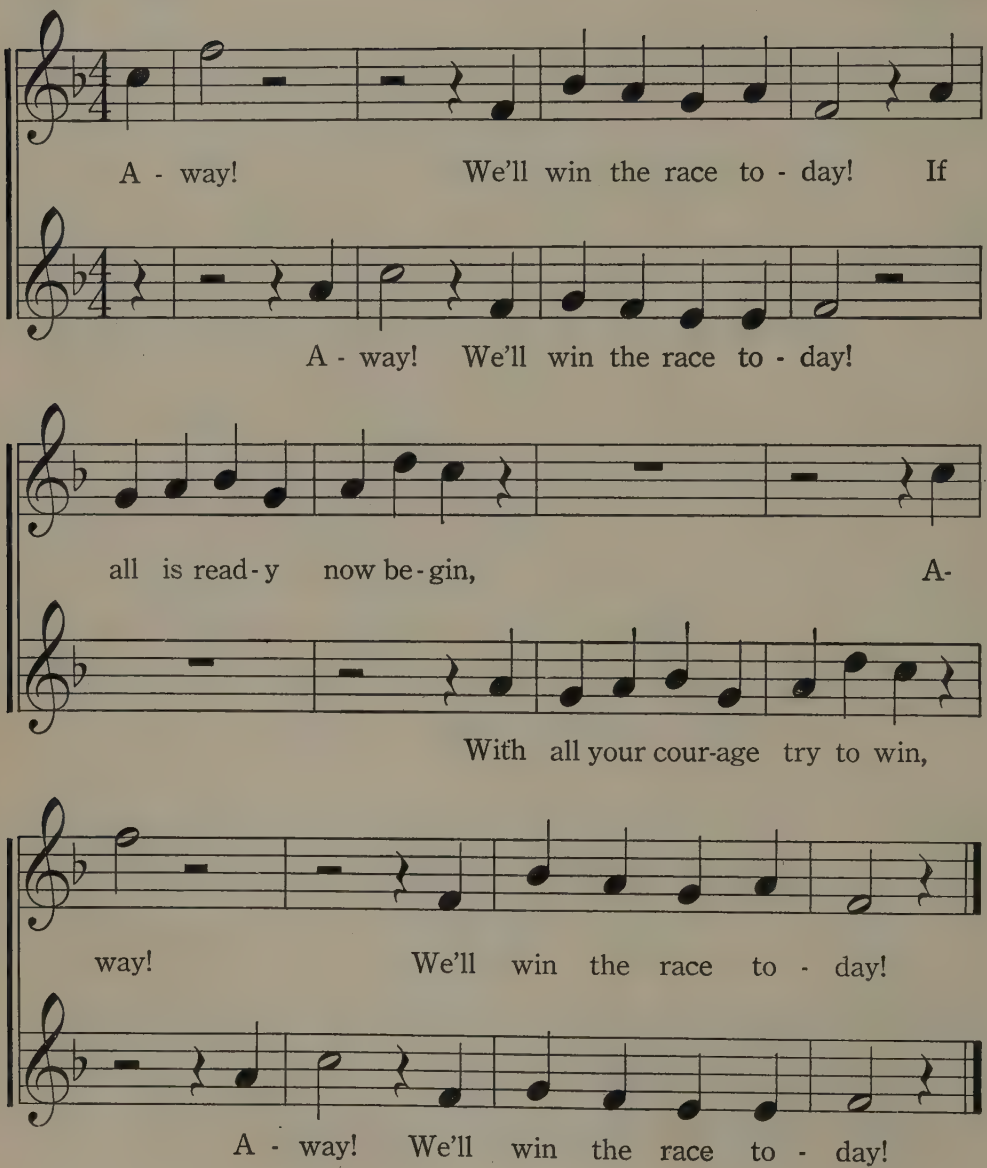
OLD FRENCH ROUND


Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, Broth-er James, Broth-er
Are you sleep-ing, are you
James? Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing. Ding, dong,
sleep-ing, Broth - er James, Broth - er James? Morning bells are
Fine
D. S.
ding, ding, dong, ding. Are you sleeping, are you sleeping, Brother
D. S.
ringing, morning bells are ringing. Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding. Are you

Racing

Reading Song

DAVID LUNDIE FELIX KÖRLING


A - way! We'll win the race to - day! If
A - way! We'll win the race to - day!
all is read - y now be - gin, A-
With all your cour-age try to win,
way! We'll win the race to - day!
A - way! We'll win the race to - day!

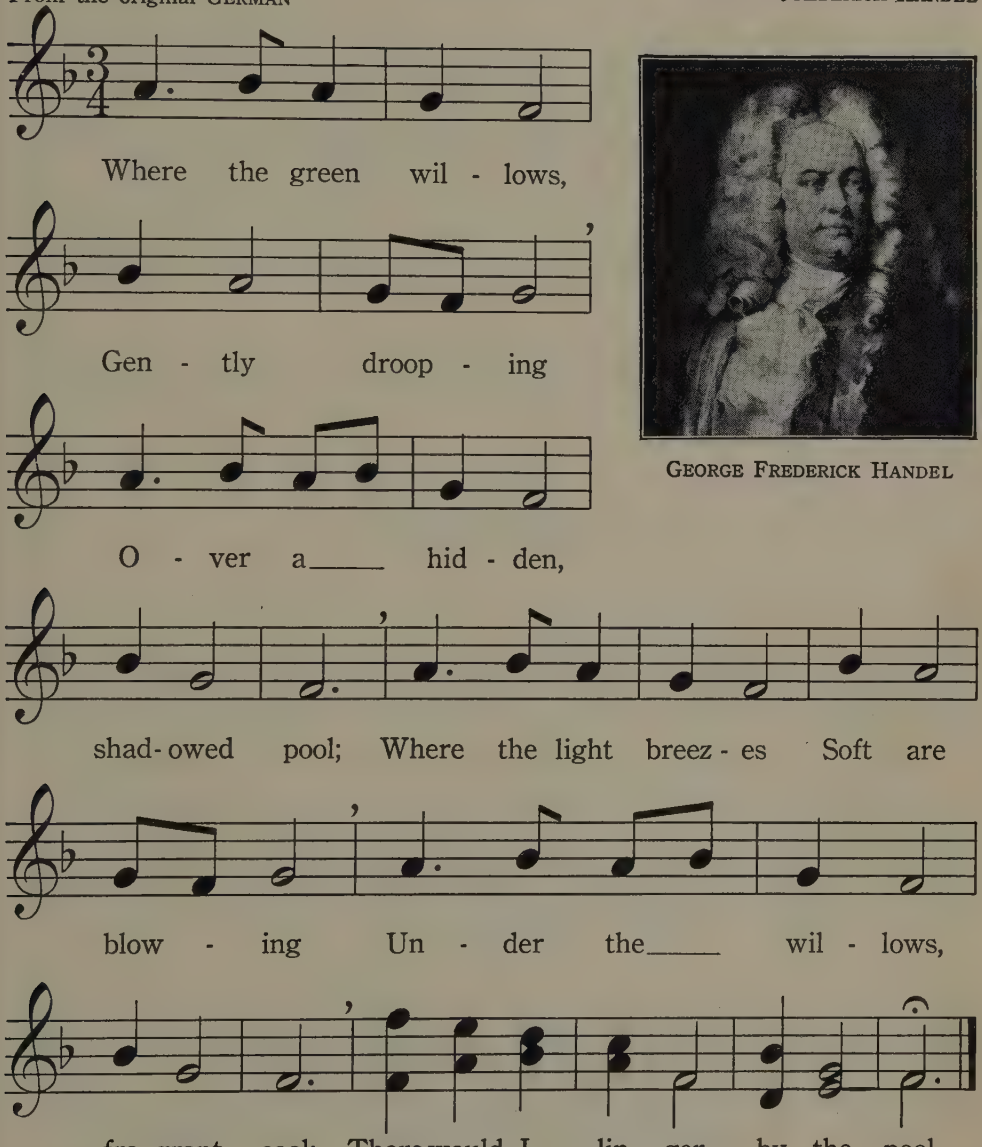
Green Willows

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS
From the original GERMAN

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

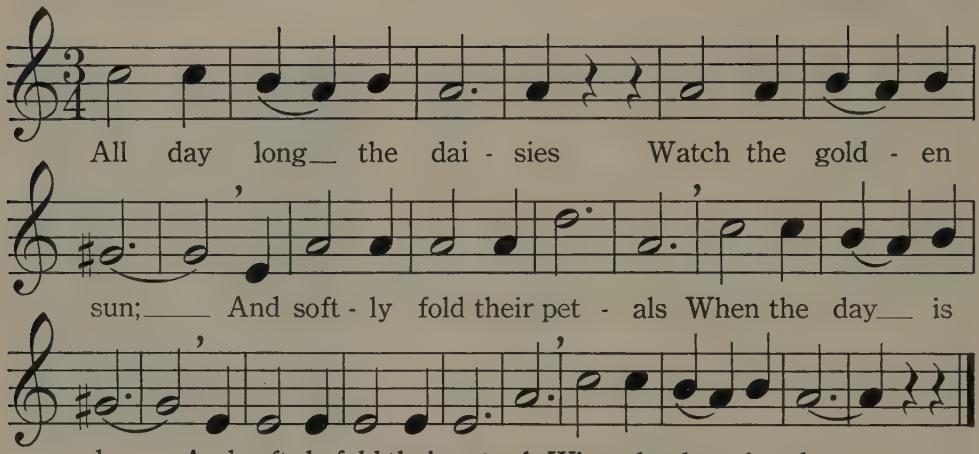
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL


Where the green wil - lows,
Gen - tly droop - ing
O - ver a____ hid - den,
shad - owed pool; Where the light breez - es Soft are
blow - ing Un - der the____ wil - lows,
fra - grant, cool; There would I lin - ger by the pool.

Sleepy Daisies

Reading Song

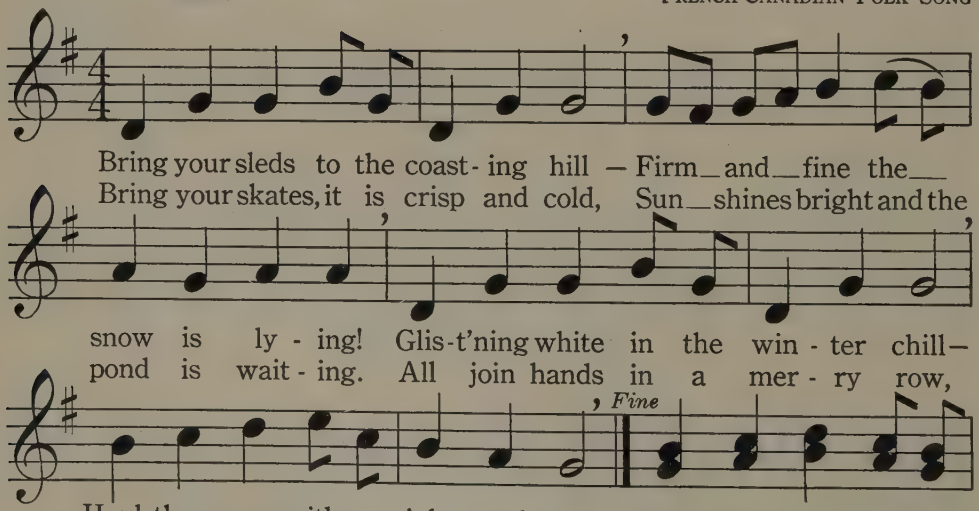
EDITH M. LANHAM HARRIET WARE

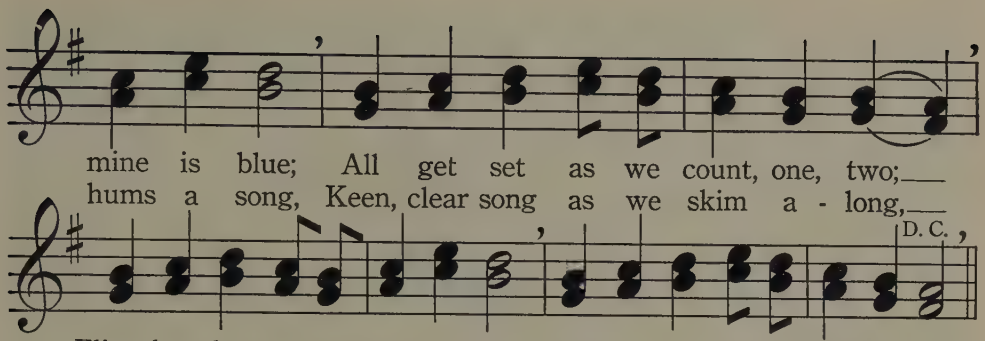

All day long the dai - sies Watch the gold - en
sun; And soft - ly fold their pet - als When the day is
done; And soft - ly fold their pet - als When the day is done.

Winter Sports

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER FRENCH-CANADIAN FOLK SONG

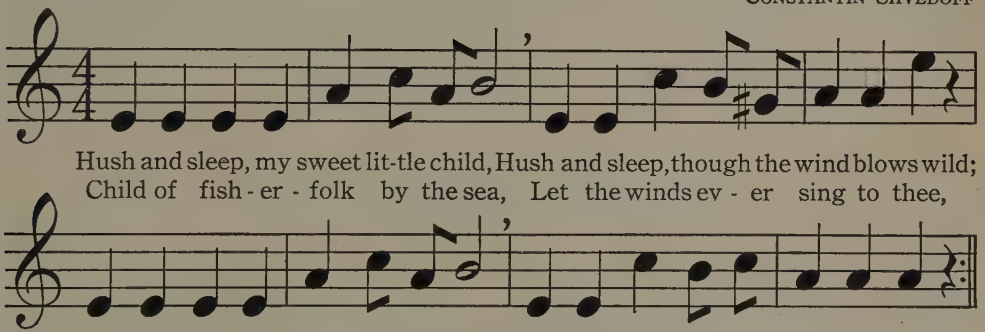

Bring your sleds to the coast - ing hill — Firm and fine the
Bring your skates, it is crisp and cold, Sun shines bright and the
snow is ly - ing! Glis-t'ning white in the win - ter chill—
pond is wait - ing. All join hands in a mer - ry row,
Fine
Haul them up with a right good will. Yours is yel - low and
One, two, three and a - way we go. Hear the ice, how it


mine is blue; All get set as we count, one, two;
hums a song, Keen, clear song as we skim a - long,
D. C.
Fling face down with a one, two, three, Off like birds on the wing are we!
For-ward, swift in the nip-ping air, Feet in time and the wind set fair.

Sea-Lullaby

Reading Song

DAVID LUNDIE — CONSTANTIN SHVEDOFF

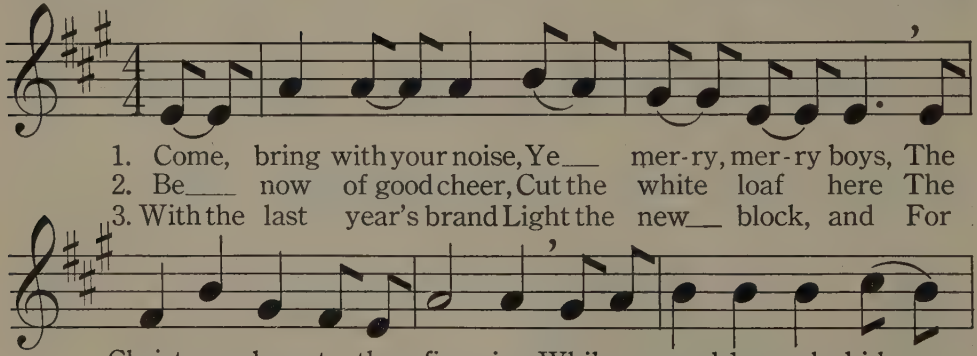

Hush and sleep, my sweet lit-tle child, Hush and sleep, though the wind blows wild;
Child of fish - er - folk by the sea, Let the winds ev - er sing to thee,
Though the storms rage o - ver the sea, Thou shalt sleep in se - ren - i - ty.
Win - ter gale or bright sum-mer breeze Hush thy sleep with their mel - o - dies.
REFRAIN
Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, Sea-winds sing thee a lull - a - by;
Lull - a - by, lull - a - by, Sea-winds sing thee a lull - a - by.

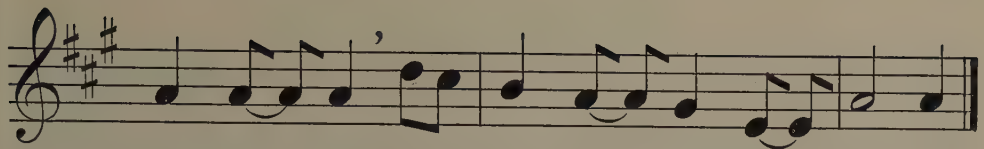
BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

The Yule Log Procession

Reading Song

ROBERT HERRICK — ANCIENT CHRISTMAS SONG


1. Come, bring with your noise, Ye mer-ry, mer-ry boys, The
2. Be now of good cheer, Cut the white loaf here The
3. With the last year's brand Light the new block, and For
Christ-mas log to the fir - ing, While my good dame, she bids you
while the meat is a - shred - ding; For the rare mince pie, And the
good suc - cess in his spend - ing; On your psal-t'ries play That


all be free, And eat to your heart's de - sir - ing.
plums stand-ing by, To fill the paste that's a-knead-ing.
sweet luck may Come while the log is a - tend - ing.*

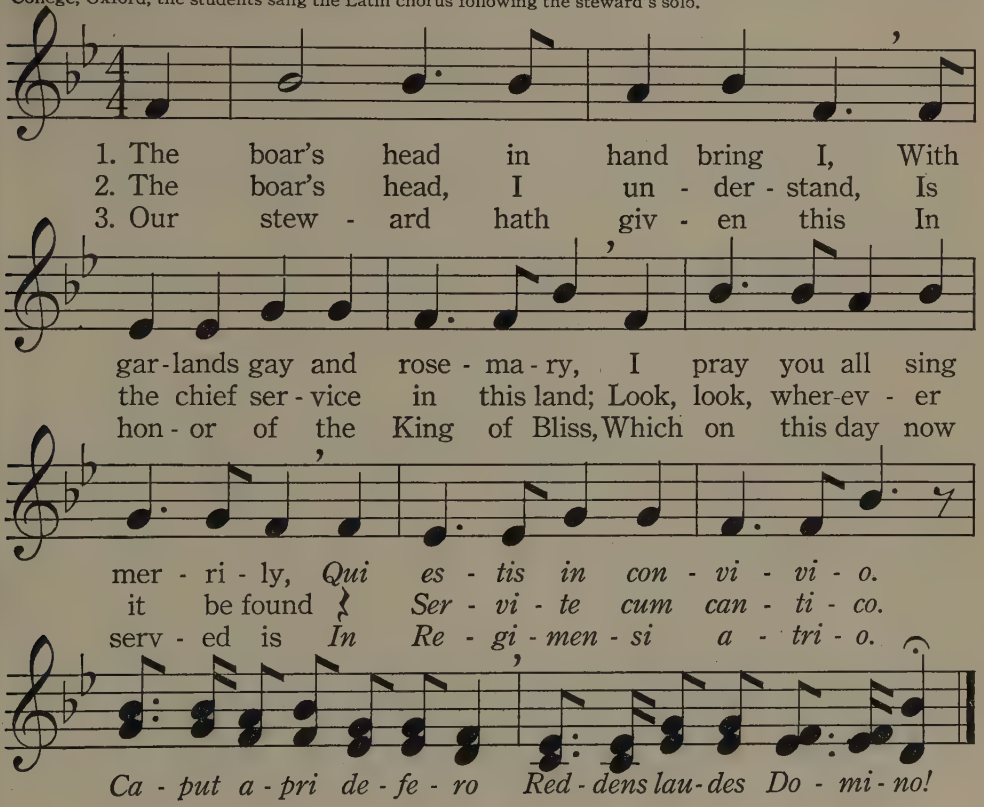
* burning

Bringing in the Boar's Head

Rote Song

TRADITIONAL — ANCIENT CHRISTMAS SONG

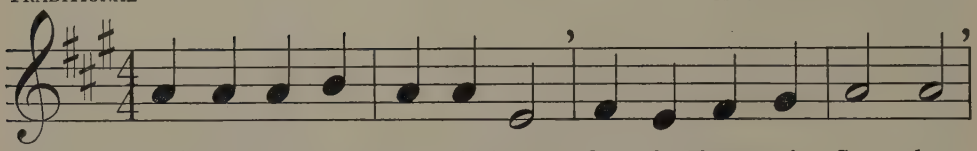
In the ancient Christmas Eve procession the chief steward carried a boar's head on a great platter. At Queen's College, Oxford, the students sang the Latin chorus following the steward's solo.


1. The boar's head in hand bring I, With
2. The boar's head, I un - der - stand, Is
3. Our stew - ard hath giv - en this In
gar-lands gay and rose - ma - ry, I pray you all sing
the chief ser - vice in this land; Look, look, wher-ev - er
hon - or of the King of Bliss, Which on this day now
mer - ri - ly, Qui es - tis in con - vi - vi - o.
it be found Ser - vi - te cum can - ti - co.
serv - ed is In Re - gi - men - si a - tri - o.
Ca - put a - pri de - fe - ro Red - dens lau - des Do - mi - no!

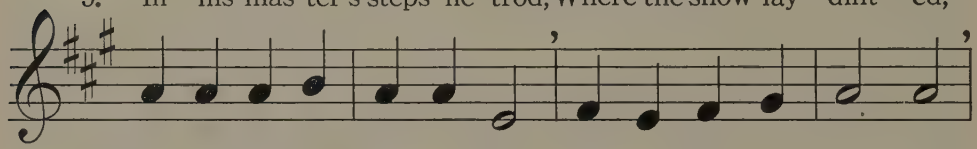
Good King Wenceslas

Reading Song

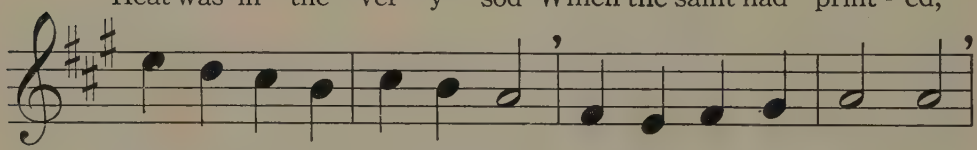
TRADITIONAL — ANCIENT ENGLISH CAROL



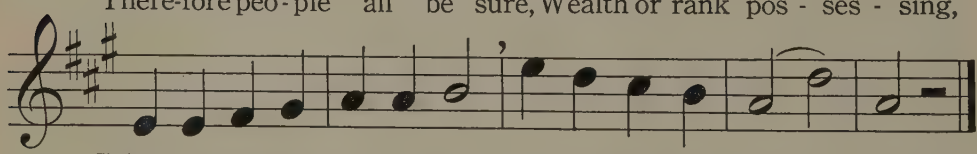
1. Good King Wen-ces - las look'd out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing;
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine logs hith - er;
4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong-er;
5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed,



When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;
Yon-der peas-ant, who is he? Where, and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ver - y sod Which the saint had print - ed;



Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der-neath the moun - tain;
Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
"Mark my foot-steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly;
There-fore peo - ple all be sure, Wealth or rank pos - ses - sing,

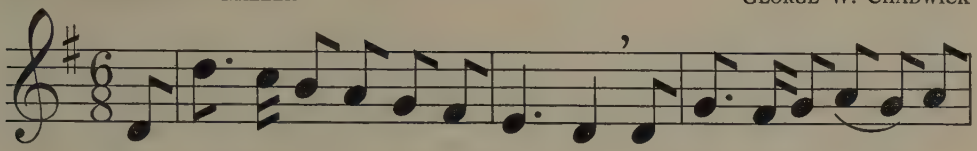


When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu - el.
Right a-gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun - tain."
Through the rude wind's wild la-ment And the bit - ter weath - er.
Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

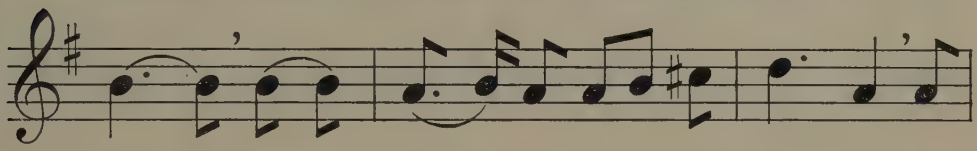
Winter Song

Rote Song

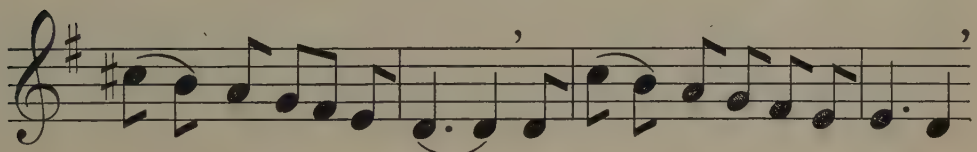
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER GEORGE W. CHADWICK



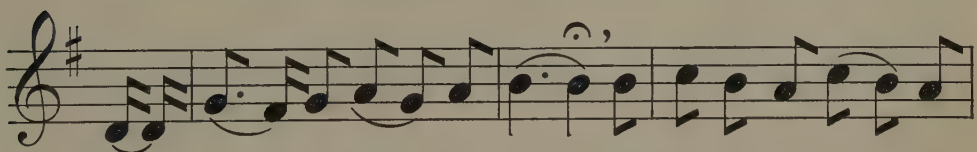
Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win - ter! The king of the sea-sons is
Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win - ter! He shouts at the door by



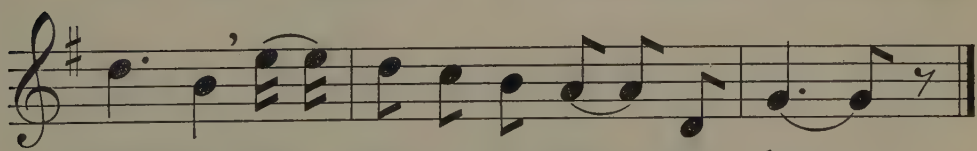
he; Though his breath is cold and i - cy, His
night, "Come out where the ice is gleam - ing Like



heart is full of glee. He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
steel in the cold moon-light." Like swal - lows o - ver the wa - ter



On the ap - ple trees bare and brown, And laughs when the northwind
The skat - ers mer - ri - ly go; There's health in the blus-ter-ing



shakes them, Like a show - er of blos - soms down.
breez - es, And joy in the beau - ti - ful snow.

Deck the Hall

Rote Song

TRADITIONAL

OLD WELSH AIR

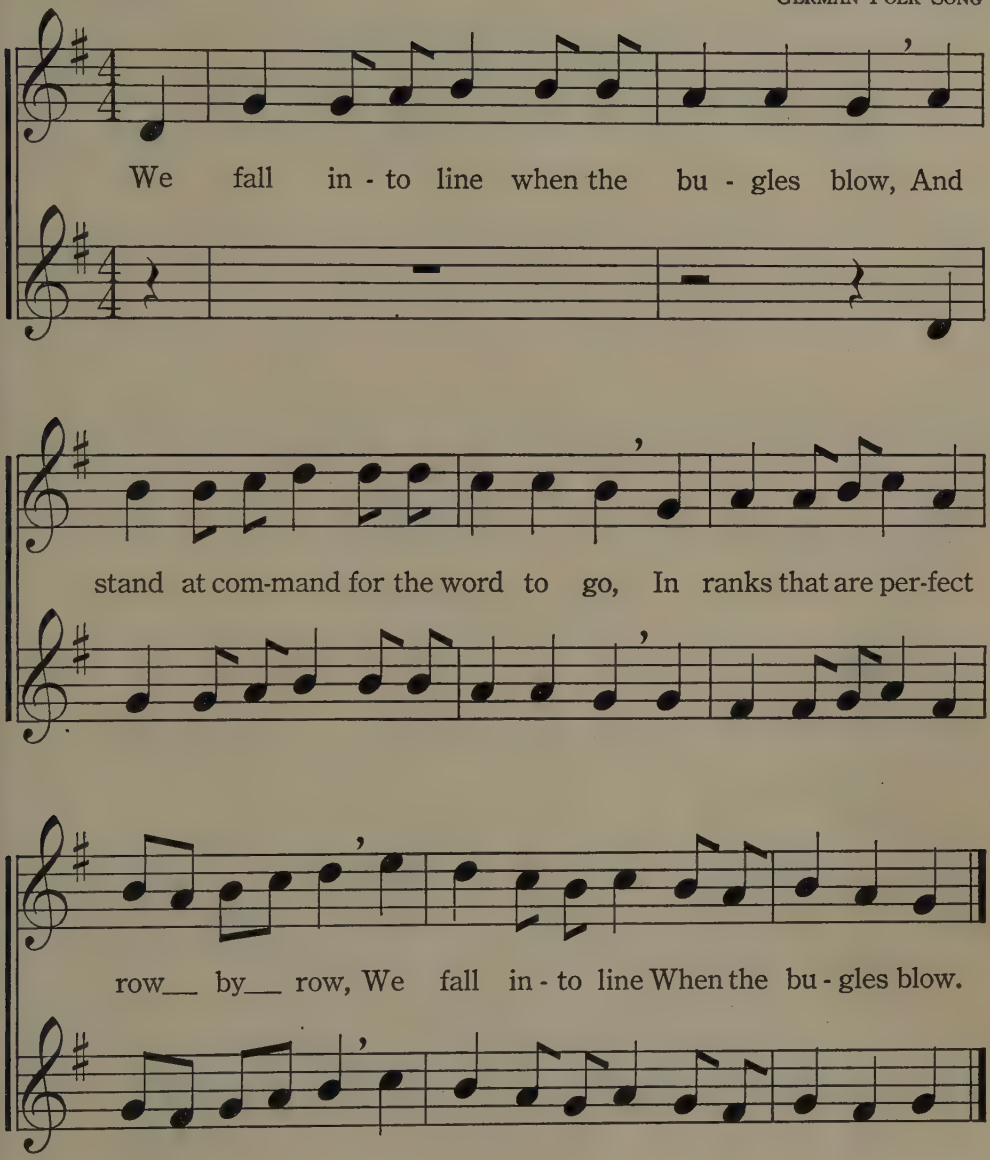
1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly Fa la la la la, la
2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la, la
3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la, la
la la la. 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly,
la la la. Strike the harp and join the cho - rus,
la la la. Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es,
Fa la la la la, la la la la. Don we now our
Fa la la la la, la la la la. Fol - low me in
Fa la la la la, la la la la. Sing we joy - ous
gay ap - par - el, Fa la la la la la la,
mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la la la la la,
all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la,
Troll the an-cient Yule-tide car-ol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yule-tide treas-ure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Heed-less of the wind and weath-er, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

When the Bugles Blow

Reading Song

DAVID LUNDIE

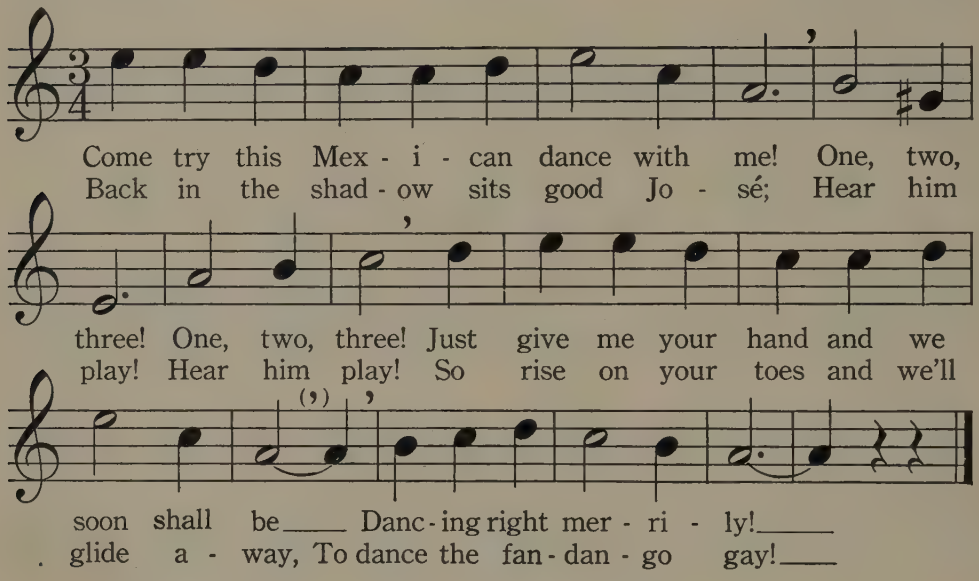
GERMAN FOLK SONG


We fall in - to line when the bu - gles blow, And
stand at com-mand for the word to go, In ranks that are per-fect
row__ by__ row, We fall in - to line When the bu - gles blow.

The Fandango

Reading Song

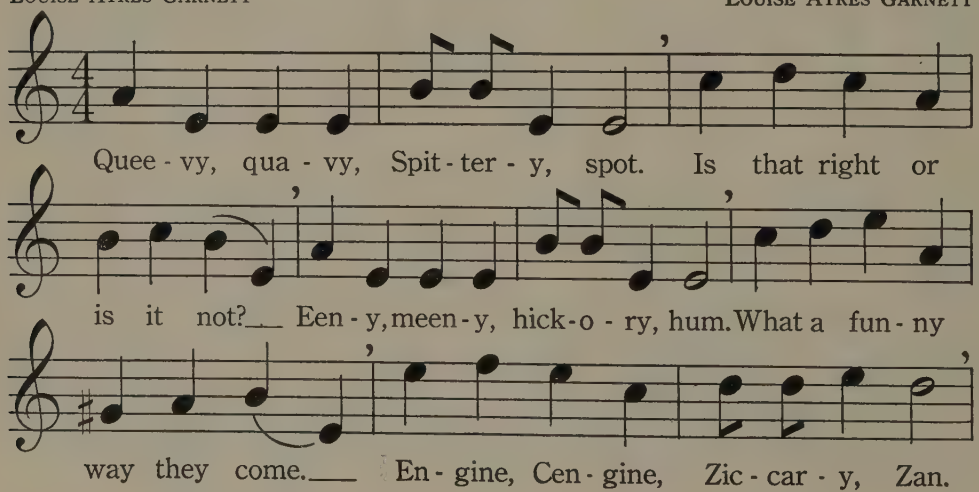
ANICE TERHUNE ANICE TERHUNE

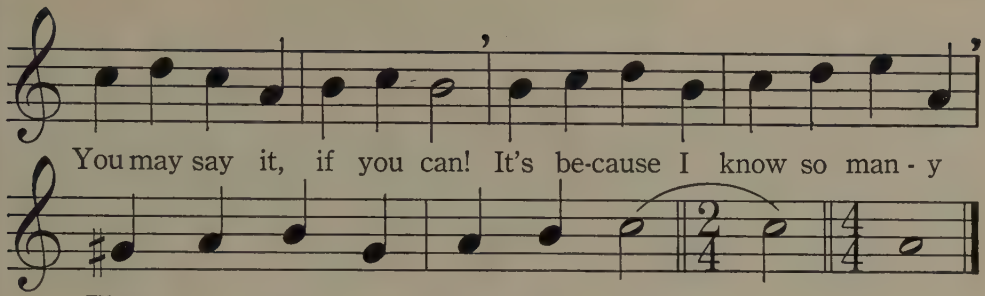

Come try this Mex - i - can dance with me! One, two,
Back in the shad - ow sits good Jo - sé; Hear him
three! One, two, three! Just give me your hand and we
play! Hear him play! So rise on your toes and we'll
soon shall be Danc - ing right mer - ri - ly!
glide a - way, To dance the fan - dan - go gay!

Counting Out

Reading Song

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

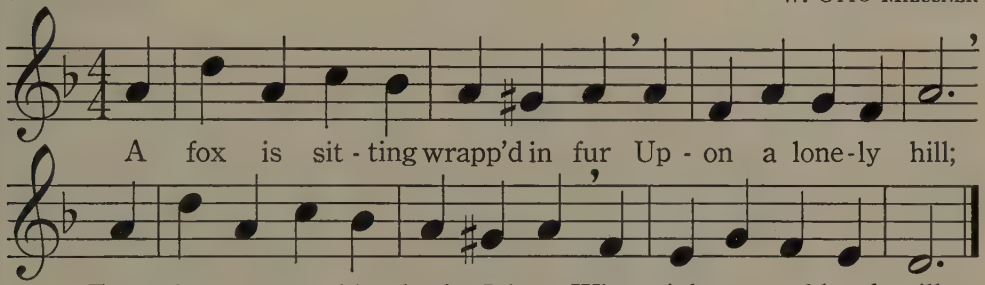

Quee - vy, qua - vy, Spit - ter - y, spot. Is that right or
is it not? Een - y, meen - y, hick - o - ry, hum. What a fun - ny
way they come. En - gine, Cen - gine, Zic - car - y, Zan.



The Fox

Reading Song

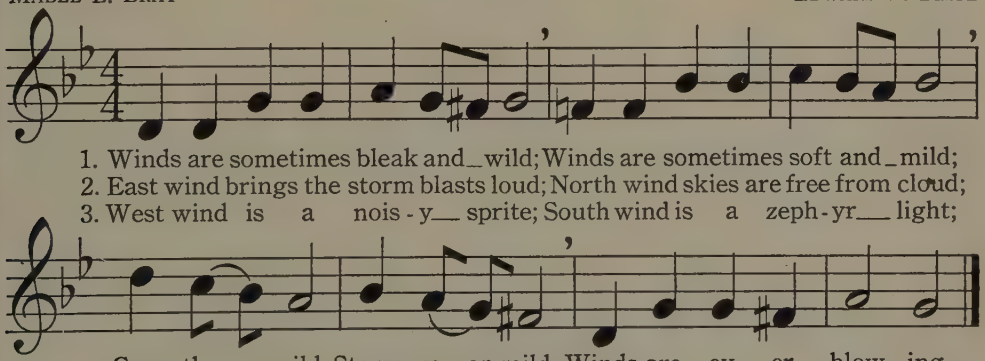
MAY MORGAN — W. OTTO MIESSNER



Winds Are Ever Blowing

Reading Song

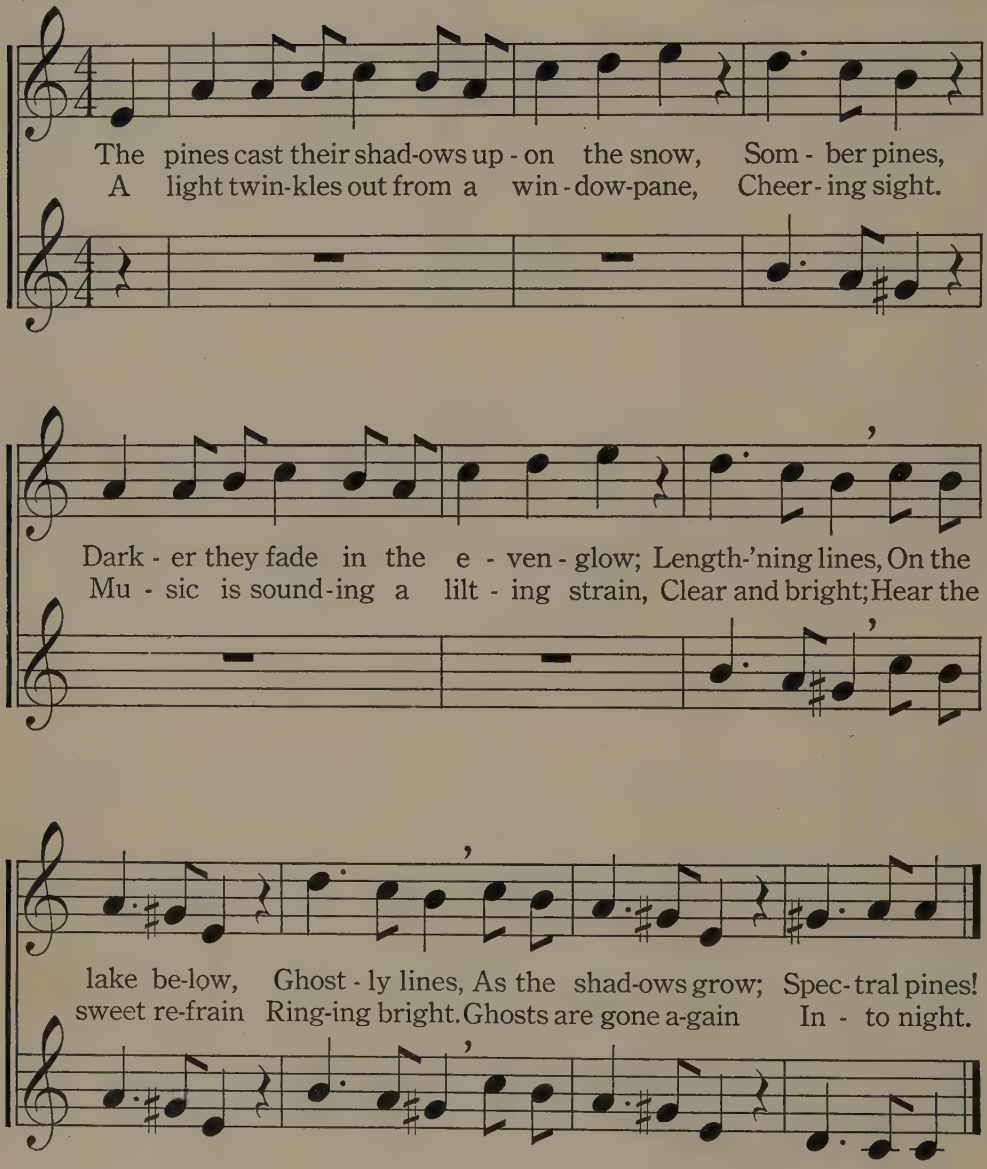
MABEL E. BRAY — EDWARD B. BIRGE


1. Winds are sometimes bleak and wild; Winds are sometimes soft and mild;
2. East wind brings the storm blasts loud; North wind skies are free from cloud;
3. West wind is a nois - y sprite; South wind is a zeph - yr light;
Gen - tle or wild, Storm - y or mild, Winds are ev - er blow - ing.
Soft or loud, Fair or with cloud, Winds are ev - er blow - ing.
Nois - y sprite, Zeph - yr light, Winds are ev - er blow - ing.

Norwegian Song

Reading Song

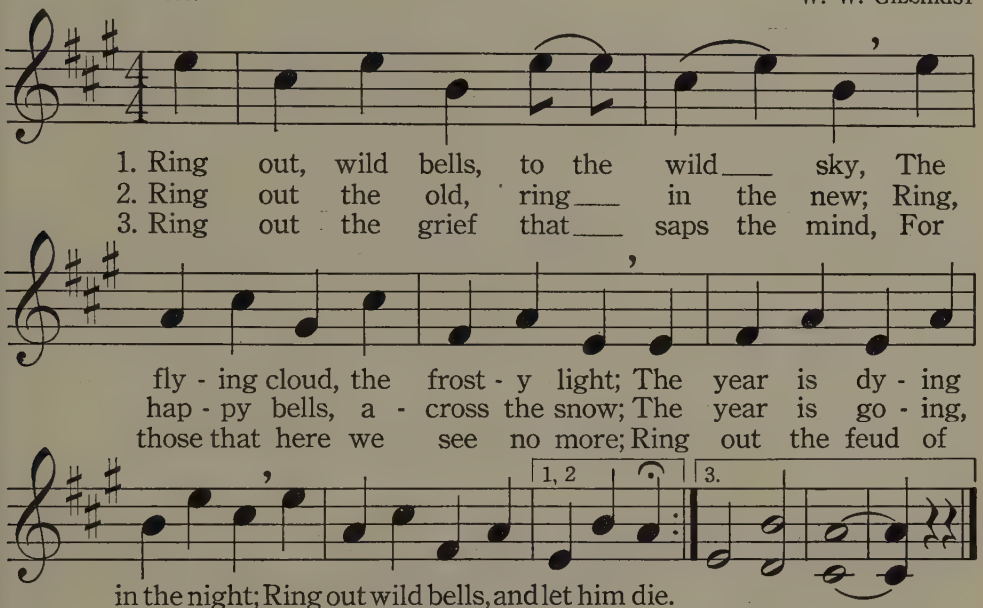
CLINTON SCOLLARD — NORWEGIAN FOLK SONG


The pines cast their shad-ows up - on the snow, Som - ber pines,
A light twin-kles out from a win - dow-pane, Cheer - ing sight.
Dark - er they fade in the e - ven - glow; Length-'ning lines, On the
Mu - sic is sound-ing a lilt - ing strain, Clear and bright; Hear the
lake be-low, Ghost - ly lines, As the shad-ows grow; Spec-tral pines!
sweet re-frain Ring-ing bright. Ghosts are gone a-gain In - to night.

Ring Out, Wild Bells!

Reading Song

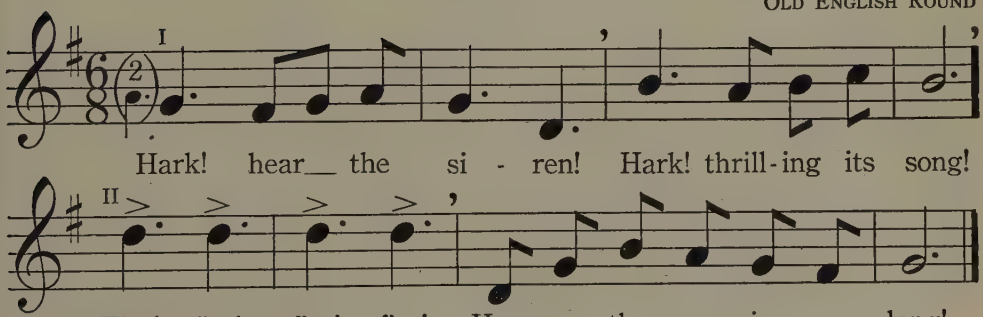
ALFRED TENNYSON — W. W. GILCHRIST


1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring,
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For
fly - ing cloud, the frost - y light; The year is dy - ing
hap - py bells, a - cross the snow; The year is go - ing,
those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of
1, 2
3.
in the night; Ring out wild bells, and let him die.
let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
rich and poor, Ring in re-dress to all man - kind.

Hark! Hear the Siren

Two-Part Round

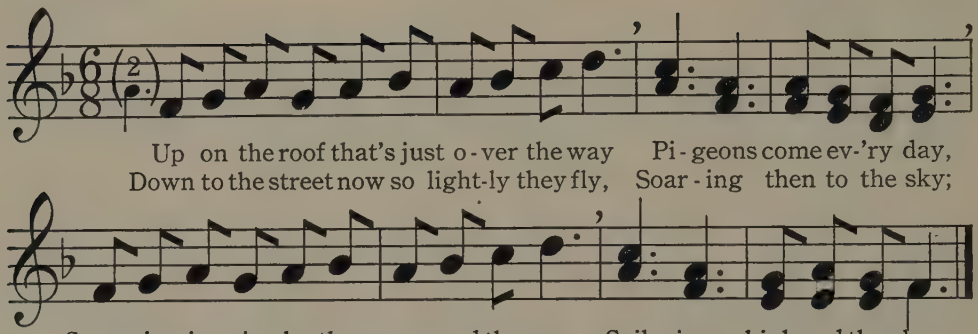
OLD ENGLISH ROUND



Pigeons

Reading Song

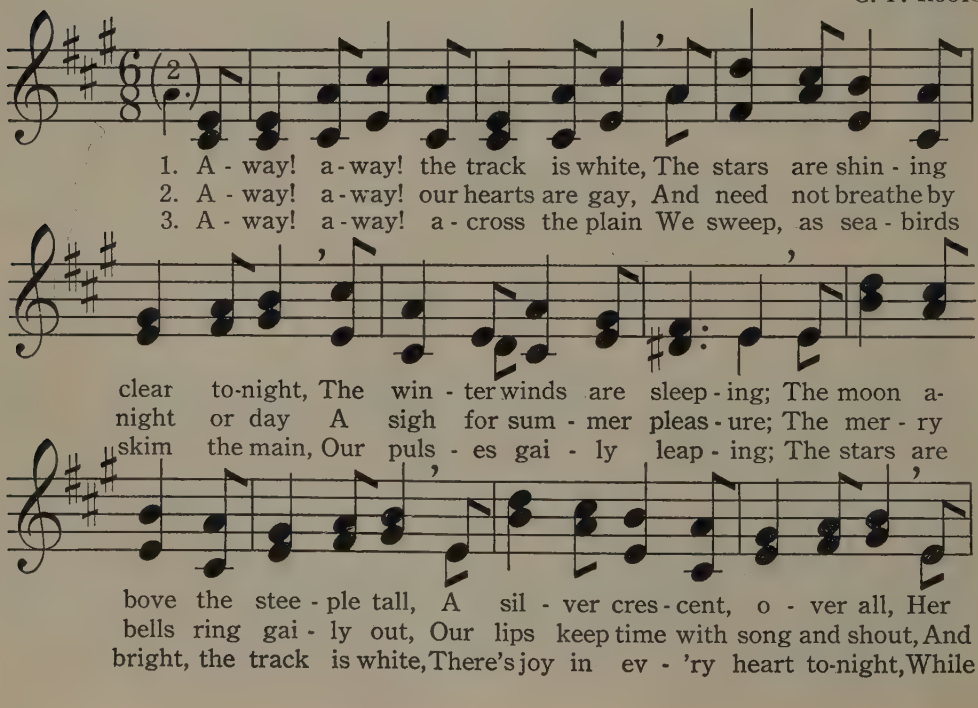
ALICE HIRSH GEORGE L. WRIGHT

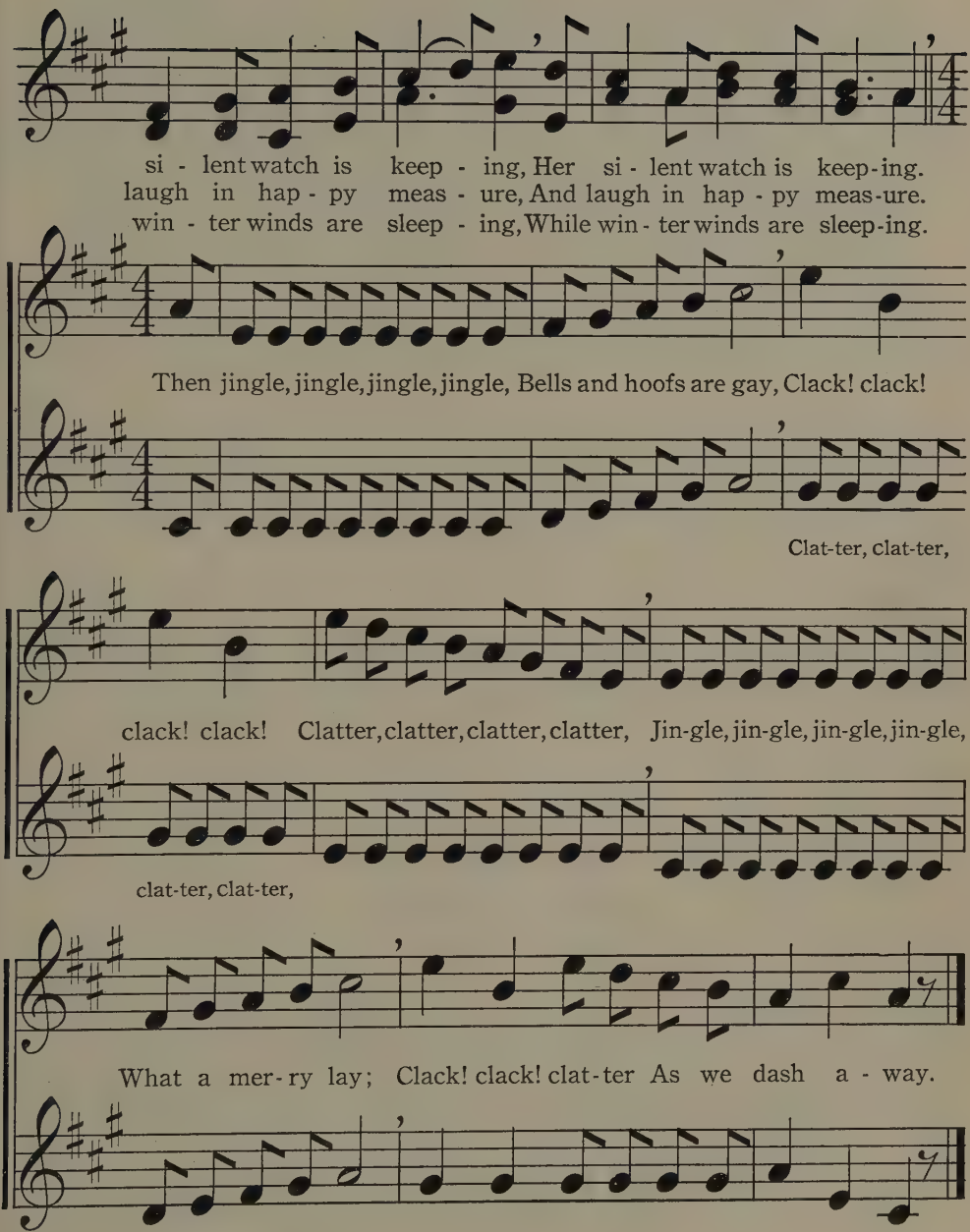

Up on the roof that's just o - ver the way Pi - geons come ev-'ry day,
Down to the street now so light-ly they fly, Soar - ing then to the sky;
Sweep-ing in cir - cles they come and they go, Sail - ing high and then low.
Soon we shall see them re - turn-ing to rest, Know - ing home is the best.

Away! Away! The Track Is White

Reading Song

G. F. ROOT


1. A - way! a - way! the track is white, The stars are shin - ing
2. A - way! a - way! our hearts are gay, And need not breathe by
3. A - way! a - way! a - cross the plain We sweep, as sea - birds
clear to-night, The win - ter winds are sleep - ing; The moon a-
night or day A sigh for sum - mer pleas - ure; The mer - ry
skim the main, Our puls - es gai - ly leap - ing; The stars are
bove the stee - ple tall, A sil - ver cres - cent, o - ver all, Her
bells ring gai - ly out, Our lips keep time with song and shout, And
bright, the track is white, There's joy in ev - 'ry heart to-night, While

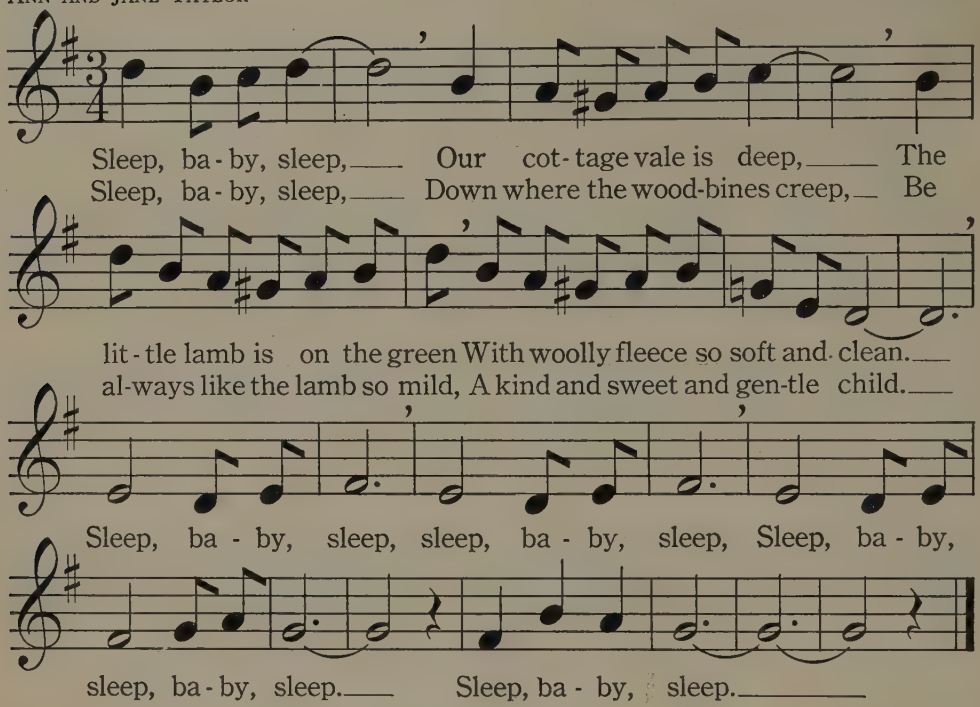

si - lent watch is keep - ing, Her si - lent watch is keep-ing.
laugh in hap - py meas - ure, And laugh in hap - py meas-ure.
win - ter winds are sleep - ing, While win - ter winds are sleep-ing.
Then jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, Bells and hoofs are gay, Clack! clack!
Clat-ter, clat-ter,
clack! clack! Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle,
clat-ter, clat-ter,
What a mer-ry lay; Clack! clack! clat-ter As we dash a - way.

Cradle Song

Reading Song

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR

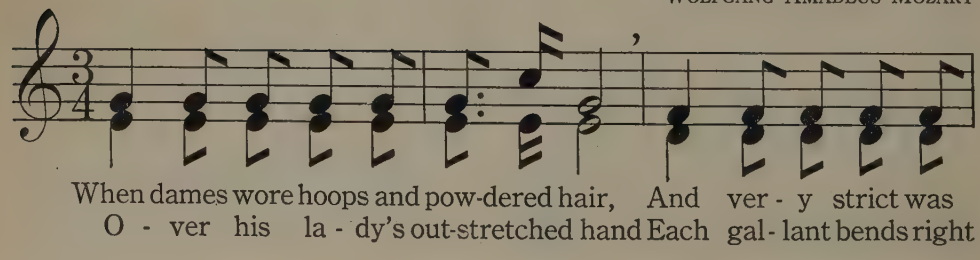
ANNA VON WOHLFARTH-GRILLE


Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep, The
Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Down where the wood-bines creep, Be
lit - tle lamb is on the green With woolly fleece so soft and clean.
al-ways like the lamb so mild, A kind and sweet and gen-tle child.
Sleep, ba - by, sleep, sleep, ba - by, sleep, Sleep, ba - by,
sleep, ba - by, sleep. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

The Minuet

Rote Song

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART



THE MINUET

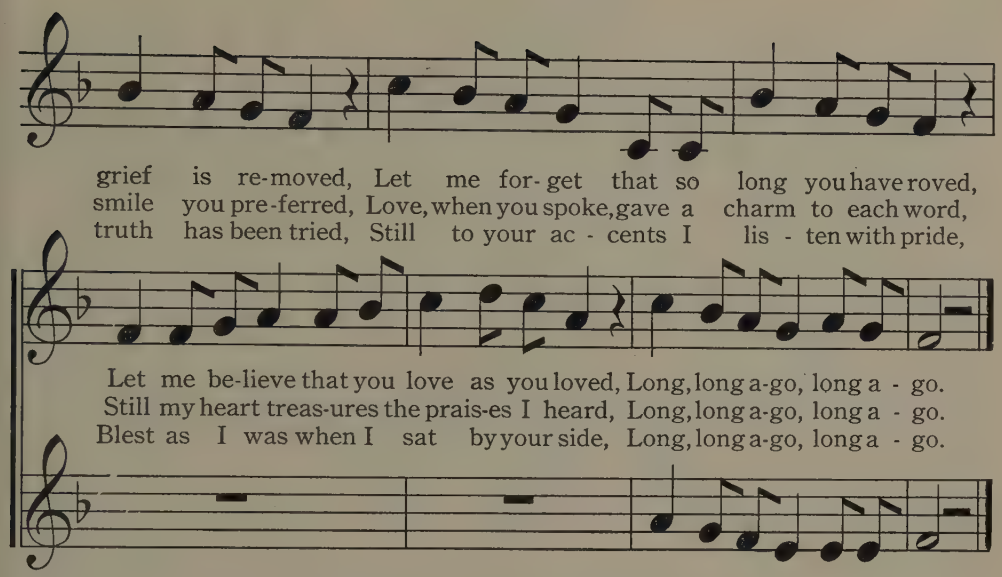
et - i - quette, When men were brave and la - dies fair, They
grace - ful - ly; Gra - cious of mien, with man - ner grand, She
danced the min - u - et. Slip - pers high heeled with
sweeps a cour - te - sy. Our whirl - ing steps of
point - ed toe, Trod state - ly meas - ures to and fro.
mod - ern days Those lords and la - dies would a - maze,
Quite demure, sedate, and bow - ing low They danced the min - u - et.
Yet the min - u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

Long, Long Ago

Reading Song

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

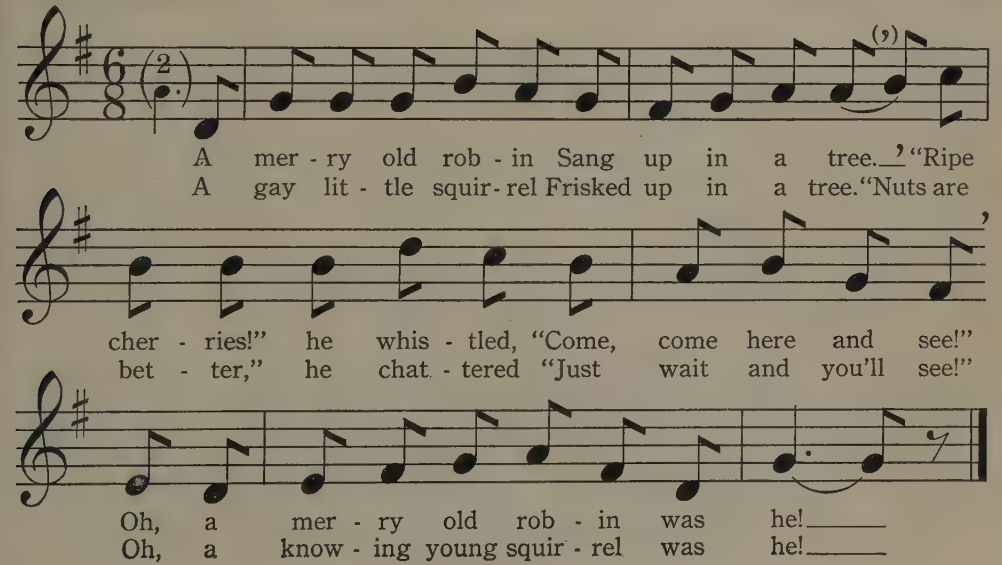
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the paths where we met? Long, long a - go,
3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,
Long, long a - go, Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go, Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get,
Long, long a - go, You, by more el - o-quent lips have been praised,
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then, to all oth - ers my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your


grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,
Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a - go.

Merry and Knowing

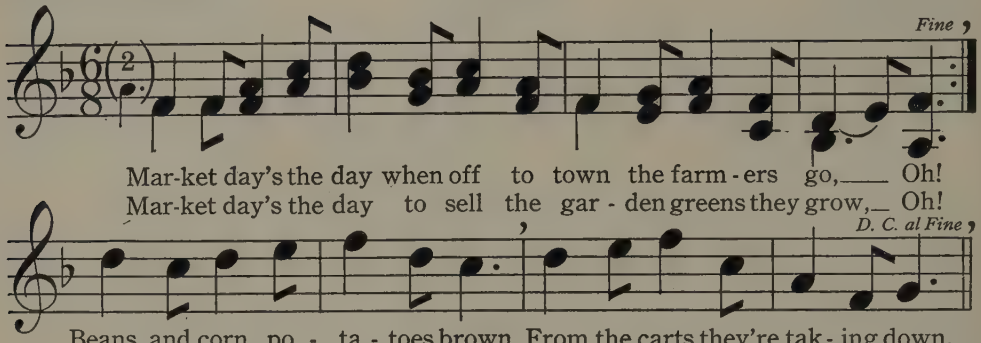
Reading Song

ADÈLE MARIE SHAW — MARY E. D. ALDEN


A mer - ry old rob - in Sang up in a tree. "Ripe
A gay lit - tle squir - rel Frisked up in a tree. "Nuts are
cher - ries!" he whis - tled, "Come, come here and see!"
bet - ter," he chat - tered "Just wait and you'll see!"
Oh, a mer - ry old rob - in was he!
Oh, a know - ing young squir - rel was he!

Market Day

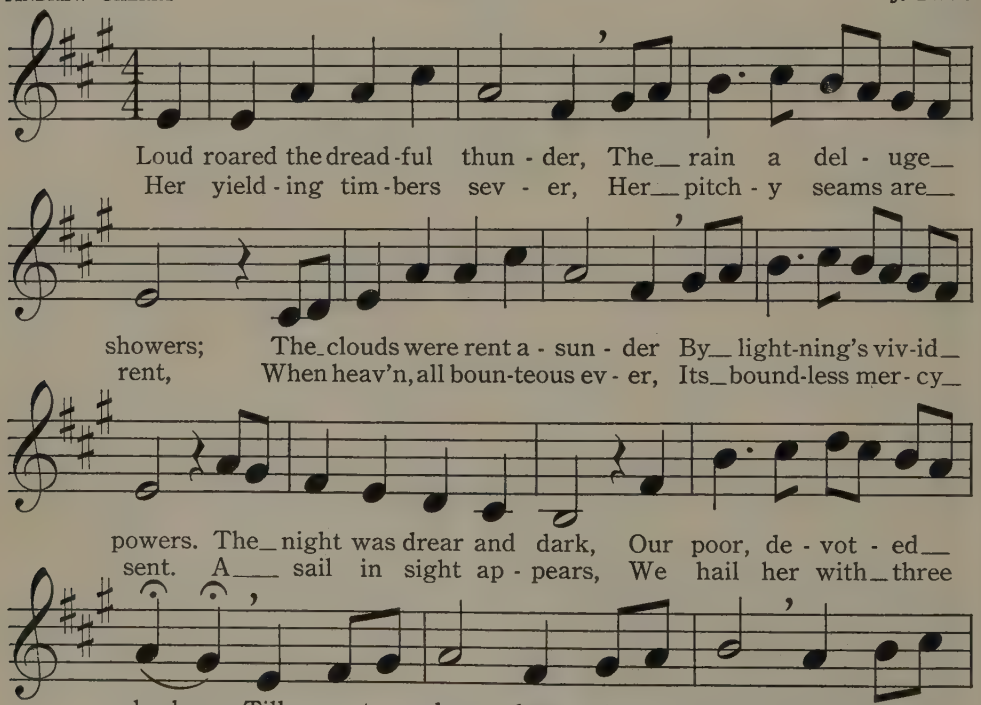
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — Reading Song — IRISH FOLK SONG

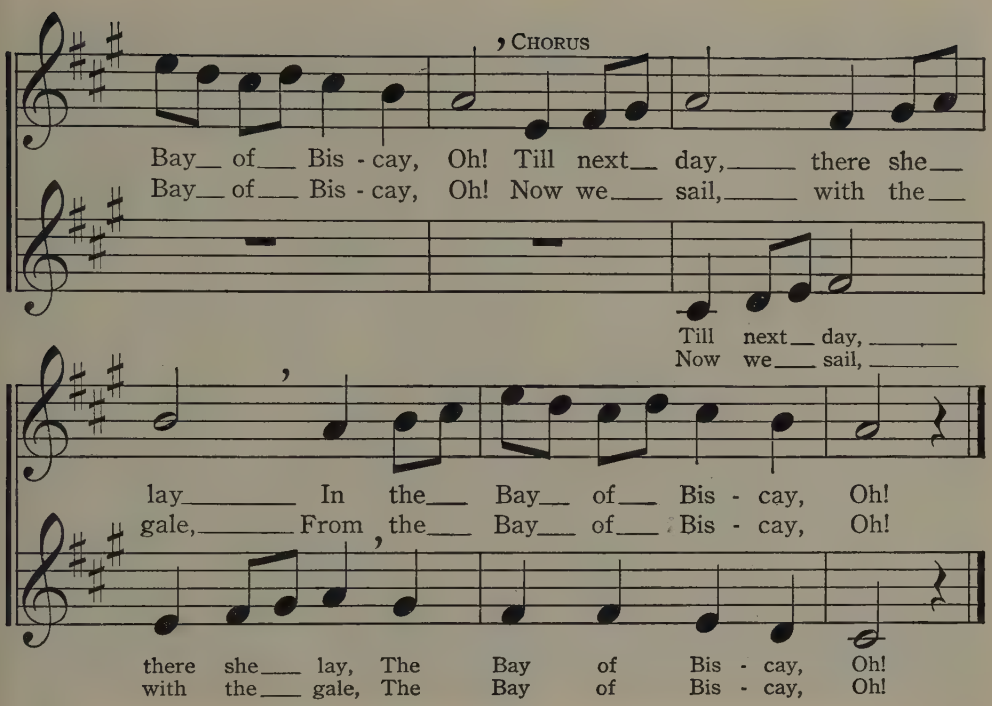

Fine
Mar-ket day's the day when off to town the farm-ers go, Oh!
Mar-ket day's the day to sell the gar-den greens they grow, Oh!
D. C. al Fine
Beans and corn, po-ta-toes brown, From the carts they're tak-ing down,

(In the repetition sing only the upper line of text.)

The Bay of Biscay

ANDREW CHERRY — Reading Song — J. DAVY


Loud roared the dread-ful thun-der, The rain a del-uge
Her yield-ing tim-bers sev-er, Her pitch-y seams are
showers; The clouds were rent a-sun-der By light-ning's viv-id
rent, When heav'n, all boun-teous ev-er, Its bound-less mer-cy
powers. The night was drear and dark, Our poor, de-vot-ed
sent. A sail in sight ap-pears, We hail her with three
bark, Till next day, there she lay, In the
cheers; Now we sail with the gale, From the

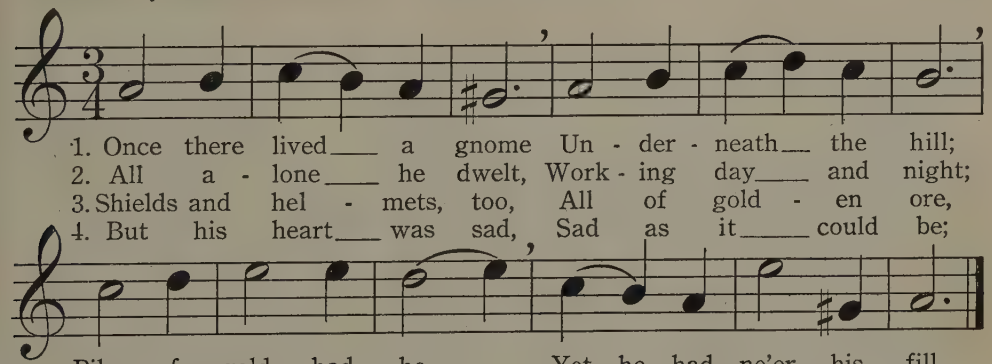

CHORUS
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh! Till next day, there she
Bay of Bis - cay, Oh! Now we sail, with the
Till next day,
Now we sail,
lay In the Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
gale, From the Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
there she lay, The Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!
with the gale, The Bay of Bis - cay, Oh!

The Gnome

Translated by HELEN GOODRICH

Reading Song

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

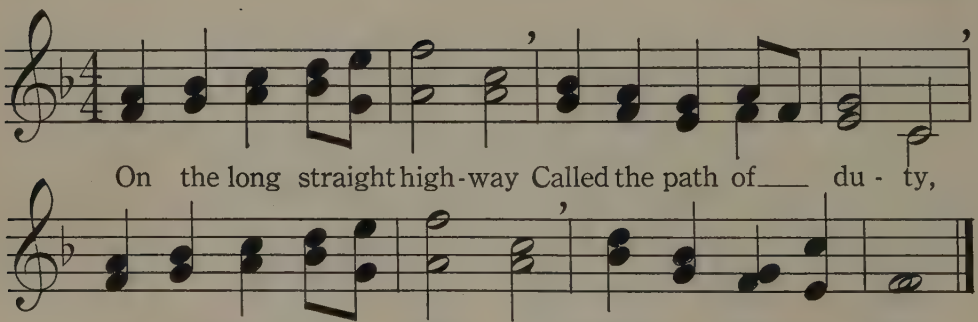

1. Once there lived a gnome Un - der - neath the hill;
2. All a - lone he dwelt, Work - ing day and night;
3. Shields and hel - mets, too, All of gold - en ore,
4. But his heart was sad, Sad as it could be;
Piles of gold had he, Yet he had ne'er his fill.
Gold - en chains he made, Rings and brace - lets bright.
Crowns of won - drous make Add - ed to his store.
All the day he sighed, All through the night wept he.

BEETHOVEN PLAYING FOR MOZART, BY BORCHMAN

Duty

Reading Song

SUSANNA MYERS — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

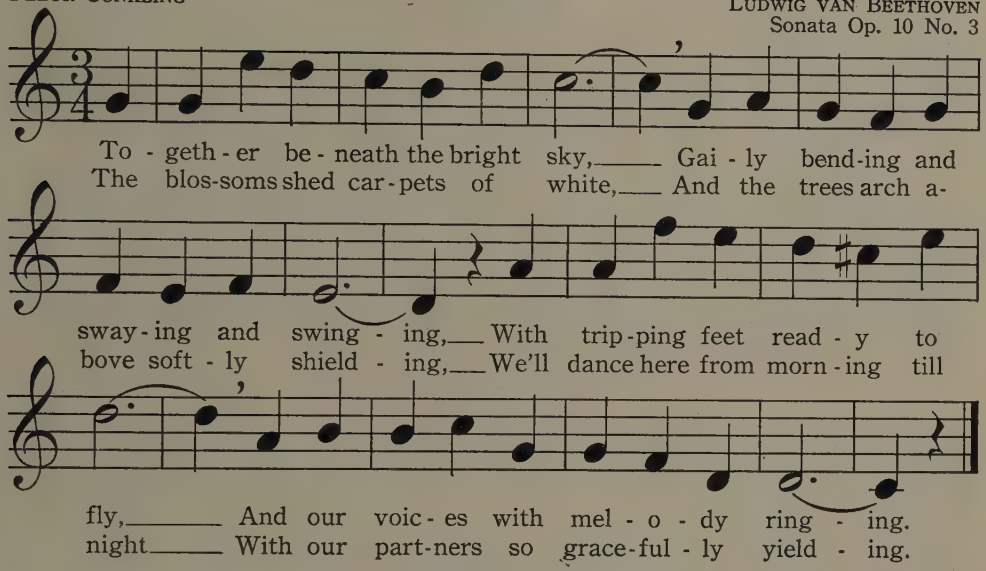


Dancing on the Green

Reading Song

FLEUR CONKLING

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Sonata Op. 10 No. 3

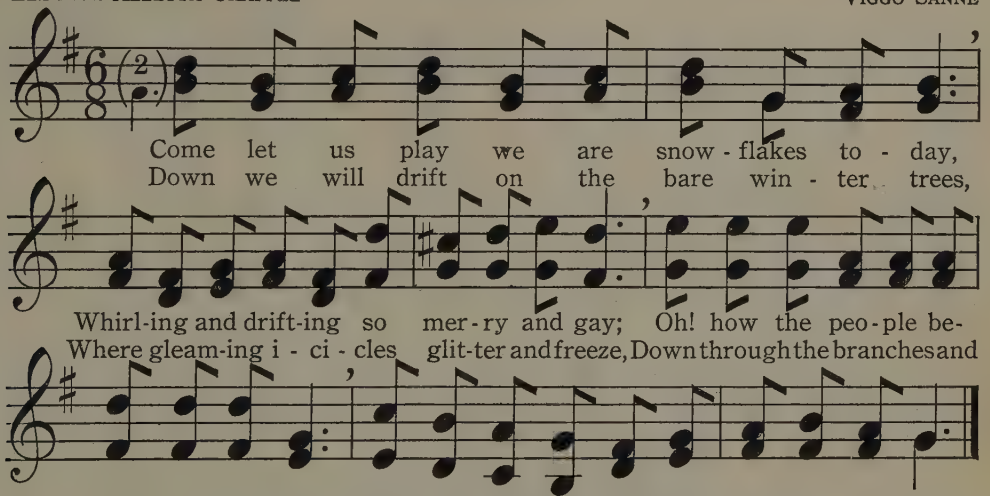

To - geth - er be - neath the bright sky, Gai - ly bend-ing and
The blos-soms shed car - pets of white, And the trees arch a-
sway - ing and swing - ing, With trip-ping feet read - y to
bove soft - ly shield - ing, We'll dance here from morn - ing till
fly, And our voic - es with mel - o - dy ring - ing.
night With our part-ners so grace-ful - ly yield - ing.

A Wish

Reading Song

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

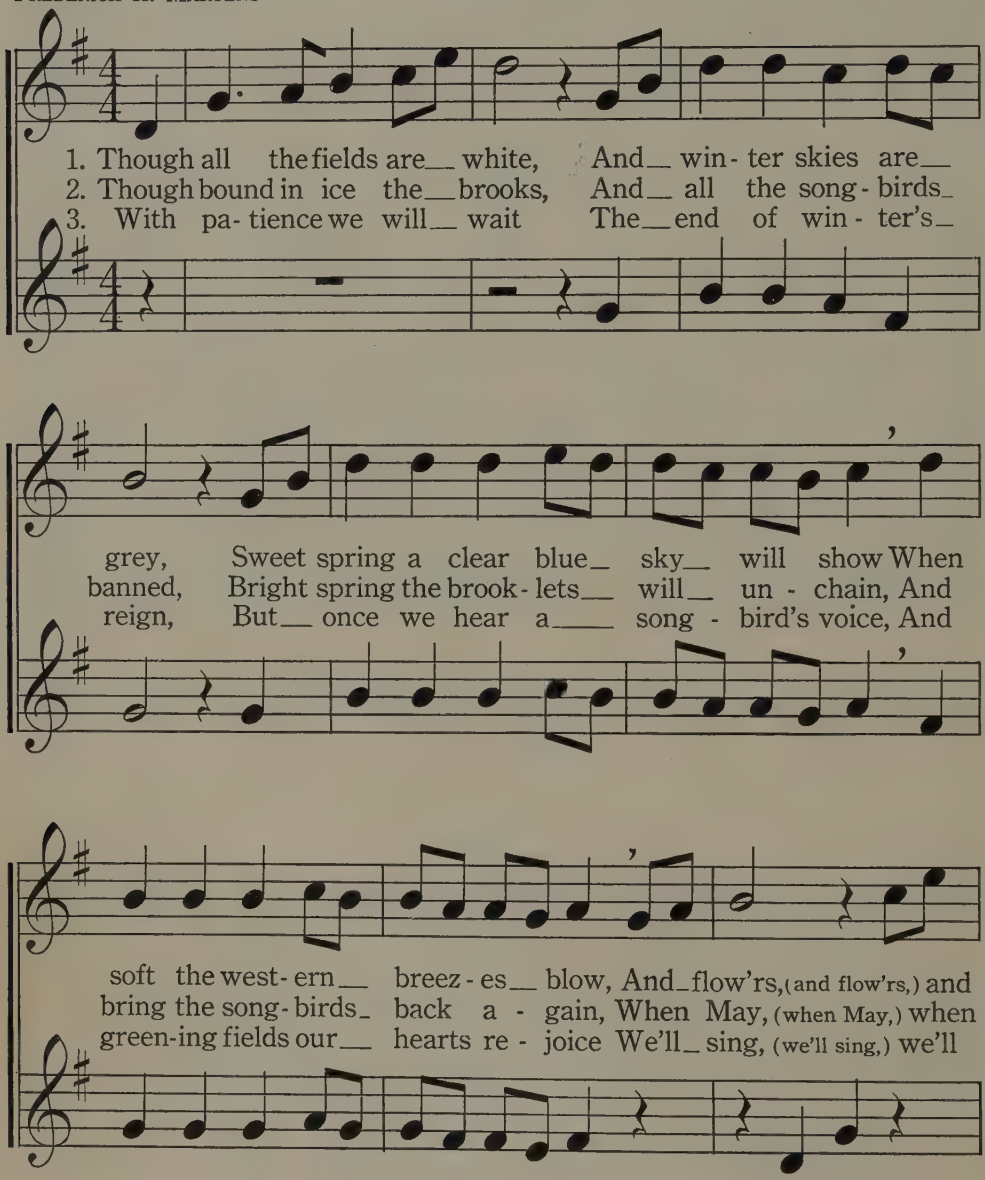
VIGGO SANNE

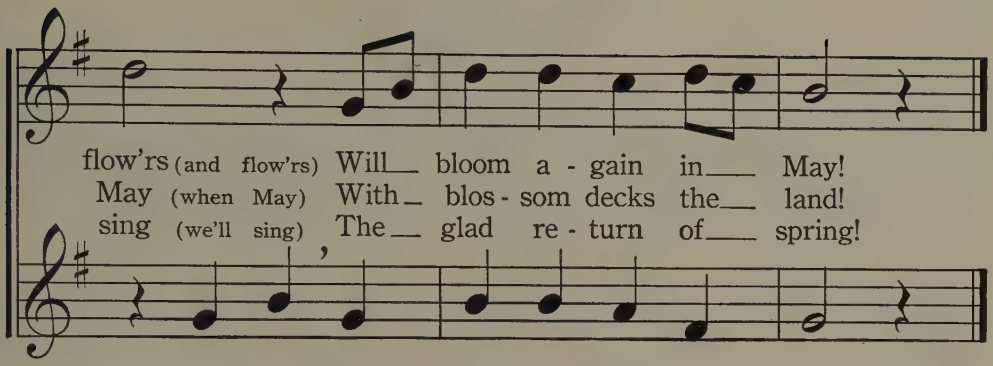

Come let us play we are snow - flakes to - day,
Down we will drift on the bare win - ter trees,
Whirl-ing and drift-ing so mer - ry and gay; Oh! how the peo - ple be-
Where gleam-ing i - ci - cles glit-ter and freeze, Down through the branches and
low us will stare, See - ing us frol - ic so high in the air!
on to the ground, There we will land with-out mak - ing a sound.

Longing for Spring

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — GERMAN FOLK SONG


1. Though all the fields are white, And winter skies are
2. Though bound in ice the brooks, And all the song-birds
3. With patience we will wait The end of winter's
grey, Sweet spring a clear blue sky will show When
banned, Bright spring the brook-lets will un-chain, And
reign, But once we hear a song-bird's voice, And
soft the west-ern breez-es blow, And flow'rs, (and flow'rs,) and
bring the song-birds back a-gain, When May, (when May,) when
green-ing fields our hearts re-joice We'll sing, (we'll sing,) we'll

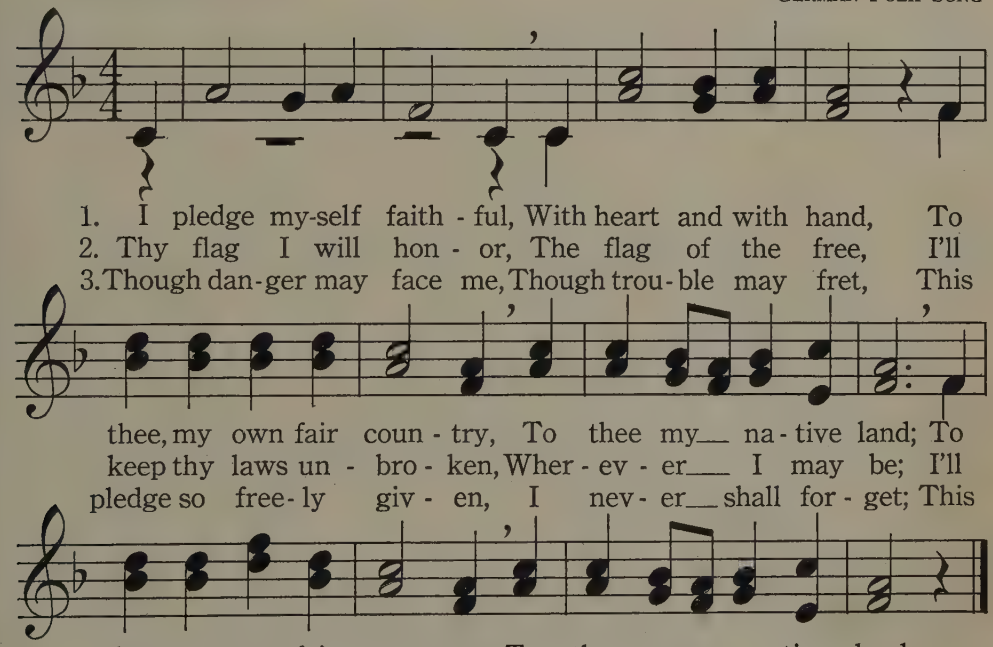

flow'rs (and flow'rs) Will bloom a - gain in May!
May (when May) With blos - som decks the land!
sing (we'll sing) The glad re - turn of spring!

A Pledge

Reading Song

The Modern Music Series

GERMAN FOLK SONG


1. I pledge my-self faith - ful, With heart and with hand, To
2. Thy flag I will hon - or, The flag of the free, I'll
3. Though dan-ger may face me, Though trou - ble may fret, This
thee, my own fair coun - try, To thee my na - tive land; To
keep thy laws un - bro - ken, Wher - ev - er I may be; I'll
pledge so free - ly giv - en, I nev - er shall for - get; This
thee, my own fair coun - try, To thee my na - tive land
keep thy laws un - bro - ken, Wher - ev - er I may be.
pledge so free - ly giv - en, I nev - er shall for - get.

Morning Praise

Reading Song

NINA B. HARTFORD

NINA B. HARTFORD

Now the day has come a - gain, Night and dark - ness
We will try to do Thy will, Kind and good and
van - ished quite; Fa - ther, help us through the day,
gen - tle be; Help - ing oth - ers all we can,
Guide our foot - steps in the right.
Striv - ing thus to live for Thee.

Abide with Me

Reading Song

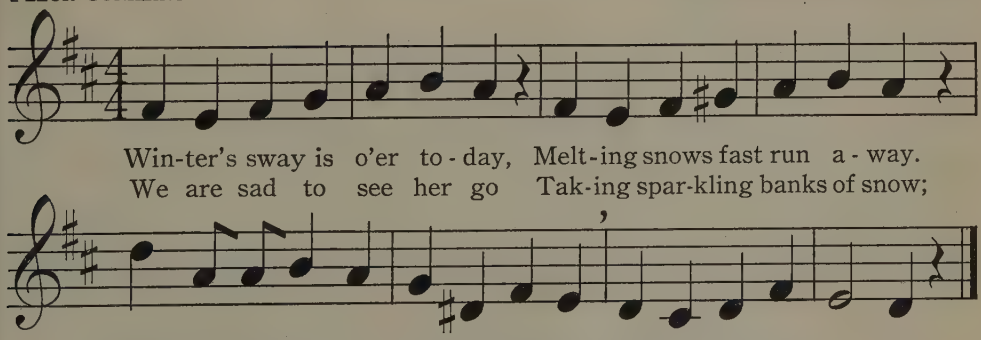
HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where,
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
all a-round I see; Oh, Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me.
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri-umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

Winter Is Over

Reading Song

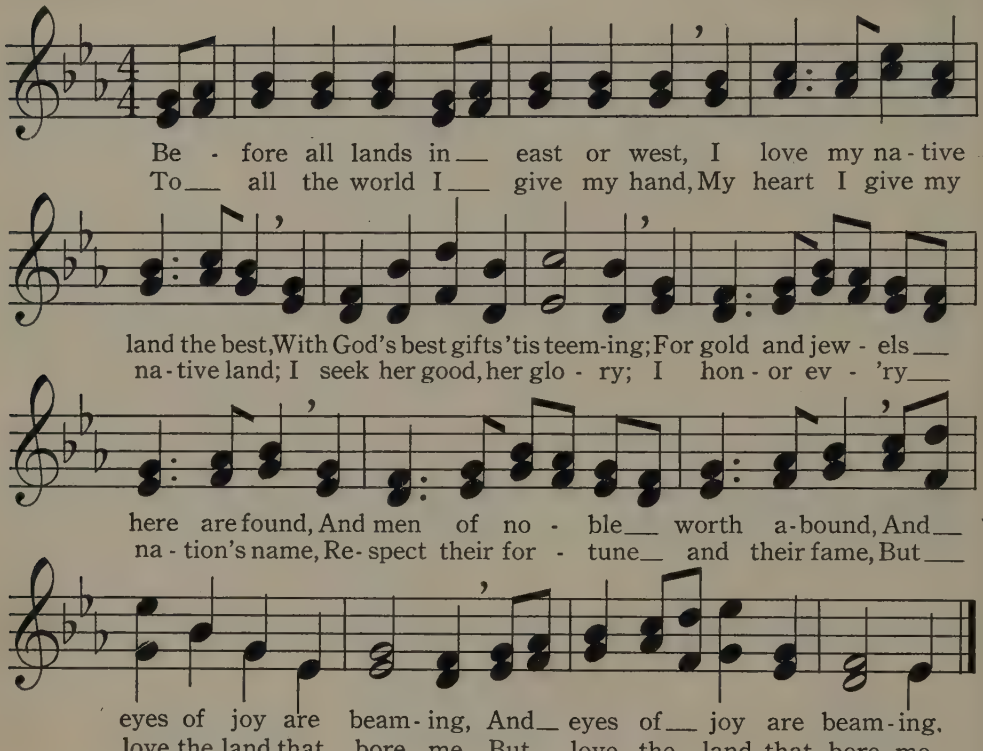
FLEUR CONKLING — ANNA VON WOHLFARTH-GRILLE


Win-ter's sway is o'er to - day, Melt-ing snows fast run a - way.
We are sad to see her go Tak-ing spar-kling banks of snow;
Spring ends the sto - ry of her glo - ry; Win-ter's sway is o - ver.
Slid - ing and skat - ing, snow-ball mak-ing; Win-ter's sway is o - ver.

Before All Lands in East or West

Reading Song

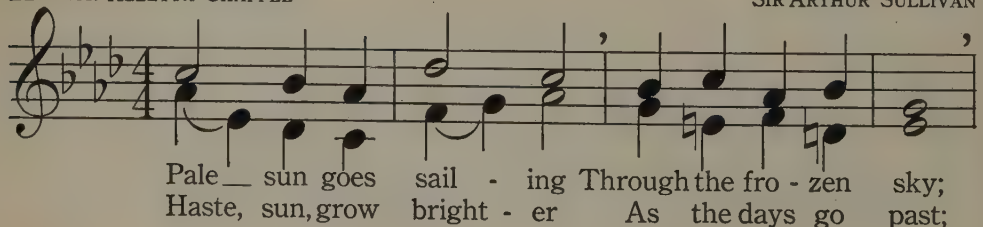
TRADITIONAL — GERMAN FOLK SONG

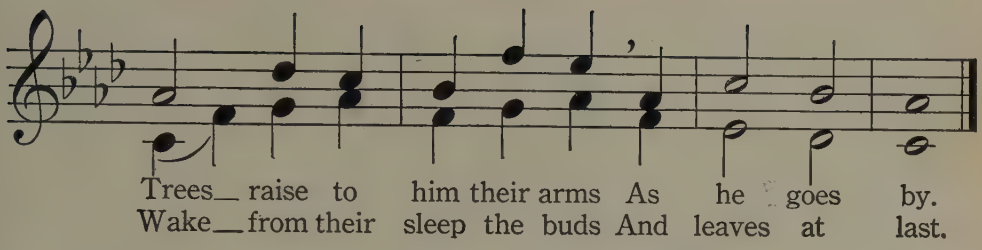

Be - fore all lands in east or west, I love my na - tive
To all the world I give my hand, My heart I give my
land the best, With God's best gifts 'tis teem-ing; For gold and jew - els
na - tive land; I seek her good, her glo - ry; I hon - or ev - 'ry
here are found, And men of no - ble worth a - bound, And
na - tion's name, Re - spect their for - tune and their fame, But
eyes of joy are beam - ing, And eyes of joy are beam - ing.
love the land that bore me, But love the land that bore me.

The Sun in Winter

Reading Song

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE — SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

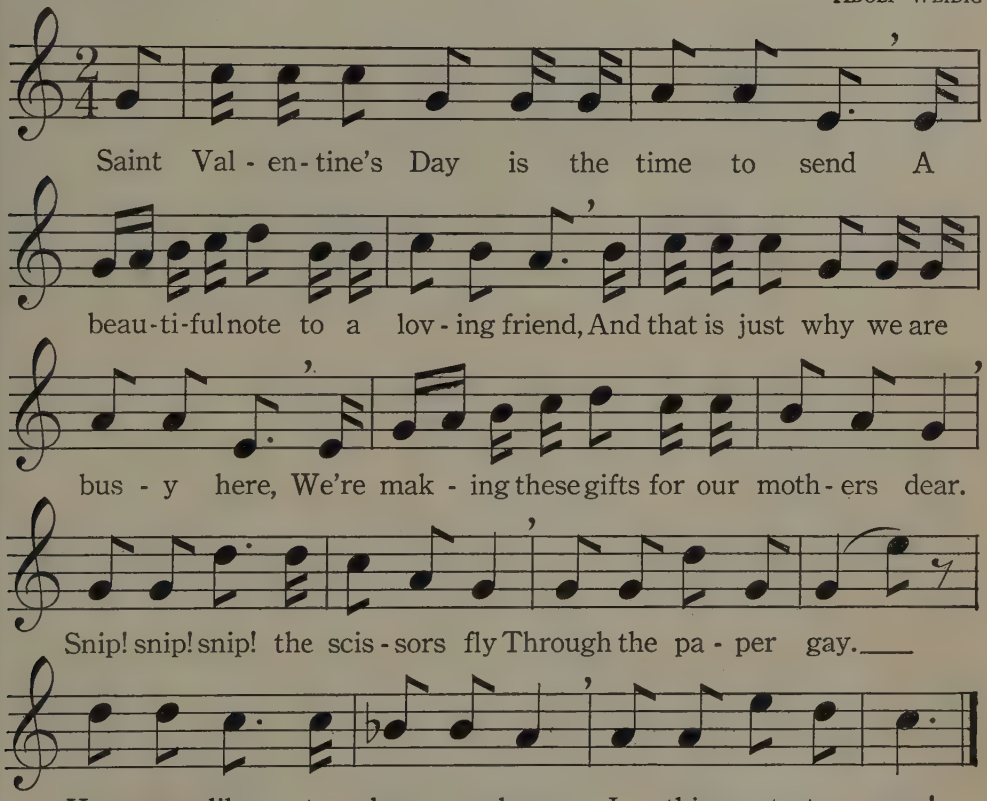




Saint Valentine's Day

Rote Song

ELLA D. WATKINS ADOLF WEIDIG


Saint Val - en - tine's Day is the time to send A
beau - ti - ful note to a lov - ing friend, And that is just why we are
bus - y here, We're mak - ing these gifts for our moth - ers dear.
Snip! snip! snip! the scis - sors fly Through the pa - per gay.
How we like to show our love In this pret - ty way!

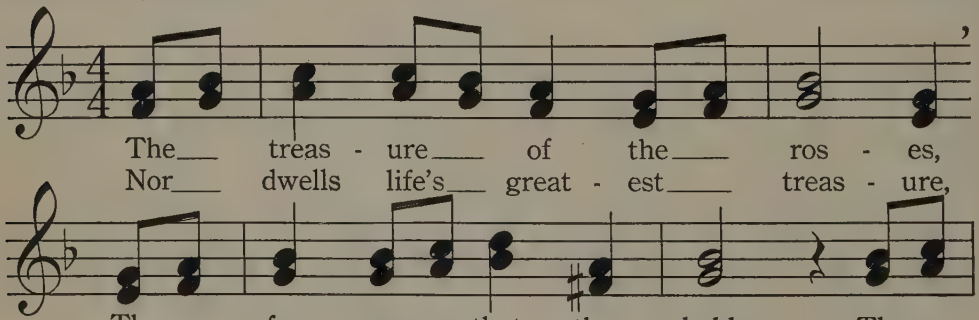
Courtesy of Rudolf Lesch, New York.

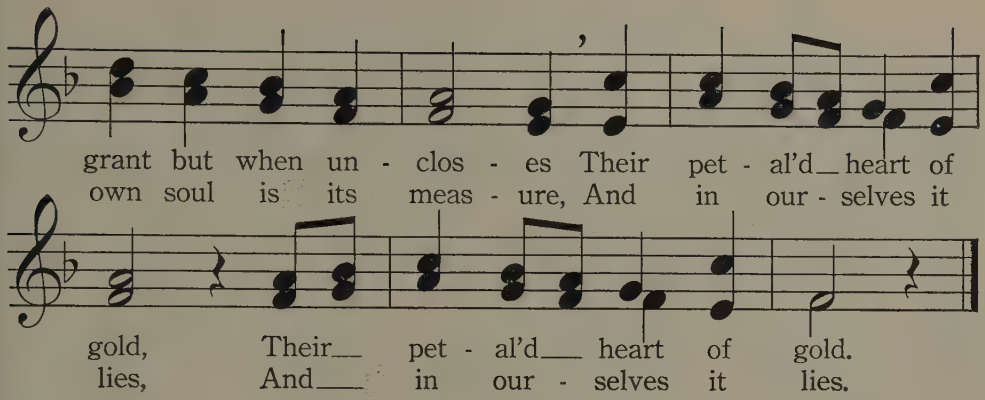
FRANZ SCHUBERT, from an original water color painted by his friend, W. A. Rieder, in May, 1825.

Life's Treasure

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — FRANZ SCHUBERT


The treas - ure of the ros - es,
Nor dwells life's great - est treas - ure,
The fra - grance that they hold, They
On earth or in the skies, Our

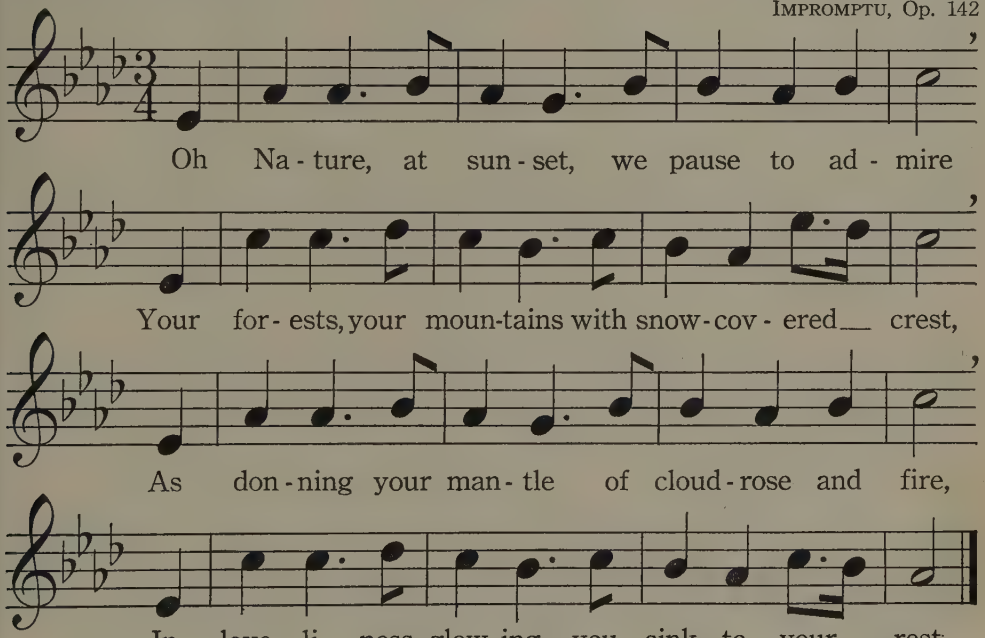

grant but when un - clos - es Their pet - al'd heart of
own soul is its meas - ure, And in our - selves it
gold, Their pet - al'd heart of gold.
lies, And in our - selves it lies.

Nature's Dream

Rote Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

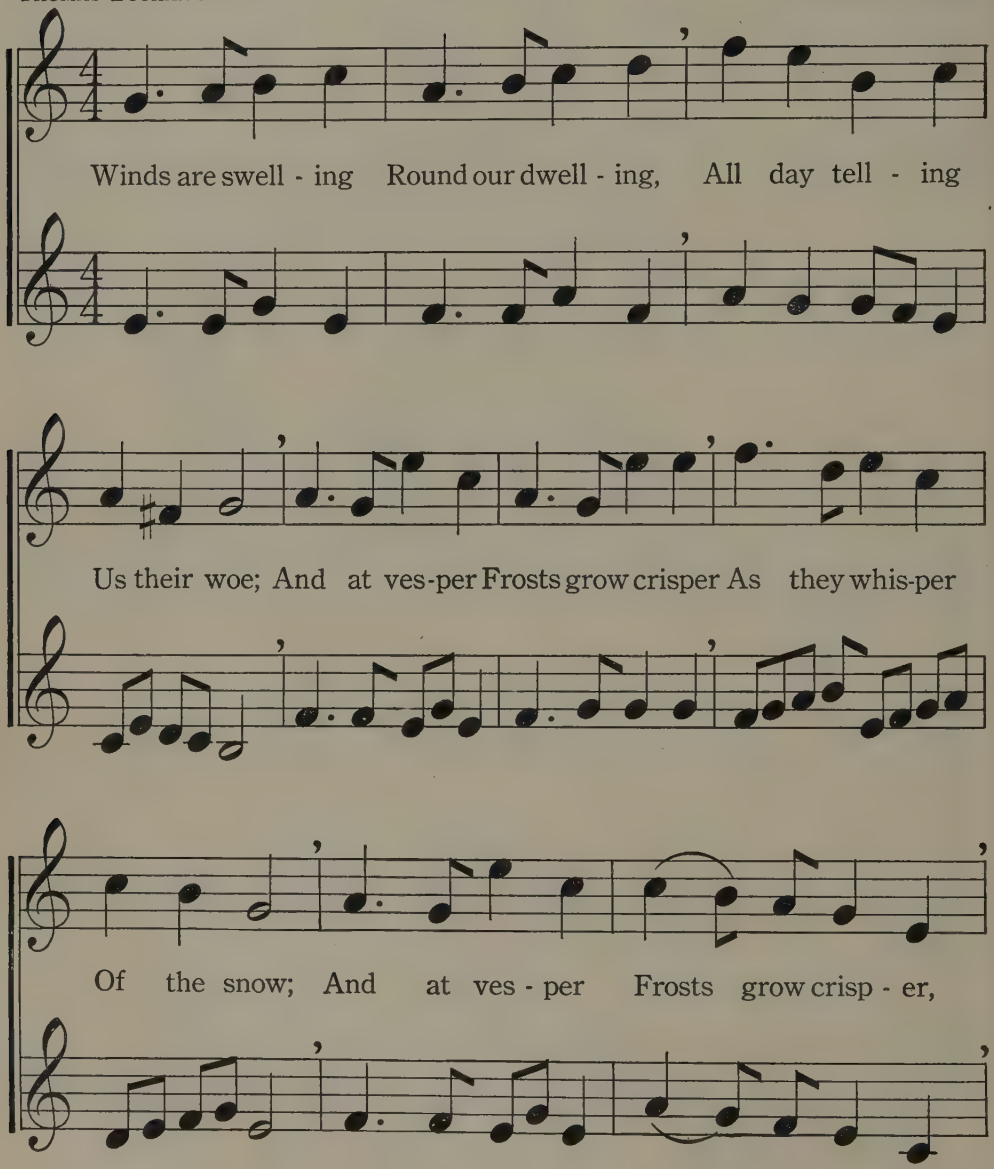
FRANZ SCHUBERT from
IMPROMPTU, Op. 142

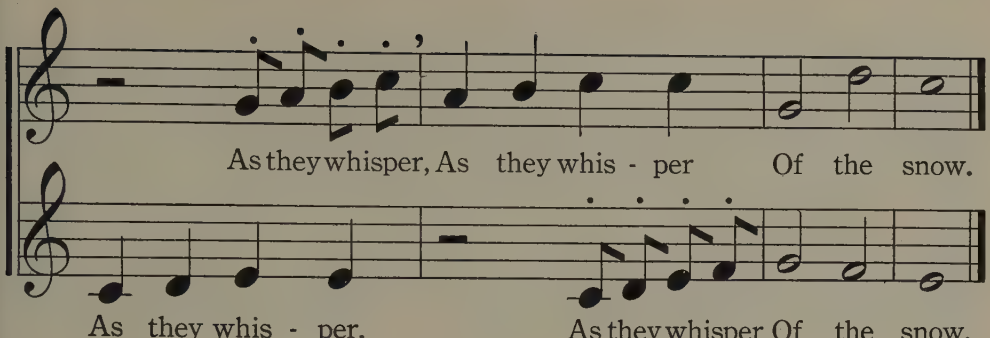

Oh Na - ture, at sun - set, we pause to ad - mire
Your for - ests, your moun-tains with snow - cov - ered crest,
As don - ning your man - tle of cloud - rose and fire,
In love - li - ness glow - ing, you sink to your rest.

Winds Are Swelling

Reading Song

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ — WILLIAM LESTER

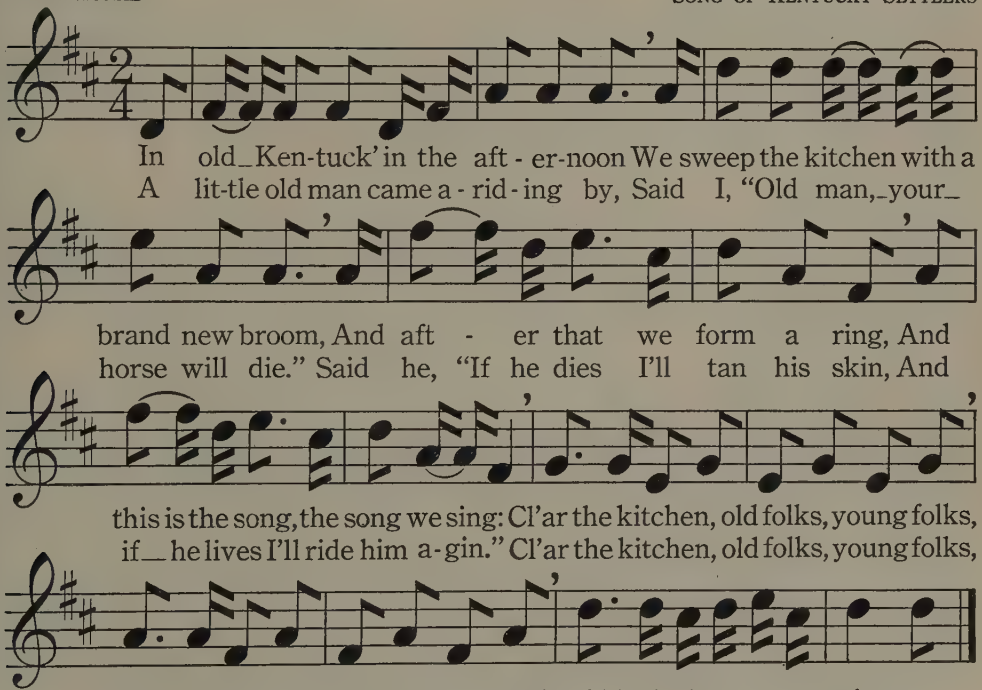

Winds are swell - ing Round our dwell - ing, All day tell - ing
Us their woe; And at ves-per Frosts grow crisper As they whis-per
Of the snow; And at ves - per Frosts grow crisp - er,



Cl'ar the Kitchen

Rote Song

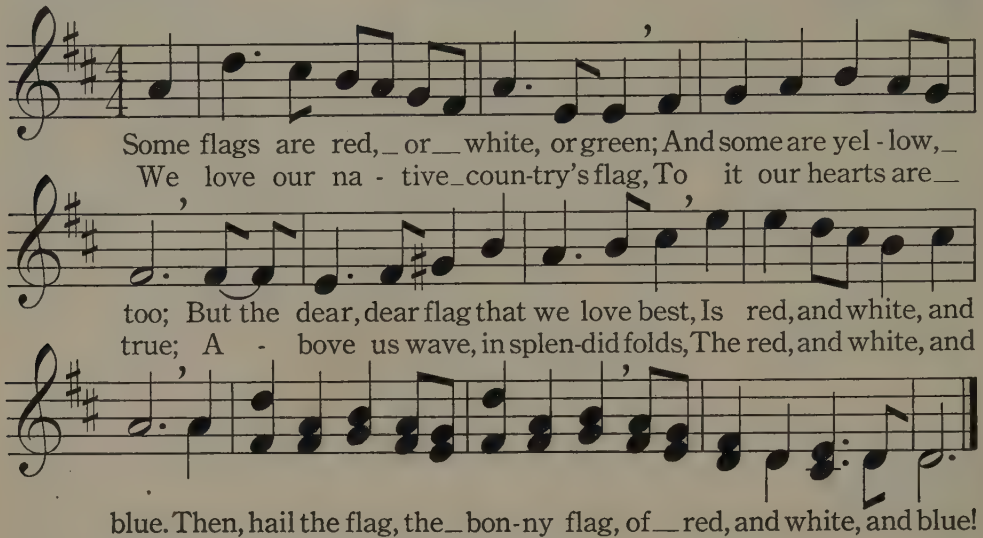
TRADITIONAL — SONG OF KENTUCKY SETTLERS


In old_Ken-tuck' in the aft - er-noon We sweep the kitchen with a
A lit-tle old man came a - rid - ing by, Said I, "Old man,_your_
brand new broom, And aft - er that we form a ring, And
horse will die." Said he, "If he dies I'll tan his skin, And
this is the song, the song we sing: Cl'ar the kitchen, old folks, young folks,
if_he lives I'll ride him a - gin." Cl'ar the kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Cl'ar the kitchen, old folks, young folks, Old Virginny nev-er ti - re.

Red, White, and Blue

Reading Song

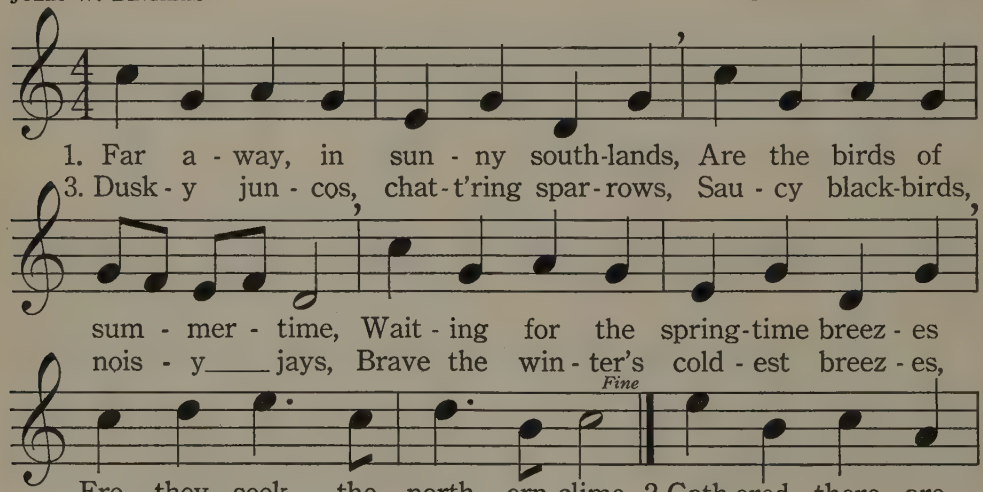
LYDIA AVERY COONLEY — ELEANOR SMITH

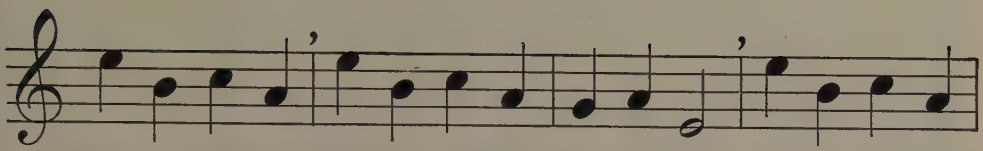

Some flags are red, or white, or green; And some are yel - low,
We love our na - tive coun-try's flag, To it our hearts are
too; But the dear, dear flag that we love best, Is red, and white, and
true; A - bove us wave, in splen-did folds, The red, and white, and
blue. Then, hail the flag, the bon-ny flag, of red, and white, and blue!

A Bird Song

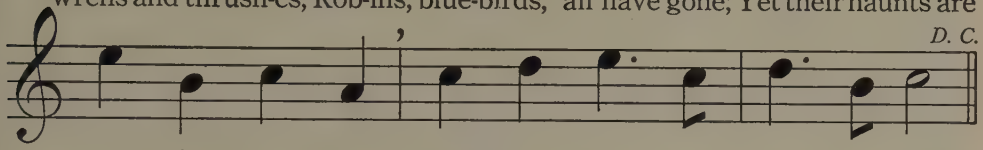
Reading Song

JULIA W. BINGHAM — GEORGE W. CHADWICK


1. Far a - way, in sun - ny south-lands, Are the birds of
3. Dusk - y jun - cos, chat - t'ring spar - rows, Sau - cy black-birds,
sum - mer - time, Wait - ing for the spring-time breez - es
nois - y jays, Brave the win - ter's cold - est breez - es,
Fine
Ere they seek the north - ern clime. 2. Gath-ered there are
Bright-'ning all the drear - y days.



wrens and thrush-es; Rob-ins, blue-birds, all have gone; Yet their haunts are



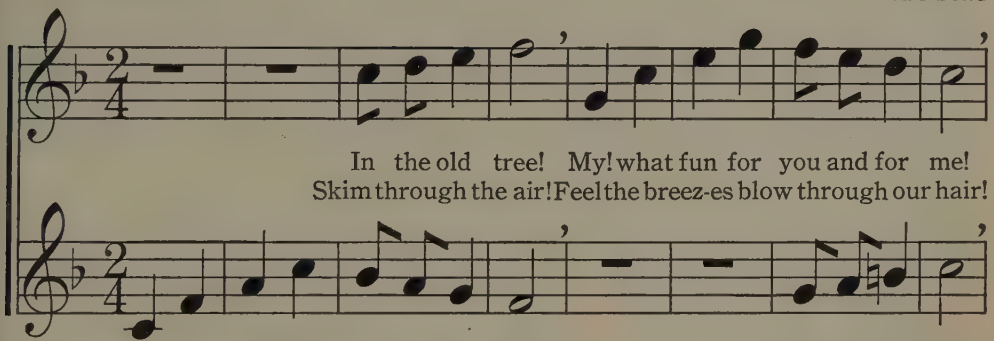
not de - sert - ed, Though we hear no sum - mer song.

Swing Song

Reading Song

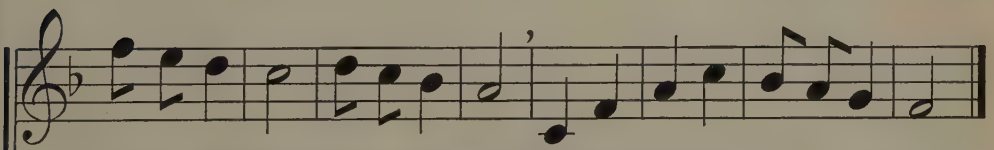
ANICE TERHUNE

BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG

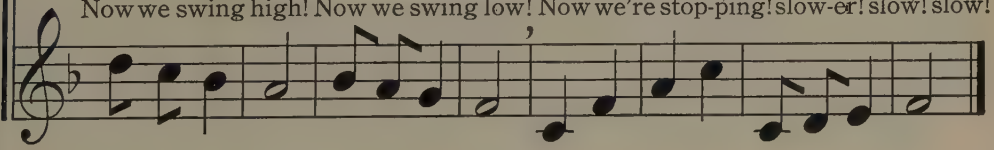


In the old tree! My! what fun for you and for me!
Skim through the air! Feel the breez-es blow through our hair!

Swing, swing, swing, swing, in the old tree! you and for me!
Like the birds we skim through the air! blow through our hair!



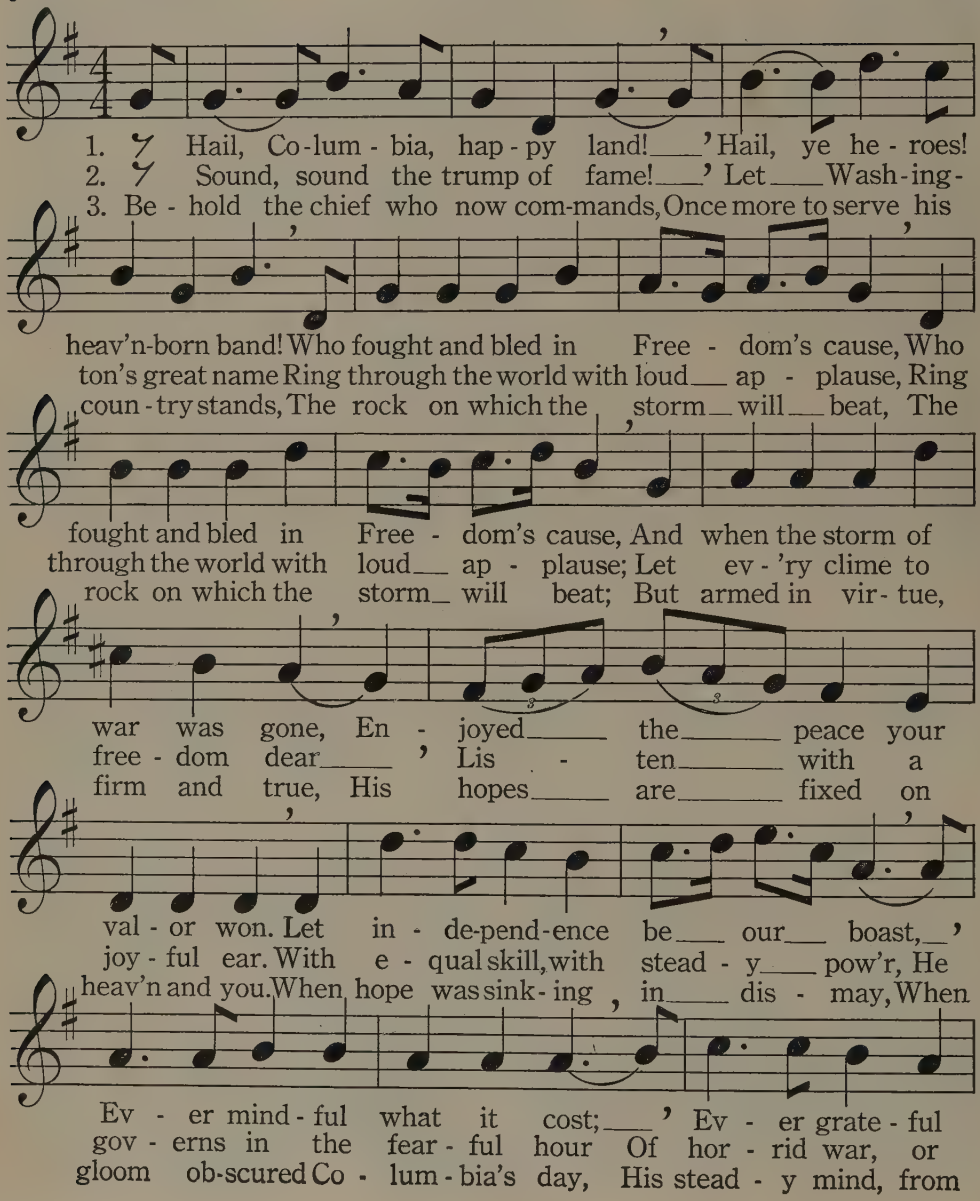
Now we swing East! Now we swing West! High-er, high-er, nev-er at rest!
Now we swing high! Now we swing low! Now we're stop-ping! slow-er! slow! slow!



Hail, Columbia!

Rote Song

JOSEPH HOPKINSON — PHILIP PHYLE


1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye he-roes!
2. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-
3. Be-hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his
heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who
ton's great name Ring through the world with loud ap-plause, Ring
coun-try stands, The rock on which the storm will beat, The
fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of
through the world with loud ap-plause; Let ev-'ry clime to
rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir-tue,
war was gone, En-joyed the peace your
free-dom dear Lis-ten with a
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on
val-or won. Let in-de-pend-ence be our boast,
joy-ful ear. With e-qual skill, with stead-y pow'r, He
heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When
Ev-er mind-ful what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful
gov-erns in the fear-ful hour Of hor-rid war, or
gloom ob-scured Co-lum-bia's day, His stead-y mind, from

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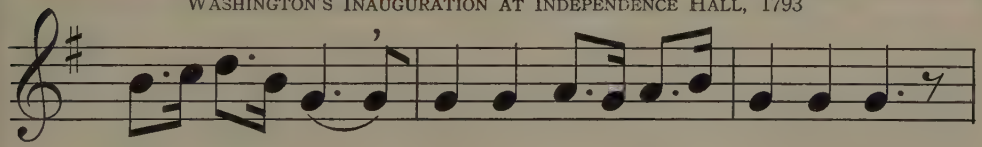
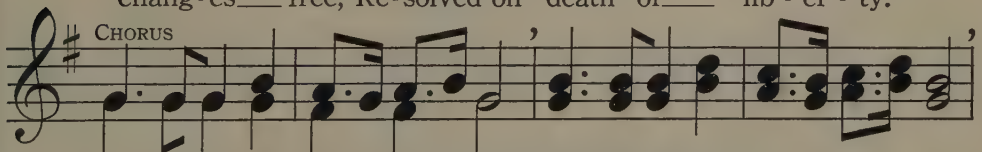
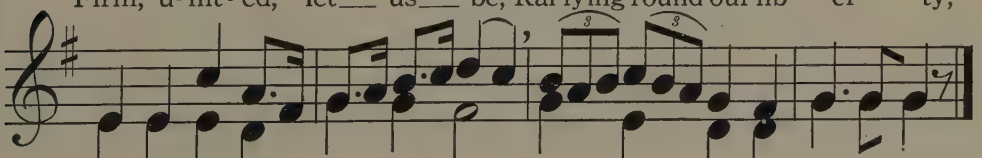
WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, 1793


for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
chang - es free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

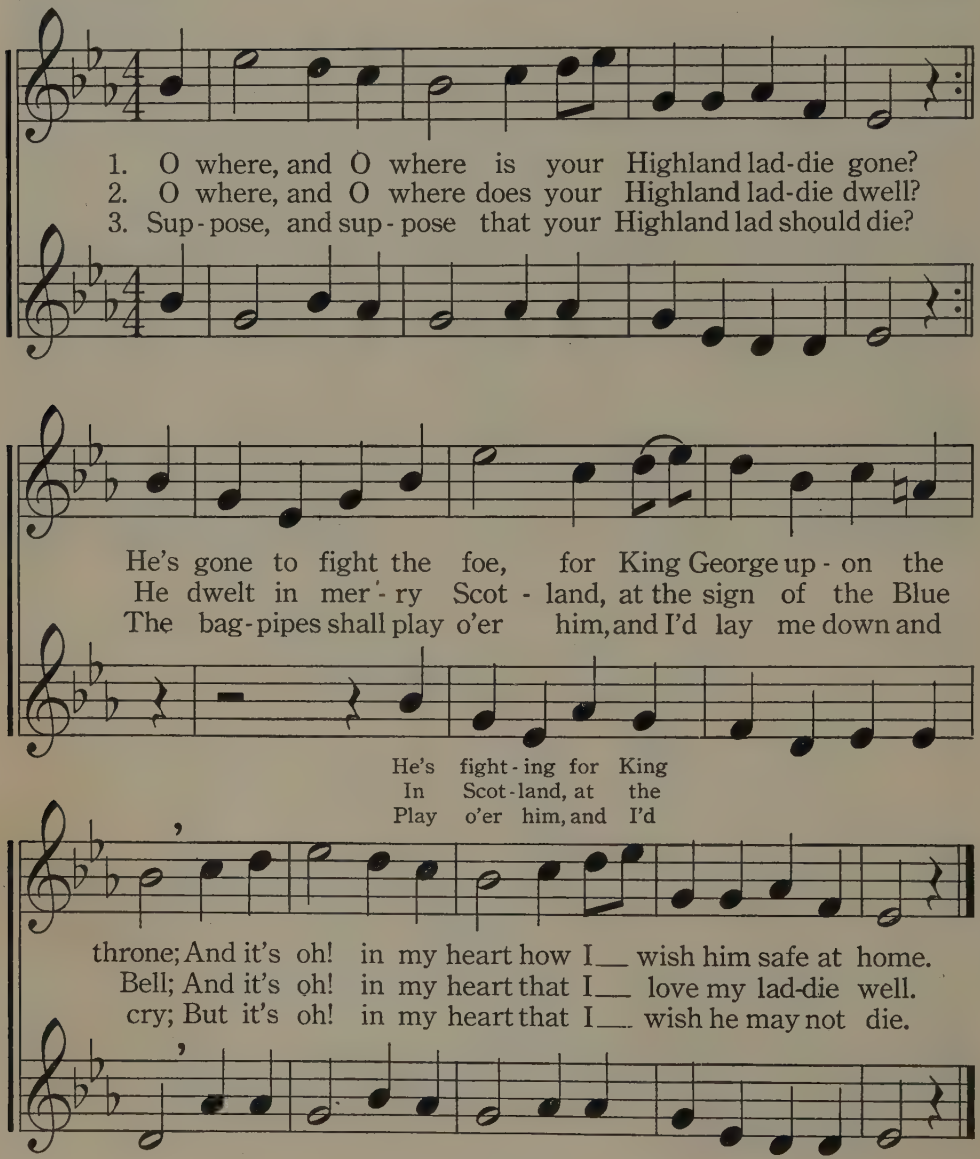




The Blue Bells of Scotland

Reading Song

ANNIE McVICAR — OLD SCOTCH AIR

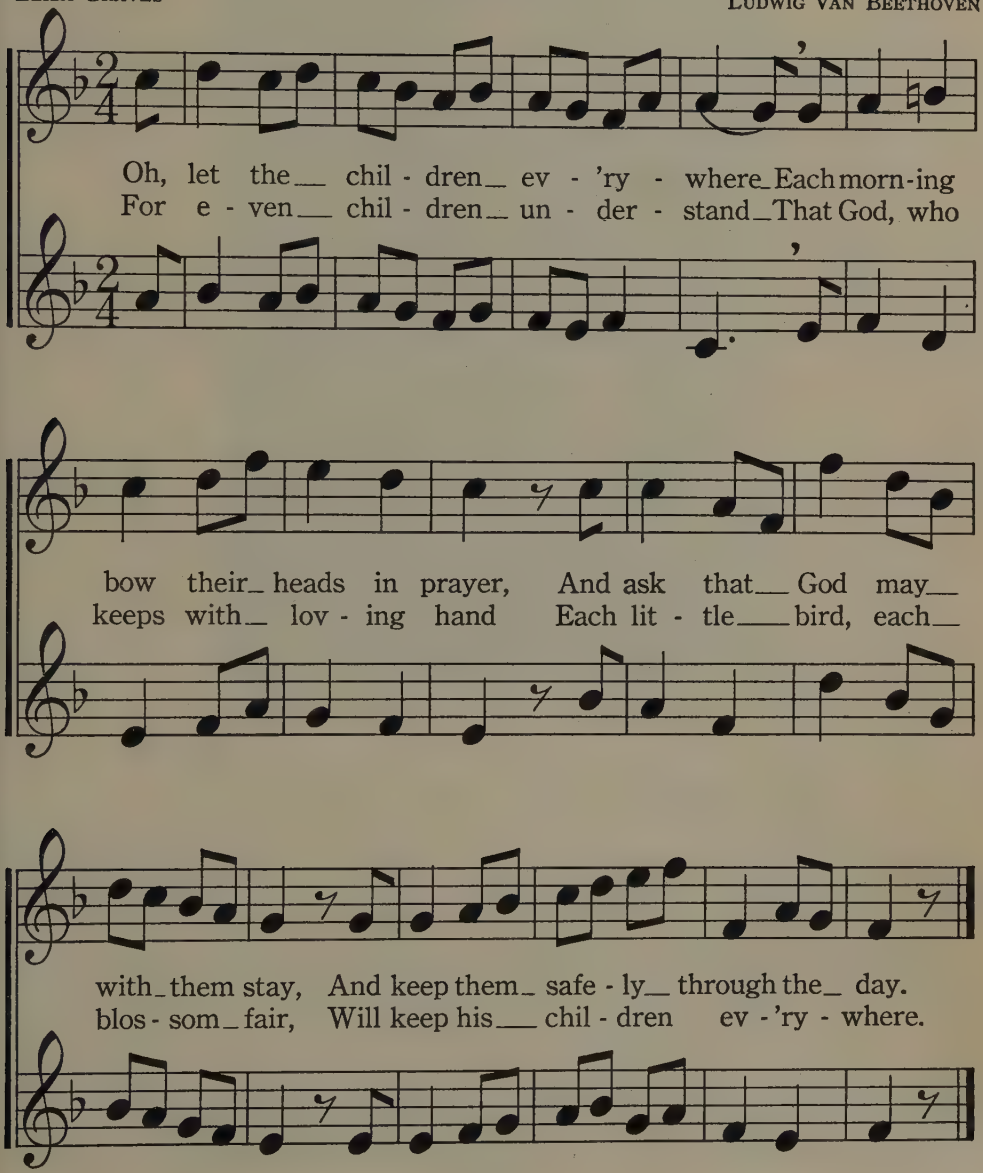

1. O where, and O where is your Highland lad-die gone?
2. O where, and O where does your Highland lad-die dwell?
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your Highland lad should die?
He's gone to fight the foe, for King George up-on the
He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, at the sign of the Blue
The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd lay me down and
He's fight-ing for King
In Scot-land, at the
Play o'er him, and I'd
throne; And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.
Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

God's Love

Reading Song

ELIZA GRAVES

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN


Oh, let the chil - dren ev - 'ry - where Each morn-ing
For e - ven chil - dren un - der - stand That God, who
bow their heads in prayer, And ask that God may
keeps with lov - ing hand Each lit - tle bird, each
with them stay, And keep them safe - ly through the day.
blos - som fair, Will keep his chil - dren ev - 'ry - where.

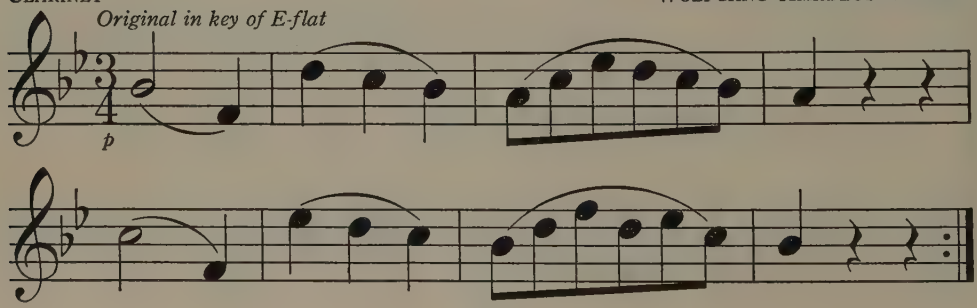
GUSTAV LANGENUS PLAYING THE CLARINET

Menuet from the E-flat Symphony

CLARINET

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

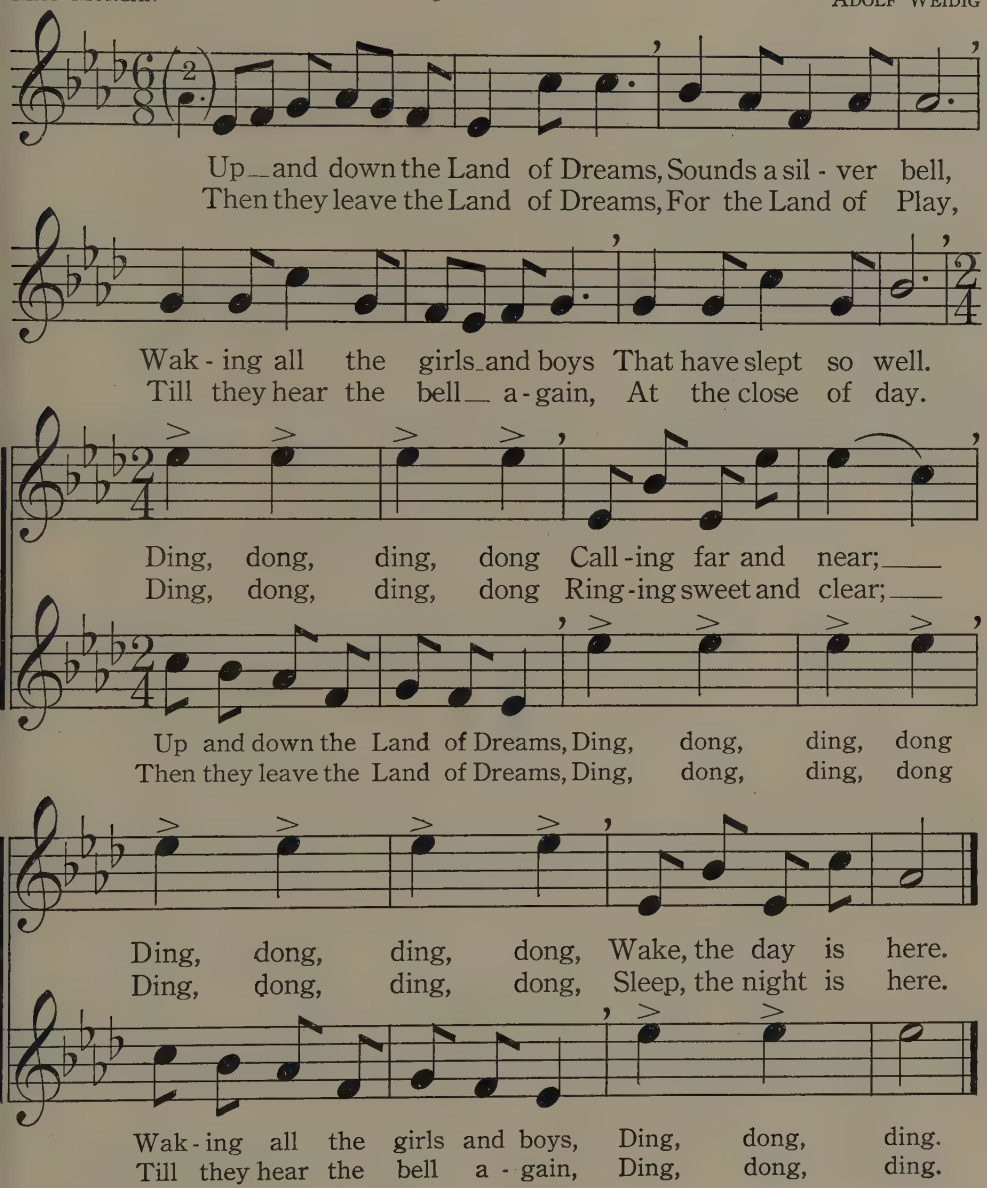
Original in key of E-flat



Dream Bells

Reading Song

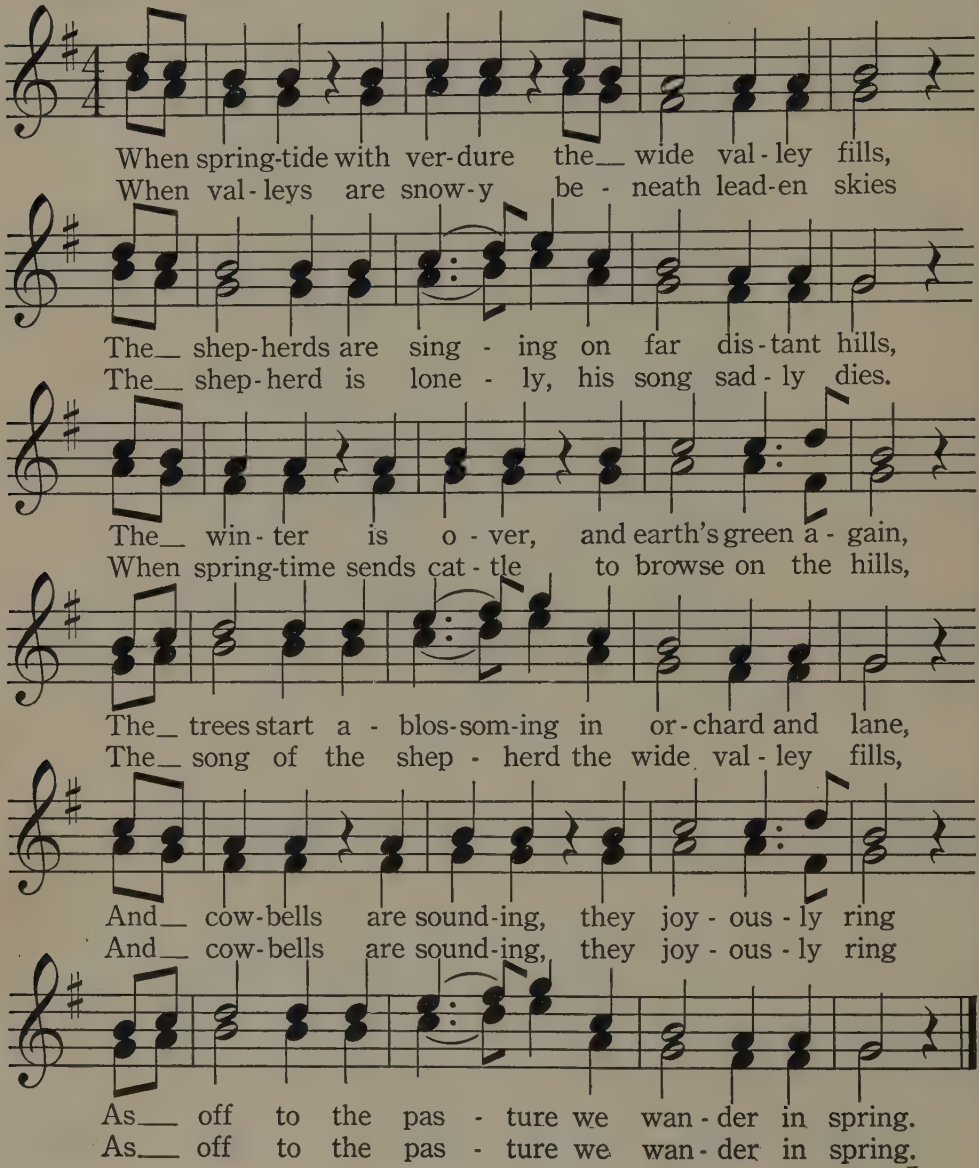
MAY MORGAN — ADOLF WEIDIG


Up and down the Land of Dreams, Sounds a sil - ver bell,
Then they leave the Land of Dreams, For the Land of Play,
Wak - ing all the girls and boys That have slept so well.
Till they hear the bell a - gain, At the close of day.
Ding, dong, ding, dong Call - ing far and near;
Ding, dong, ding, dong Ring - ing sweet and clear;
Up and down the Land of Dreams, Ding, dong, ding, dong
Then they leave the Land of Dreams, Ding, dong, ding, dong
Ding, dong, ding, dong, Wake, the day is here.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, Sleep, the night is here.
Wak - ing all the girls and boys, Ding, dong, ding.
Till they hear the bell a - gain, Ding, dong, ding.

In Tyrolian Hills

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART


When spring-tide with ver-dure the wide val-ley fills,
When val-leys are snow-y be-neath lead-en skies
The shep-herds are sing-ing on far dis-tant hills,
The shep-herd is lone-ly, his song sad-ly dies.
The win-ter is o-ver, and earth's green a-gain,
When spring-time sends cat-tle to browse on the hills,
The trees start a-blos-som-ing in or-chard and lane,
The song of the shep-herd the wide val-ley fills,
And cow-bells are sound-ing, they joy-ous-ly ring
And cow-bells are sound-ing, they joy-ous-ly ring
As off to the pas-ture we wan-der in spring.
As off to the pas-ture we wan-der in spring.

Spring's Coming!

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

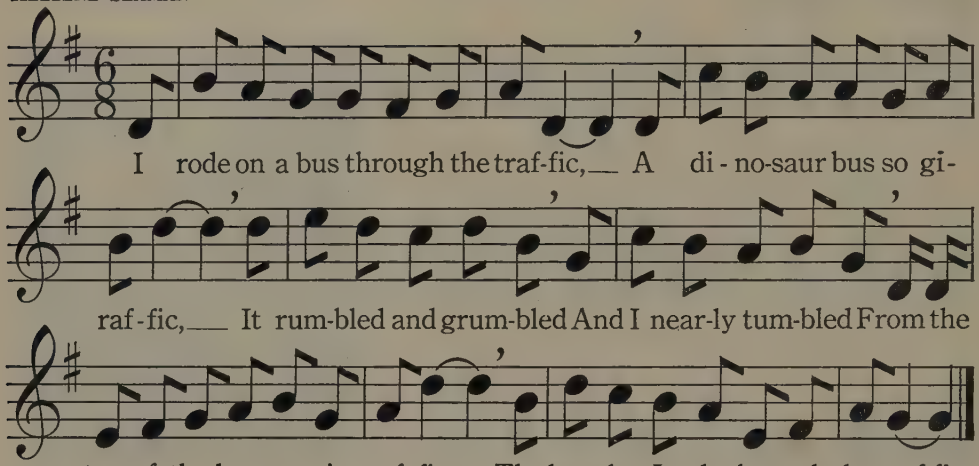
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Gay spring comes o'er the mead - ow
Sweet spring a - long the high - way
And climbs the win - try hill,
And down the cit - y street,
Oh see her love - ly shad - ow
In ev - 'ry lane and by - way,
Up - on a daf - fo - dil! The trees bow low to
Ap - pears on trip - ping feet. Such light and joy she's
greet her, The birds, a hap - py band, Sing
bring - ing As fair she moves a - long; Let's
mer - ry songs to greet her, Let's meet her, hand in hand!
go and meet her, sing - ing, Let's greet her with a song!

The Dinosaur Bus

Rote Song

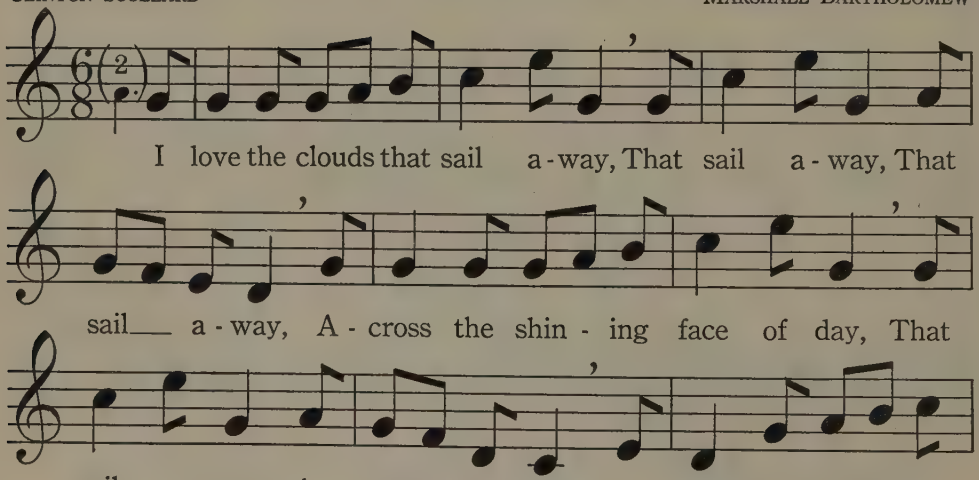
HELLENE SEAMAN — GEORGE W. CHADWICK

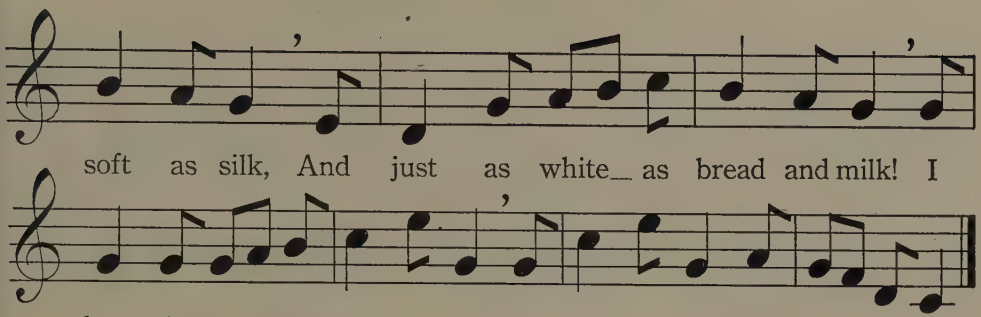

I rode on a bus through the traf-fic, A di - no-saur bus so gi-
raf-fic, It rum-bled and grum-bled And I near-ly tum-bled From the
top of the bus so gi - raf-fic, The bus that I rode through the traf-fic.

Clouds

Reading Song

CLINTON SCOLLARD — MARSHALL BARTHOLOMEW

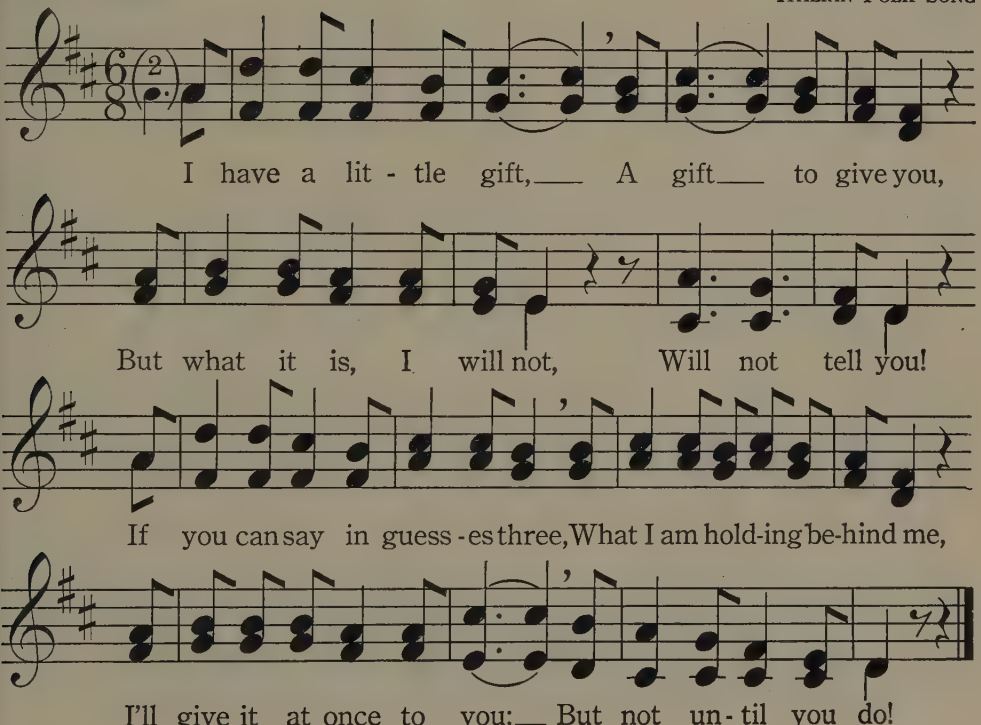

I love the clouds that sail a - way, That sail a - way, That
sail a - way, A - cross the shin - ing face of day, That
sail a - way A - cross the day; I know that they're as



Three Guesses

Reading Song

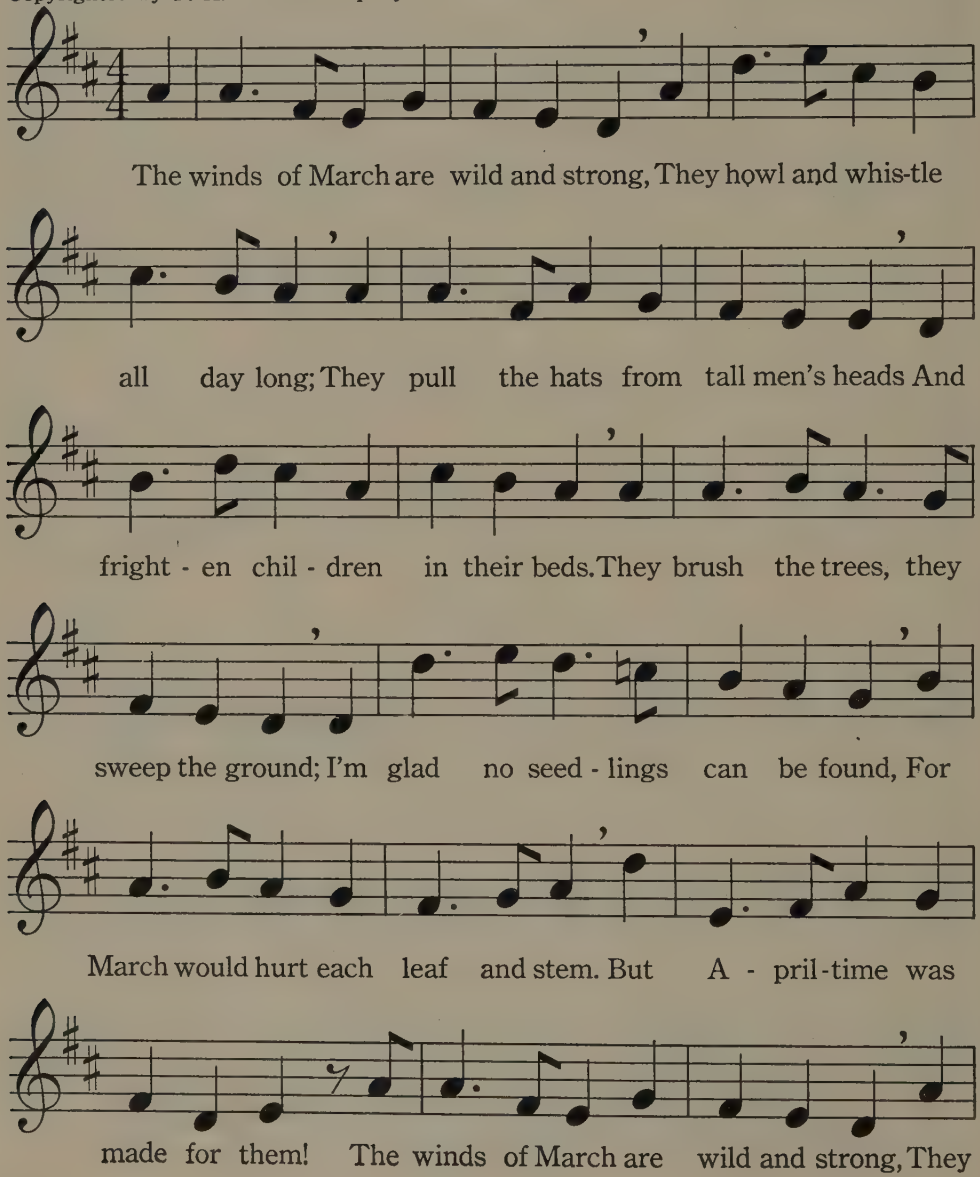
DAVID LUNDIE — ITALIAN FOLK SONG

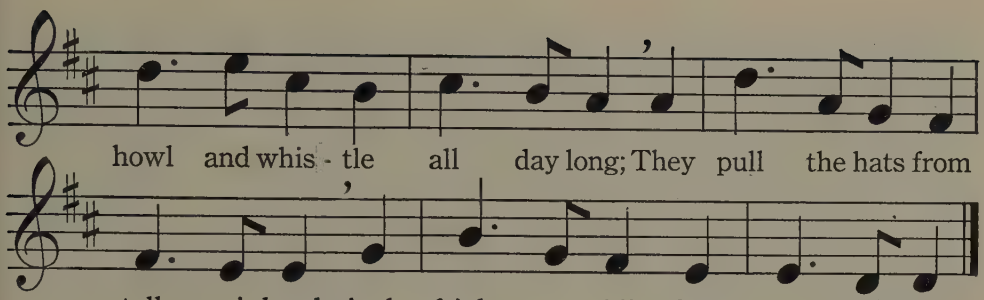

I have a lit-tle gift, A gift to give you,
But what it is, I will not, Will not tell you!
If you can say in guess-es three, What I am hold-ing be-hind me,
I'll give it at once to you; But not un-til you do!

The Winds of March

Rote Song

ANNETTE WYNNE
Copyrighted by F. A. Stokes Company
ARTHUR NEVIN


The winds of March are wild and strong, They howl and whis-tle
all day long; They pull the hats from tall men's heads And
fright - en chil - dren in their beds. They brush the trees, they
sweep the ground; I'm glad no seed - lings can be found, For
March would hurt each leaf and stem. But A - pril-time was
made for them! The winds of March are wild and strong, They

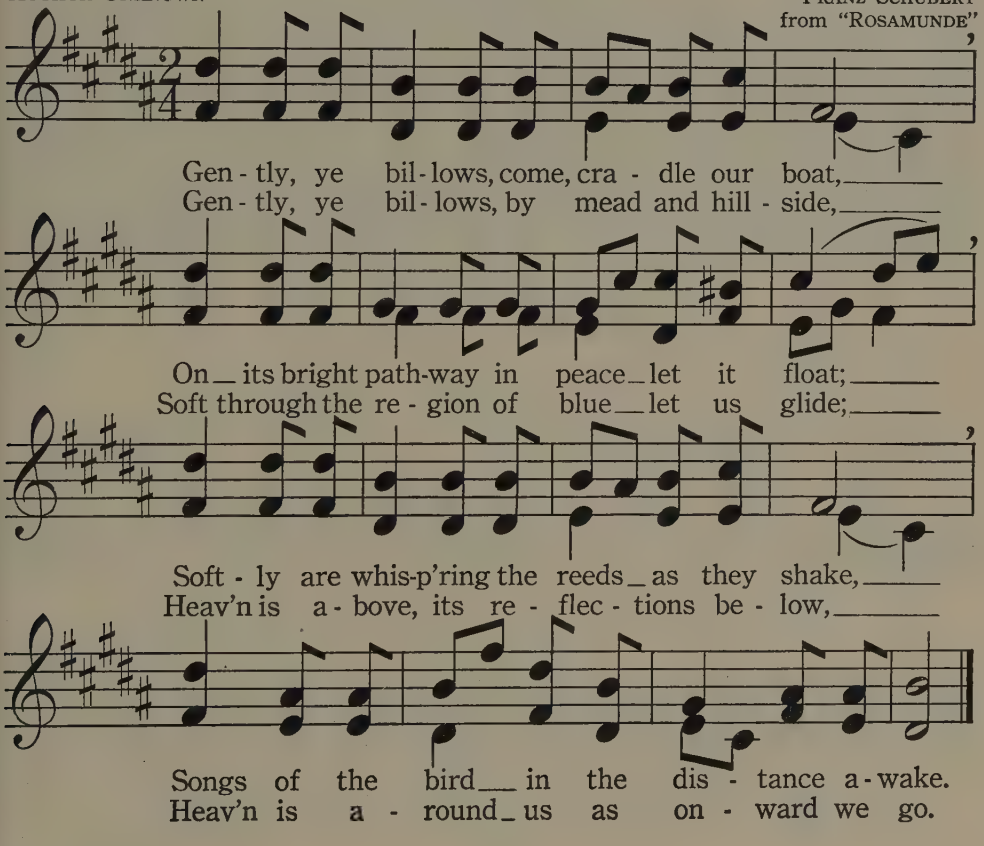


Boatman's Song

Reading Song

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FRANZ SCHUBERT
from "ROSAMUNDE"


Gen - tly, ye bil - lows, come, cra - dle our boat,
Gen - tly, ye bil - lows, by mead and hill - side,
On its bright path-way in peace let it float;
Soft through the re - gion of blue let us glide;
Soft - ly are whis-p'ring the reeds as they shake,
Heav'n is a - bove, its re - flec - tions be - low,
Songs of the bird in the dis - tance a - wake.
Heav'n is a - round us as on - ward we go.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

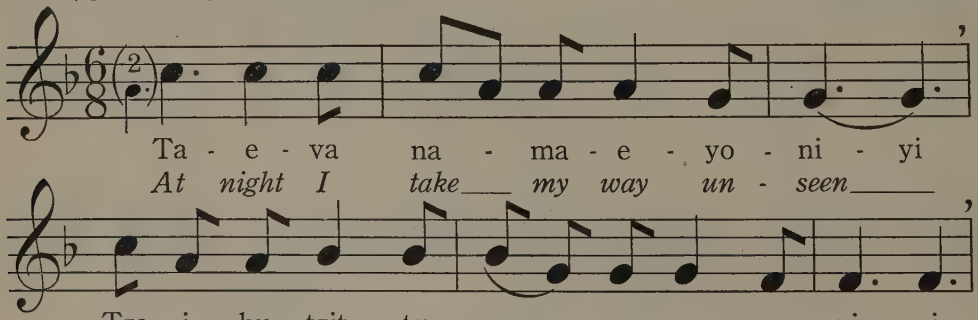
THE PEACE PIPE, BY COUSE

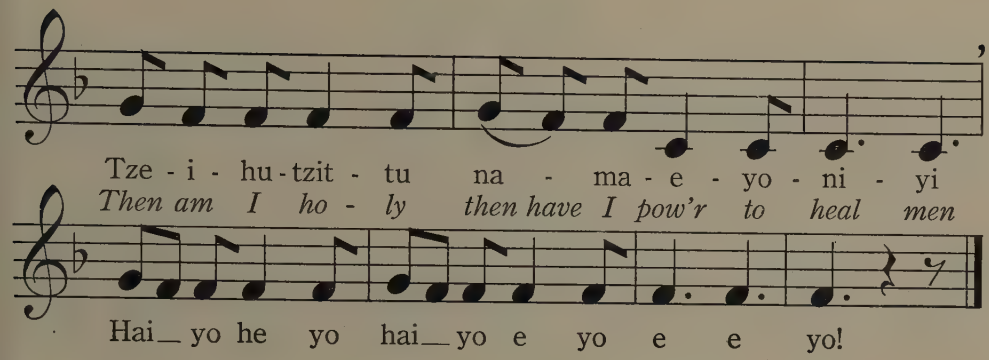
Nai No-Otz

Reading Song

From "The Indians' Book" by NATALIE CURTIS, published by Harper & Brothers

SONG OF HEALING (Medicine-Song)
CHEYENNE TRIBE



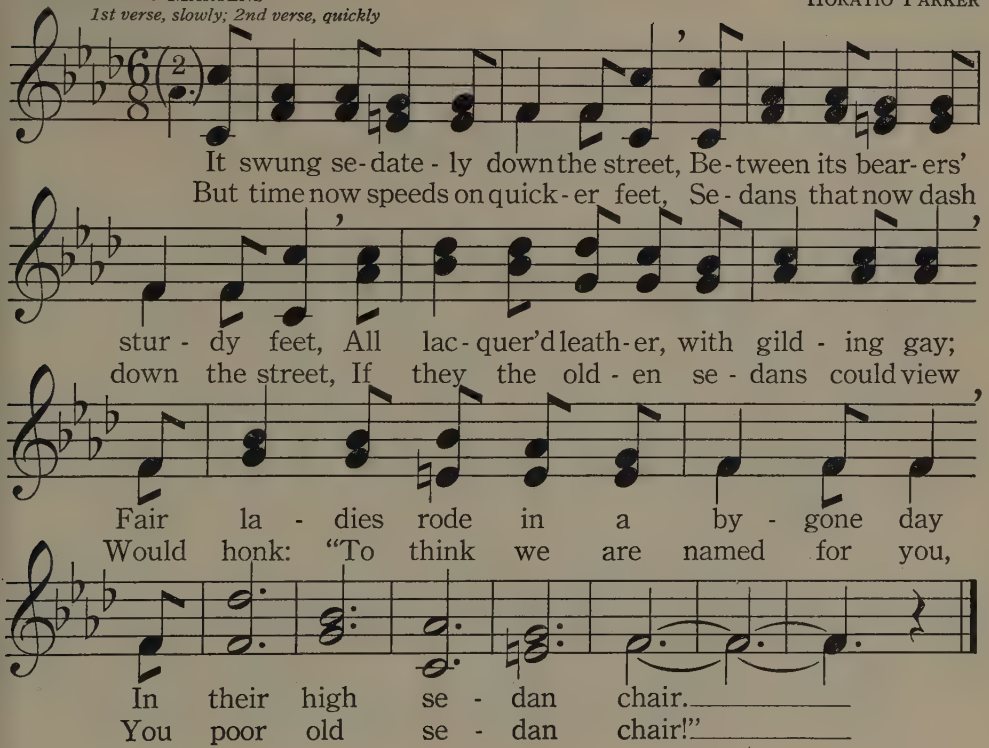


Sedans

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — HORATIO PARKER

1st verse, slowly; 2nd verse, quickly

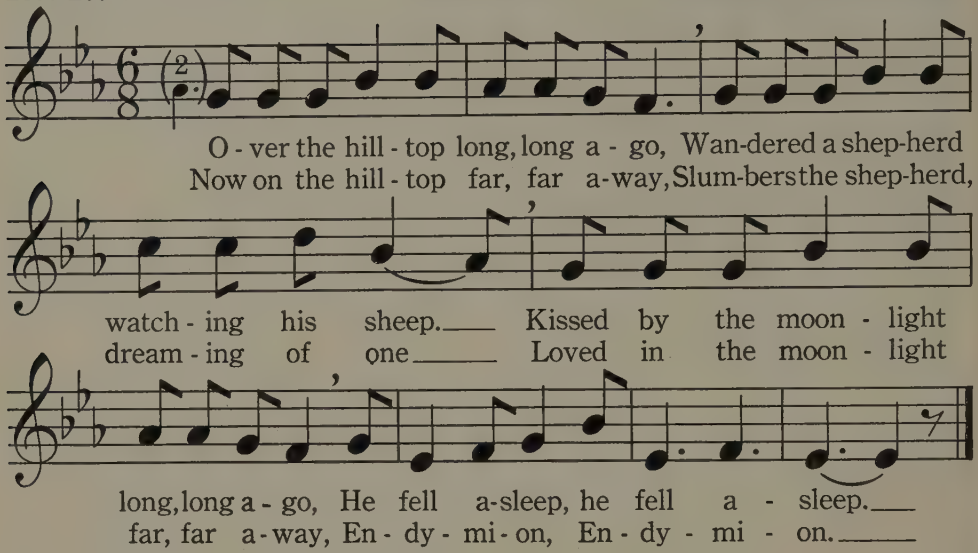

It swung se - date - ly down the street, Be - tween its bear - ers'
But time now speeds on quick - er feet, Se - dans that now dash
stur - dy feet, All lac - quer'd leath - er, with gild - ing gay;
down the street, If they the old - en se - dans could view
Fair la - dies rode in a by - gone day
Would honk: "To think we are named for you,
In their high se - dan chair.
You poor old se - dan chair!"

Endymion

Reading Song

LUCY LOCKWOOD HAZARD

IRMENGARD CHARLTON HORN

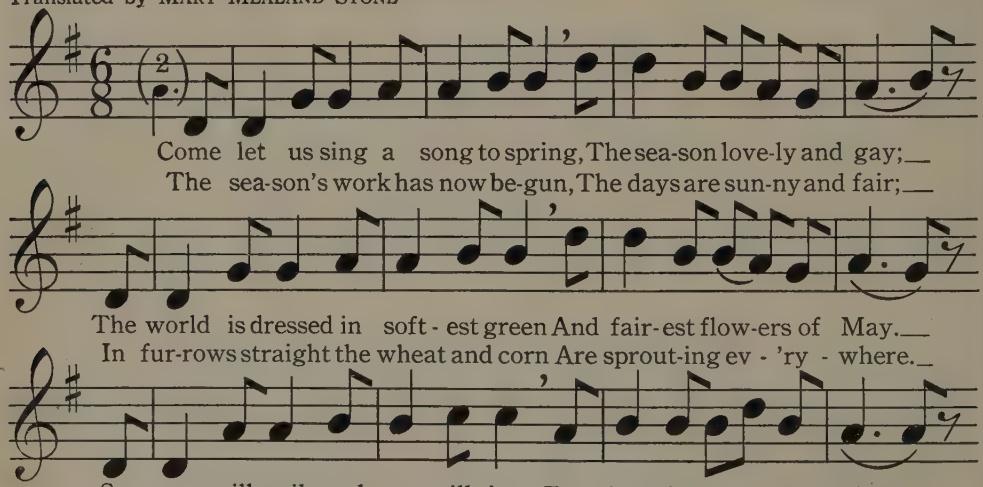

O - ver the hill - top long, long a - go, Wan-dered a shep-herd
Now on the hill - top far, far a-way, Slum-bers the shep-herd,
watch - ing his sheep. Kissed by the moon - light
dream - ing of one Loved in the moon - light
long, long a - go, He fell a-sleep, he fell a - sleep.
far, far a-way, En - dy - mi - on, En - dy - mi - on.

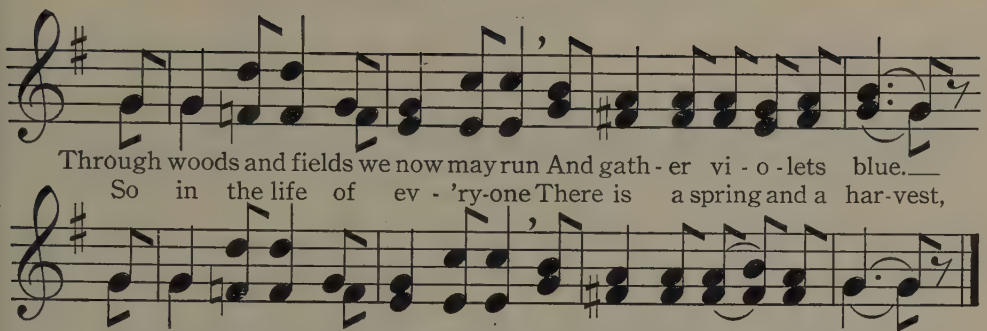
A Song to Spring

Reading Song

MME. H. RENAUDIN
Translated by MARY MEALAND STONE

ANDRÉ GÉDALGE

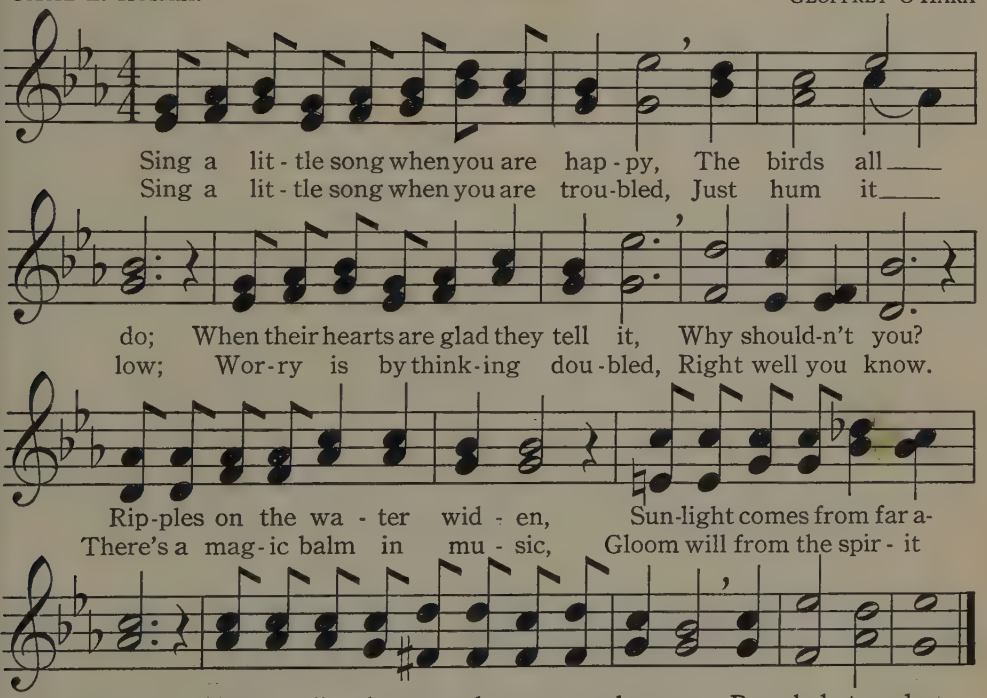

Come let us sing a song to spring, The sea-son love-ly and gay;
The sea-son's work has now be-gun, The days are sun-ny and fair;
The world is dressed in soft - est green And fair-est flow-ers of May.
In fur-rows straight the wheat and corn Are sprout-ing ev - 'ry - where.
So we will smile and we will sing, For joy is ev - 'ry - where.
And we must work from morn 'til night 'Til har-vest-time will come.


Through woods and fields we now may run And gath - er vi - o - lets blue.
So in the life of ev - 'ry-one There is a spring and a har-vest,
The ap - ple buds in or-chards young Are bloom-ing in the sun.
If spring is filled with work well done, Then har-vest-time will be fun.

Sing When You Are Happy

Reading Song

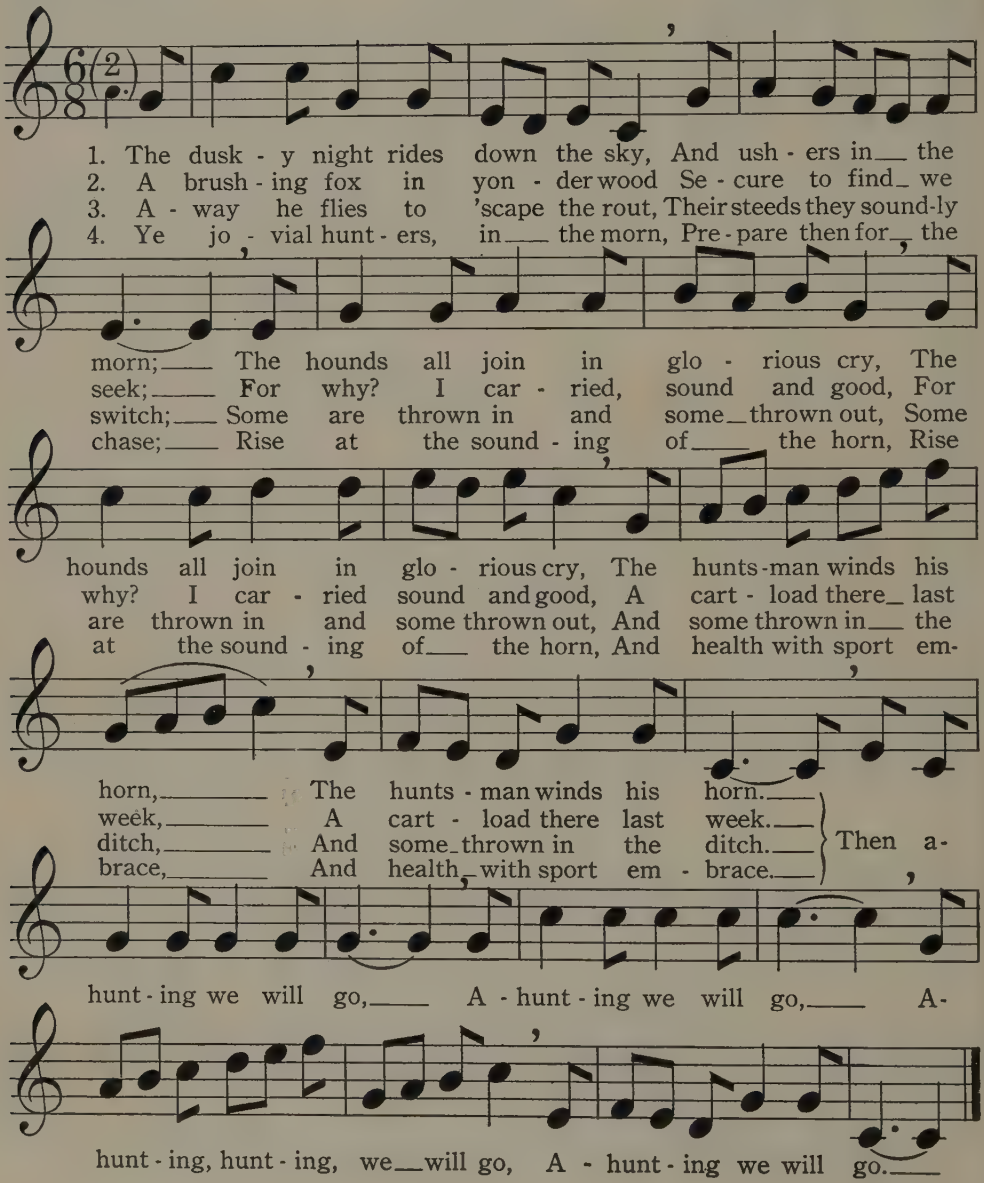
GRACE L. HOSMER GEOFFREY O'HARA


Sing a lit - tle song when you are hap - py, The birds all
Sing a lit - tle song when you are trou-bled, Just hum it
do; When their hearts are glad they tell it, Why should-n't you?
low; Wor-ry is by think-ing dou-bled, Right well you know.
Rip-ples on the wa - ter wid - en, Sun-light comes from far a-
There's a mag-ic balm in mu - sic, Gloom will from the spir - it
way; Sing a lit - tle song when you are hap-py, Be glad to - day.
fall; Sing a lit - tle song when you are trou-bled, Then, most of all.

A-Hunting We Will Go

Reading Song

HENRY FIELDING — Attributed to DR. ARNE

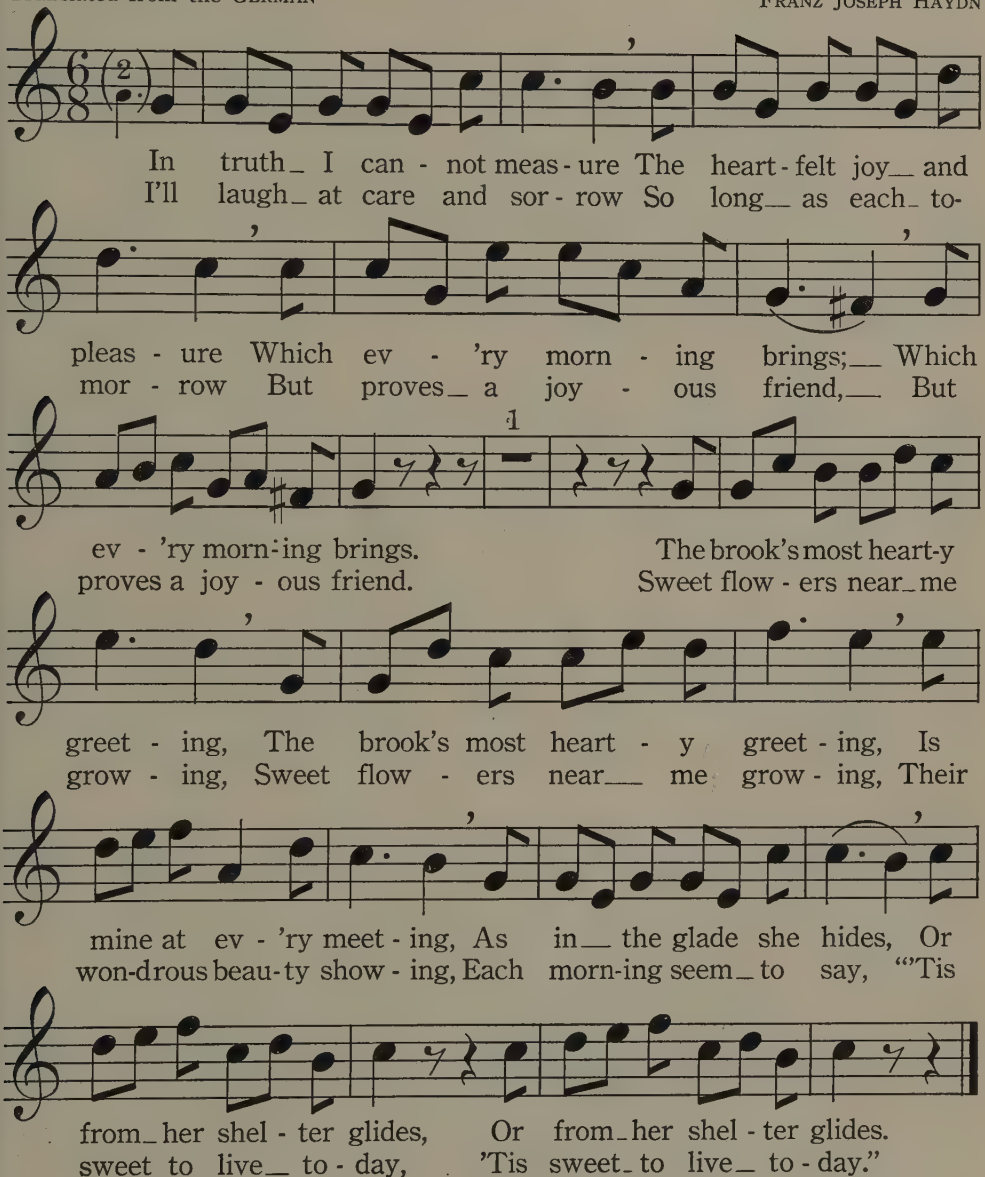

1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the
2. A brush - ing fox in yon - der wood Se - cure to find we
3. A - way he flies to 'scape the rout, Their steeds they sound-ly
4. Ye jo - vial hunt - ers, in the morn, Pre - pare then for the
morn; The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The
seek; For why? I car - ried, sound and good, For
switch; Some are thrown in and some thrown out, Some
chase; Rise at the sound - ing of the horn, Rise
hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The hunts-man winds his
why? I car - ried sound and good, A cart - load there last
are thrown in and some thrown out, And some thrown in the
at the sound - ing of the horn, And health with sport em-
horn, The hunts - man winds his horn.
week, A cart - load there last week.
ditch, And some thrown in the ditch.
brace, And health with sport em - brace.
Then a-
hunt - ing we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go, A-
hunt - ing, hunt - ing, we will go, A - hunt - ing we will go.

The Pleasures of the Country

Reading Song

Translated from the GERMAN

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN


In truth I can - not meas - ure The heart - felt joy and
I'll laugh at care and sor - row So long as each to-
pleas - ure Which ev - 'ry morn - ing brings; Which
mor - row But proves a joy - ous friend, But
1
ev - 'ry morn - ing brings.
proves a joy - ous friend.
The brook's most heart-y
Sweet flow - ers near me
greet - ing, The brook's most heart - y greet - ing, Is
grow - ing, Sweet flow - ers near me grow - ing, Their
mine at ev - 'ry meet - ing, As in the glade she hides, Or
won-drous beau-ty show - ing, Each morn-ing seem to say, "'Tis
from her shel - ter glides, Or from her shel - ter glides.
sweet to live to - day, 'Tis sweet to live to - day."

Sailors of the U. S. A.

Reading Song

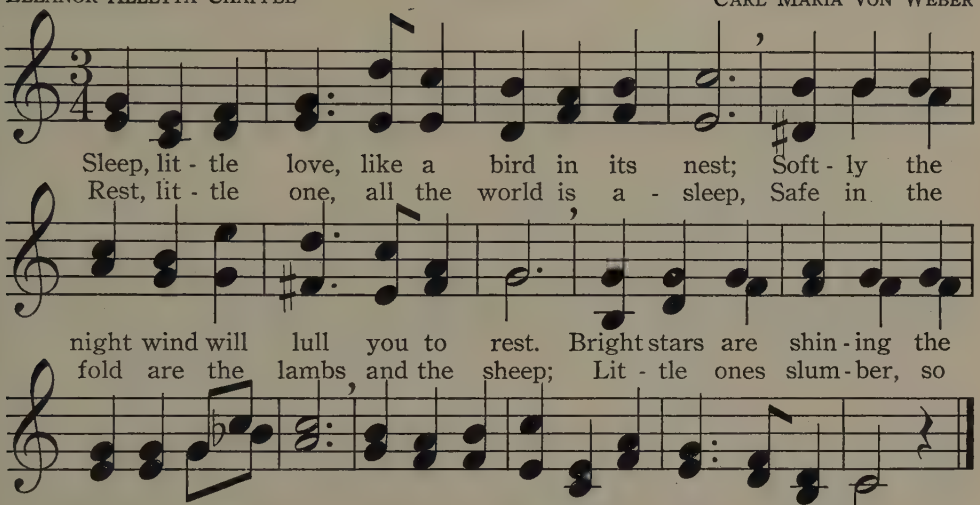
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT — SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

O - ver the sea a - way, Ride our sail - ors of the
Sail o'er the earth they may, Yet they're dream - ing of the
U. S. A. When Gold Lace comes a - round, Bang, bang, the stal-wart
U. S. A. Wher - ev - er they may roam, Bang, bang, their hearts cry
can-non sound. O - ver the sea a - way Ride our
out for home. Sail o'er the earth they may, Yet they're
sail - ors of the U. S. A. O - ver the sea a-
dream - ing of the U. S. A. Sail o'er the earth they
way, Ride our sail - ors of the U. S.
may, Yet they're dream - ing of the U. S.
A. Ride our sail - ors of the U. S. A.
A. Yet they're dream-ing of the U. S. A.

Slumber Song

Reading Song

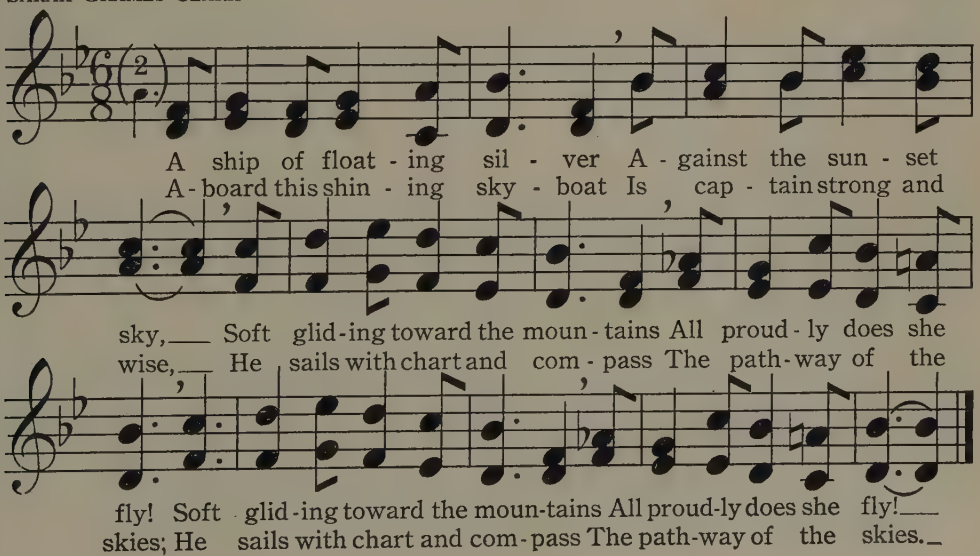
ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE — CARL MARIA VON WEBER


Sleep, lit - tle love, like a bird in its nest; Soft - ly the
Rest, lit - tle one, all the world is a - sleep, Safe in the
night wind will lull you to rest. Bright stars are shin - ing the
fold are the lambs and the sheep; Lit - tle ones slum - ber, so
whole dream-land through, Shin-ing to light-en the jour - ney for you.
rest, ba - by, ___ too; Moth-er is watch-ing and sing - ing to you.

Oh, Ship of the Air

Reading Song

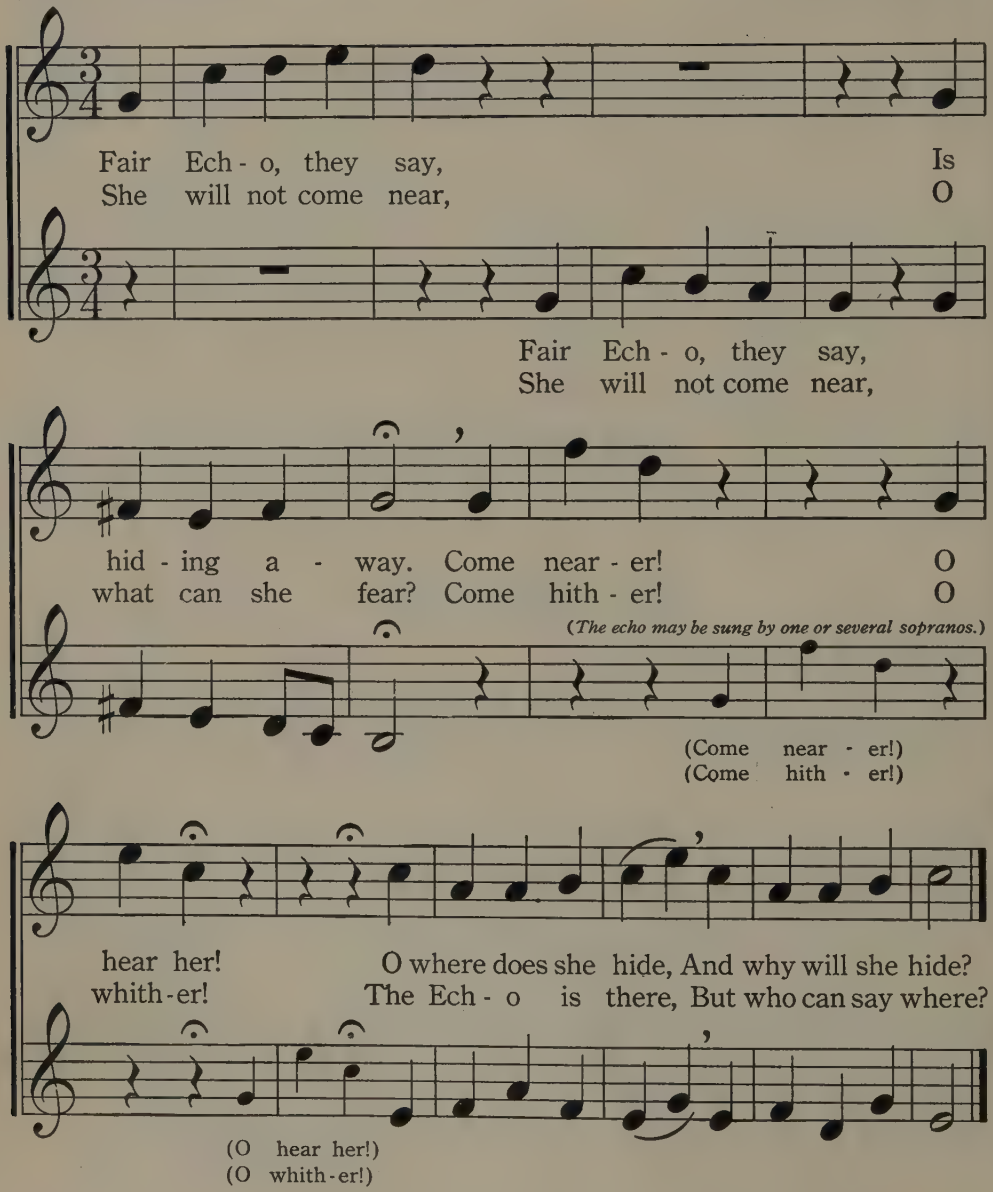
SARAH GRAMES CLARK — GERMAN FOLK SONG


A ship of float - ing sil - ver A - gainst the sun - set
A - board this shin - ing sky - boat Is cap - tain strong and
sky, ___ Soft glid - ing toward the moun - tains All proud - ly does she
wise, ___ He sails with chart and com - pass The path - way of the
fly! Soft glid - ing toward the moun-tains All proud-ly does she fly! ___
skies; He sails with chart and com - pass The path-way of the skies. _

The Echo

Reading Song

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN — ROBERT SCHUMANN

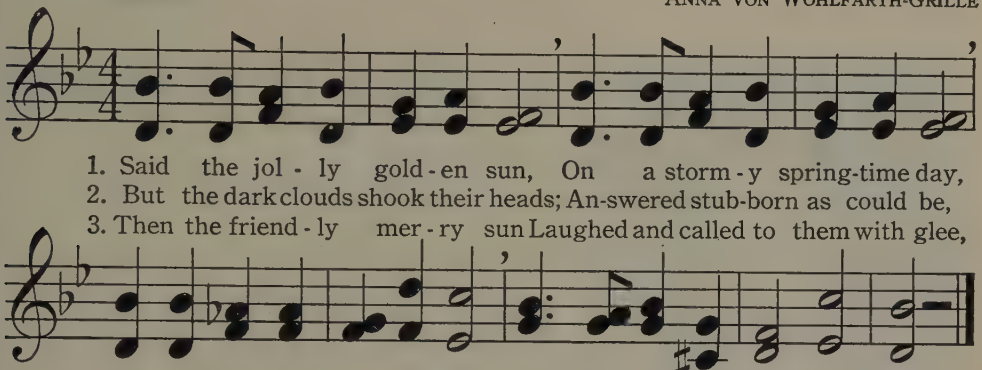

Fair Ech - o, they say, Is
She will not come near, O
Fair Ech - o, they say,
She will not come near,
hid - ing a - way. Come near - er! O
what can she fear? Come hith - er! O
(The echo may be sung by one or several sopranos.)
(Come near - er!)
(Come hith - er!)
hear her! O where does she hide, And why will she hide?
whith - er! The Ech - o is there, But who can say where?
(O hear her!)
(O whith - er!)

Sun and Showers

Reading Song

FLEUR CONKLING

ANNA VON WOHLFARTH-GRILLE

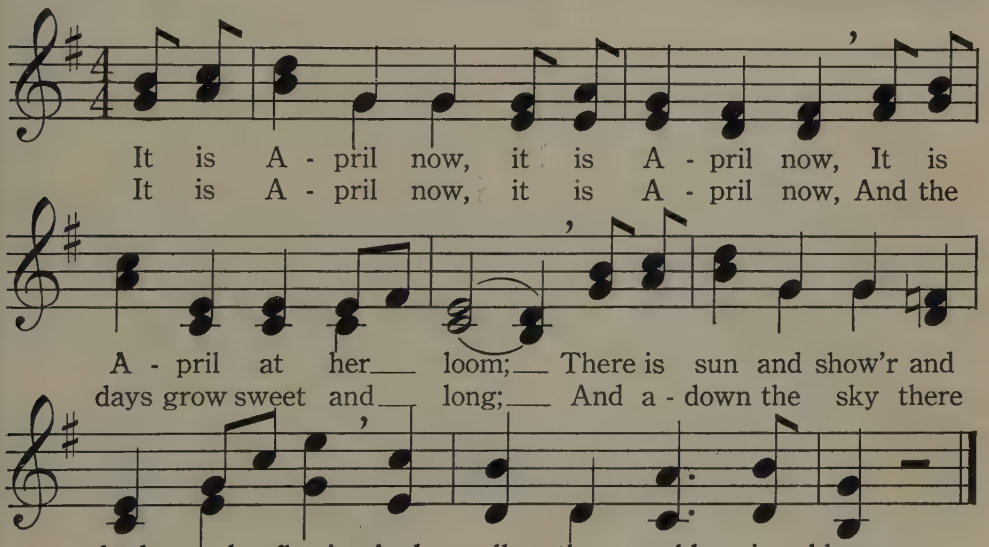

1. Said the jol - ly gold - en sun, On a storm - y spring-time day,
2. But the dark clouds shook their heads; An-swered stub-born as could be,
3. Then the friend - ly mer - ry sun Laughed and called to them with glee,
"Lit - tle clouds, I must come out, All the chil-dren long to play."
"If my rain-drops do not fall, Flow'rs will with - er; they need me."
"In these love - ly spring-time days, We had best take turns, you see."

April

Reading Song

CLINTON SCOLLARD

HEINRICH VON LEIPZIGER

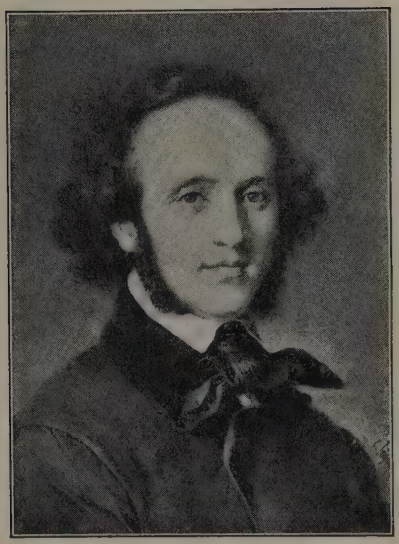

It is A - pril now, it is A - pril now, It is
It is A - pril now, it is A - pril now, And the
A - pril at her loom; There is sun and show'r and
days grow sweet and long; And a - down the sky there
bud and flow'r, And all the world in bloom.
comes a cry, The sound of rob - in song.

The Wind Is in the Forest

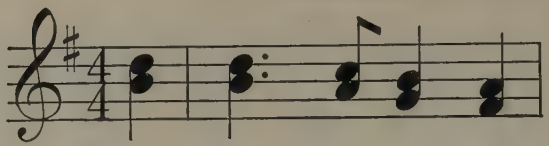
Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER

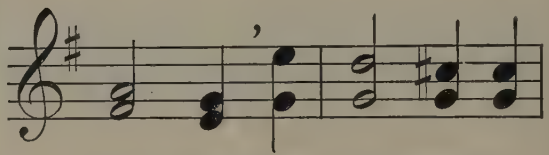
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



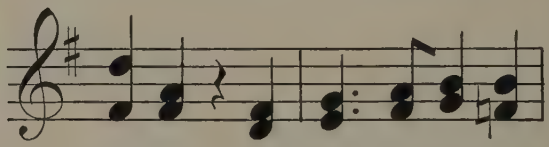
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY



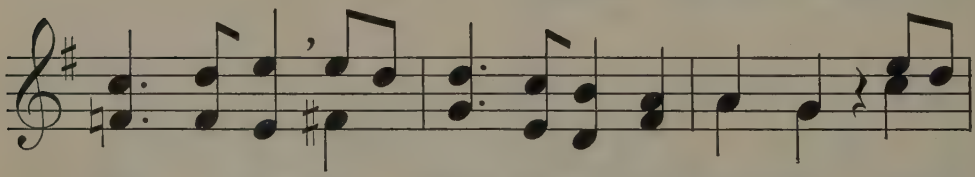
The wind is in the
Two birds up - on a



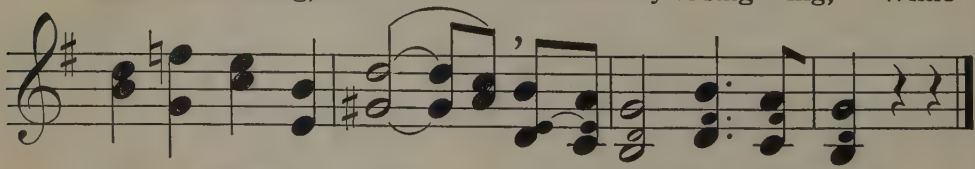
for - est, The tall trees are
green bough Are sway - ing and



sway-ing, The sil - v'ry leaves are
swing-ing; They know their nest is



light - ly stirred, As___ though they all were play - ing, While
safe and strong, And___ all at once they're sing - ing, While



soft - ly sings the wind___ With___ low mur-mured word.
gen - tly stirs the wind___ In___ time with their song.

Heavenly Father

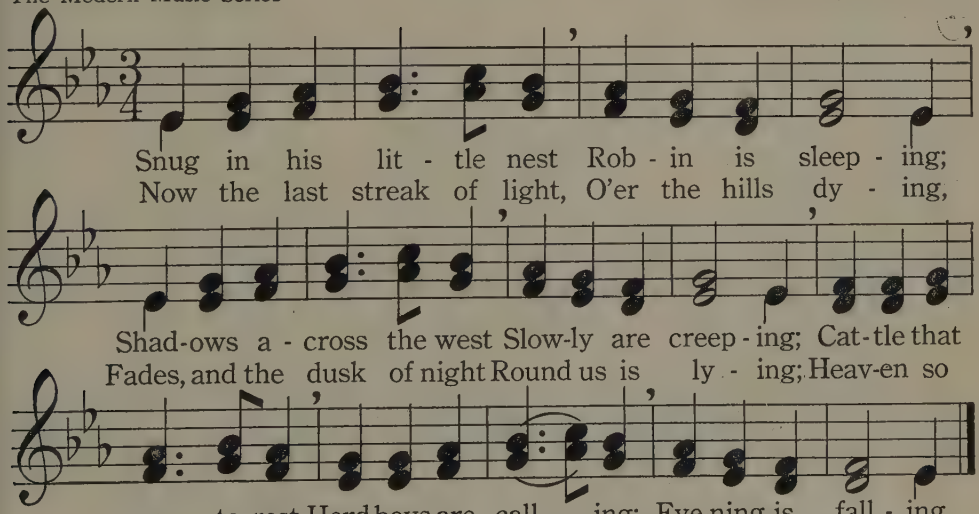
Reading Song

SALISBURY COLLECTION — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Evening Song

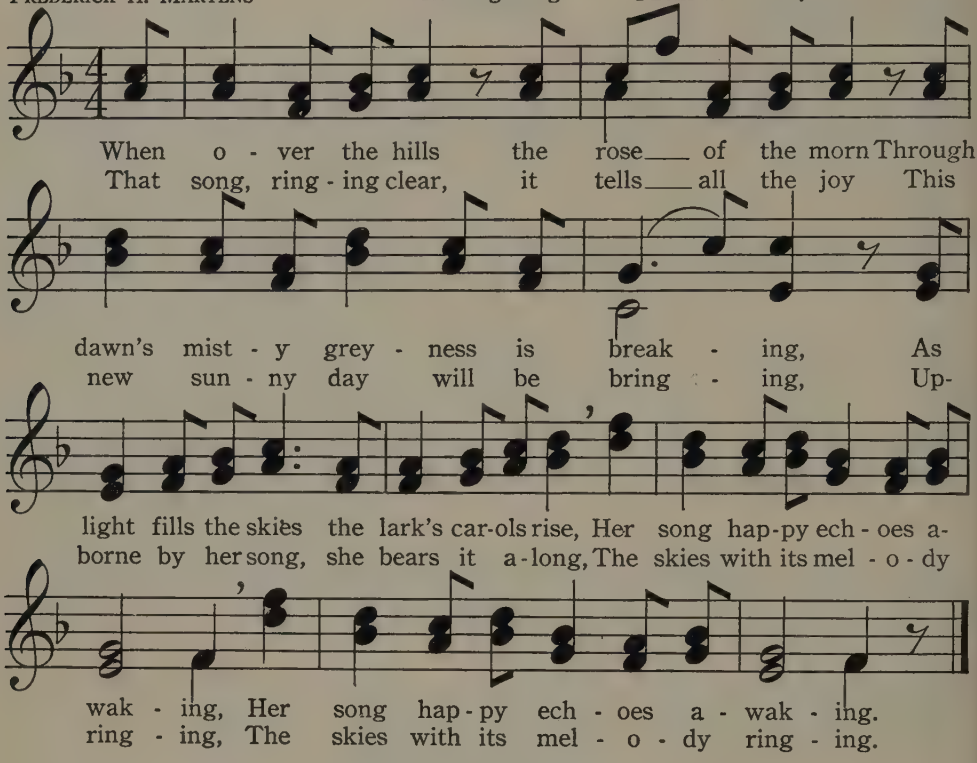
Reading Song

The Modern Music Series — AUSTRIAN FOLK SONG


Snug in his lit - tle nest Rob - in is sleep - ing;
Now the last streak of light, O'er the hills dy - ing,
Shad-ows a - cross the west Slow-ly are creep - ing; Cat - tle that
Fades, and the dusk of night Round us is ly - ing; Heav-en so
go to rest Herd boys are call - ing; Eve-ning is fall - ing.
sil - ver bright, O'er us is dream - ing; Soft starlight gleam - ing.

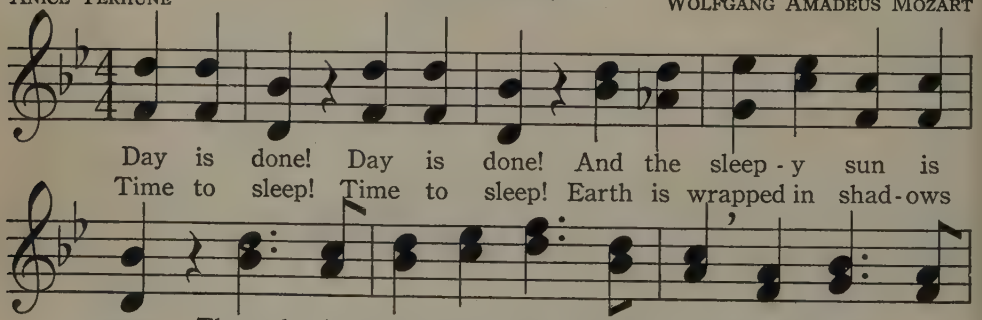
The Lark

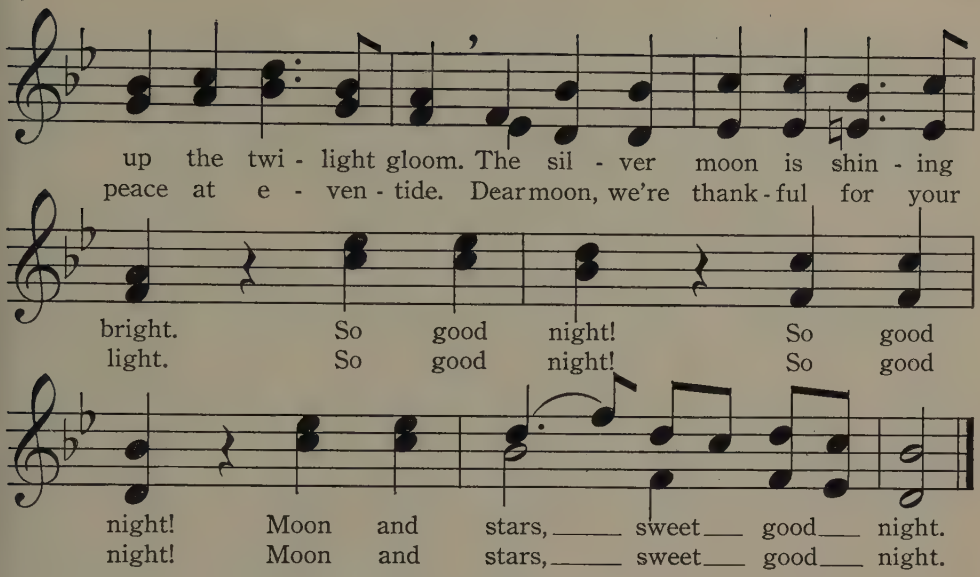
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — Reading Song — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY


When o - ver the hills the rose of the morn Through
That song, ring - ing clear, it tells all the joy This
dawn's mist - y grey - ness is break - ing, As
new sun - ny day will be bring - ing, Up-
light fills the skies the lark's car-ols rise, Her song hap-py ech - oes a-
borne by her song, she bears it a-long, The skies with its mel - o - dy
wak - ing, Her song hap - py ech - oes a - wak - ing.
ring - ing, The skies with its mel - o - dy ring - ing.

Good Night

ANICE TERHUNE — Reading Song — WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

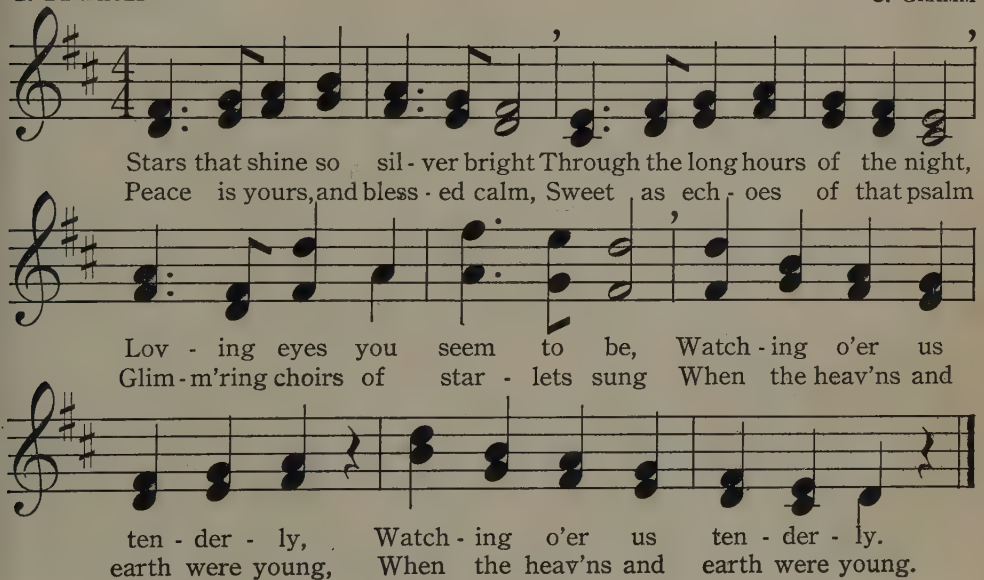

Day is done! Day is done! And the sleep - y sun is
Time to sleep! Time to sleep! Earth is wrapped in shad - ows
gone. Through the heav'ns the star flow'rs bloom; They're light - ing
deep. Dai - ly toil is laid a - side; And all is


up the twi - light gloom. The sil - ver moon is shin - ing
peace at e - ven - tide. Dear moon, we're thank - ful for your
bright. So good night! So good
light. So good night! So good
night! Moon and stars, sweet good night.
night! Moon and stars, sweet good night.

The Stars

Reading Song

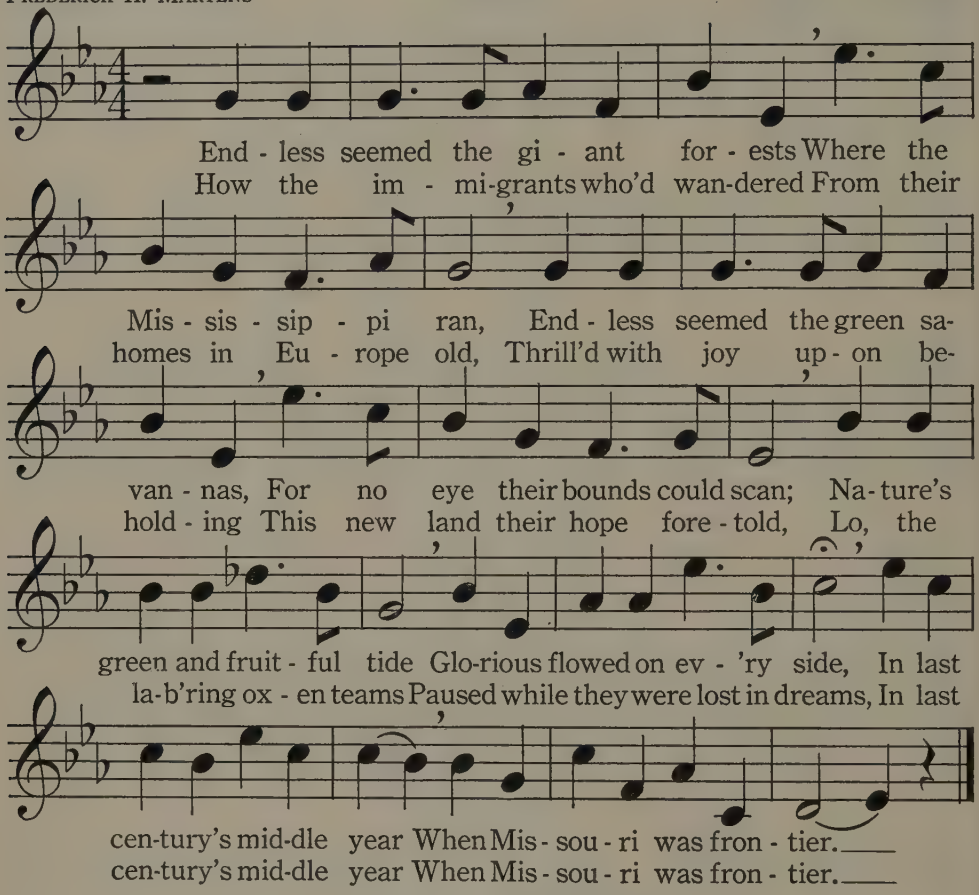
G. Berthold C. Gramm


Stars that shine so sil - ver bright Through the long hours of the night,
Peace is yours, and bless - ed calm, Sweet as ech - oes of that psalm
Lov - ing eyes you seem to be, Watch - ing o'er us
Glim - m'ring choirs of star - lets sung When the heav'ns and
ten - der - ly, Watch - ing o'er us ten - der - ly.
earth were young, When the heav'ns and earth were young.

The Frontier

Reading Song

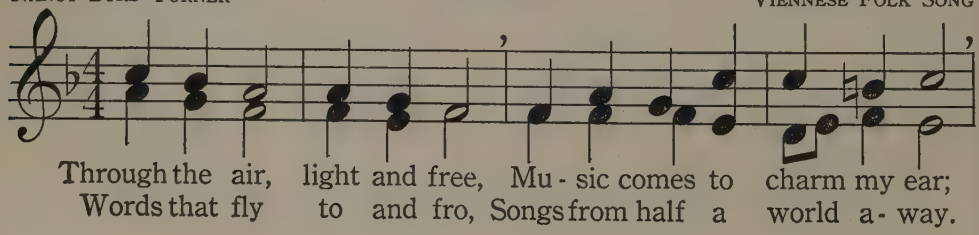
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — KARL G. W. TAUBERT

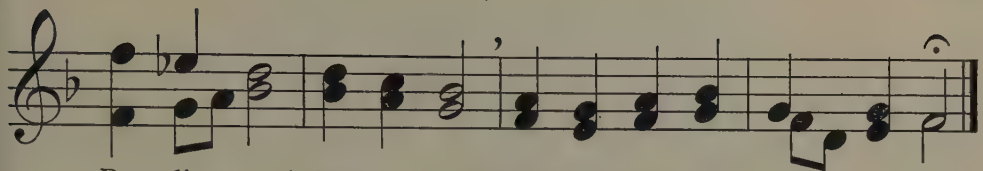

End - less seemed the gi - ant for - ests Where the
How the im - mi-grants who'd wan-dered From their
Mis - sis - sip - pi ran, End - less seemed the green sa-
homes in Eu - rope old, Thrill'd with joy up - on be-
van - nas, For no eye their bounds could scan; Na - ture's
hold - ing This new land their hope fore - told, Lo, the
green and fruit - ful tide Glo-rious flowed on ev - 'ry side, In last
la-b'ring ox - en teams Paused while they were lost in dreams, In last
cen-tury's mid-dle year When Mis - sou - ri was fron - tier.
cen-tury's mid-dle year When Mis - sou - ri was fron - tier.

Through the Air

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER — VIENNESE FOLK SONG



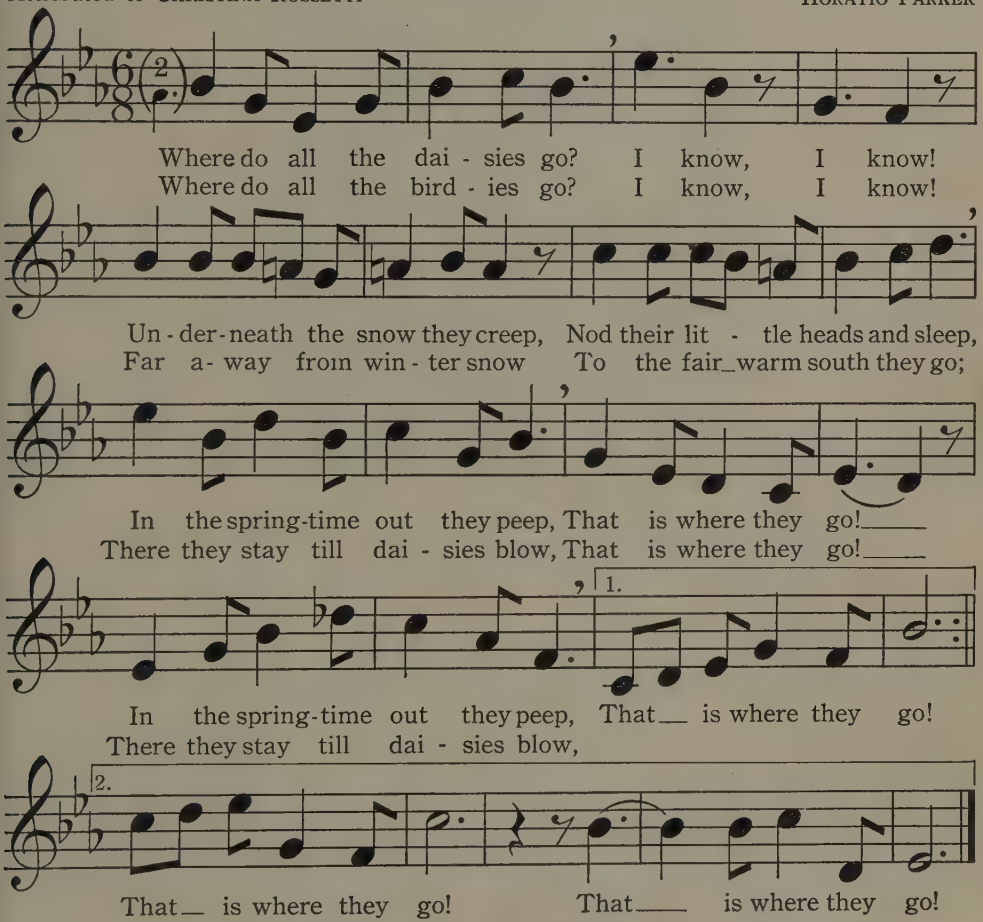


Where Do All the Daisies Go?

Reading Song

Attributed to CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

HORATIO PARKER

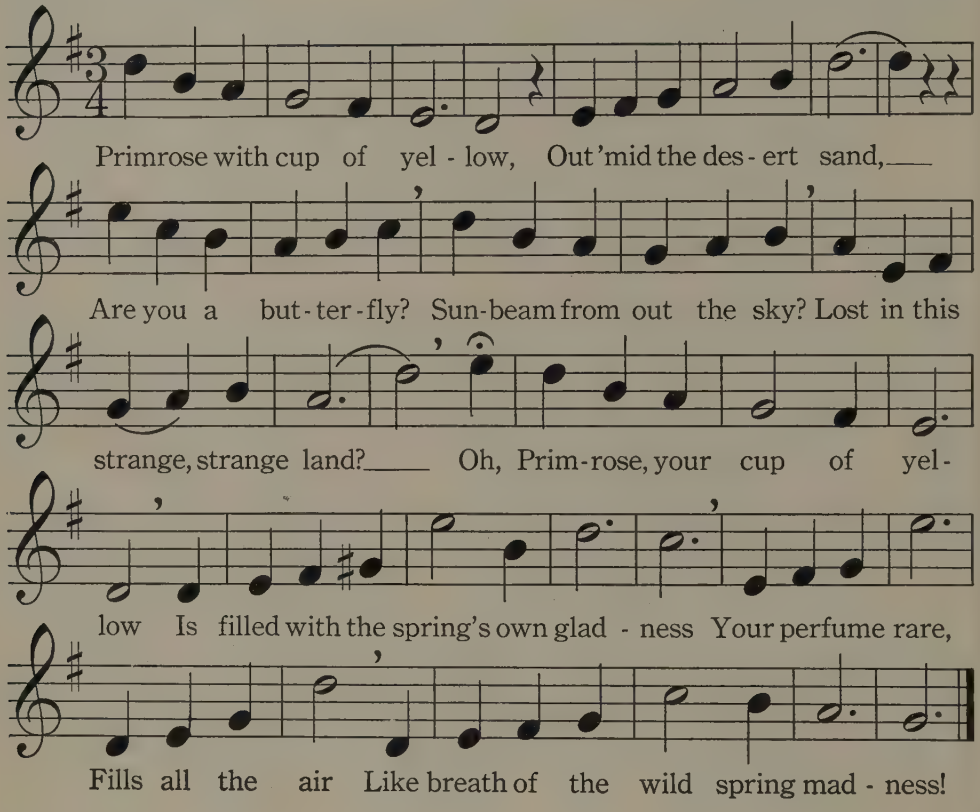

Where do all the dai - sies go? I know, I know!
Where do all the bird - ies go? I know, I know!
Un - der - neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep,
Far a - way from win - ter snow To the fair warm south they go;
In the spring-time out they peep, That is where they go!
There they stay till dai - sies blow, That is where they go!
1.
In the spring-time out they peep, That is where they go!
There they stay till dai - sies blow,
2.
That is where they go! That is where they go!

Yellow Primrose

Rote Song

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

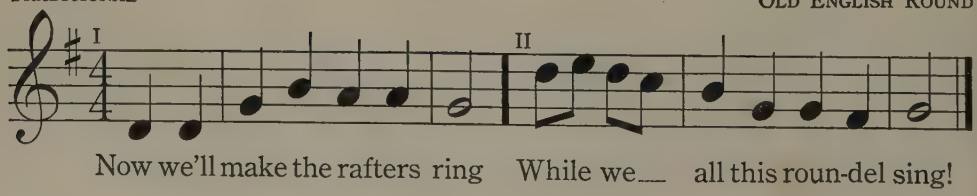

Primrose with cup of yel - low, Out 'mid the des - ert sand,
Are you a but - ter - fly? Sun-beam from out the sky? Lost in this
strange, strange land? Oh, Prim-rose, your cup of yel -
low Is filled with the spring's own glad - ness Your perfume rare,
Fills all the air Like breath of the wild spring mad - ness!

The Roundel

Two-Part Round

TRADITIONAL

OLD ENGLISH ROUND

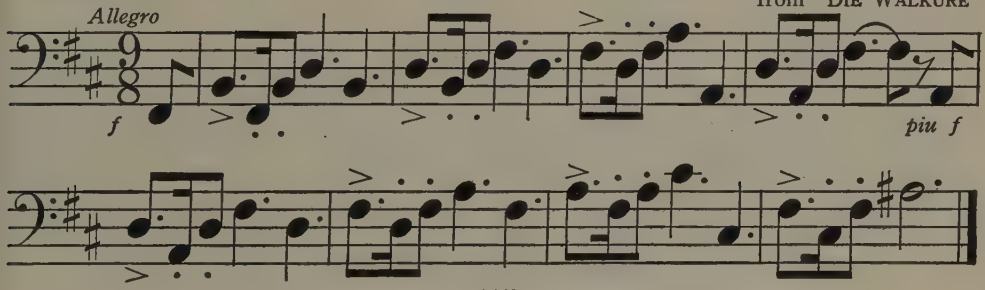


ARTHUR PRYOR PLAYING THE TROMBONE

Theme from "Ride of the Valkyries"

TROMBONE

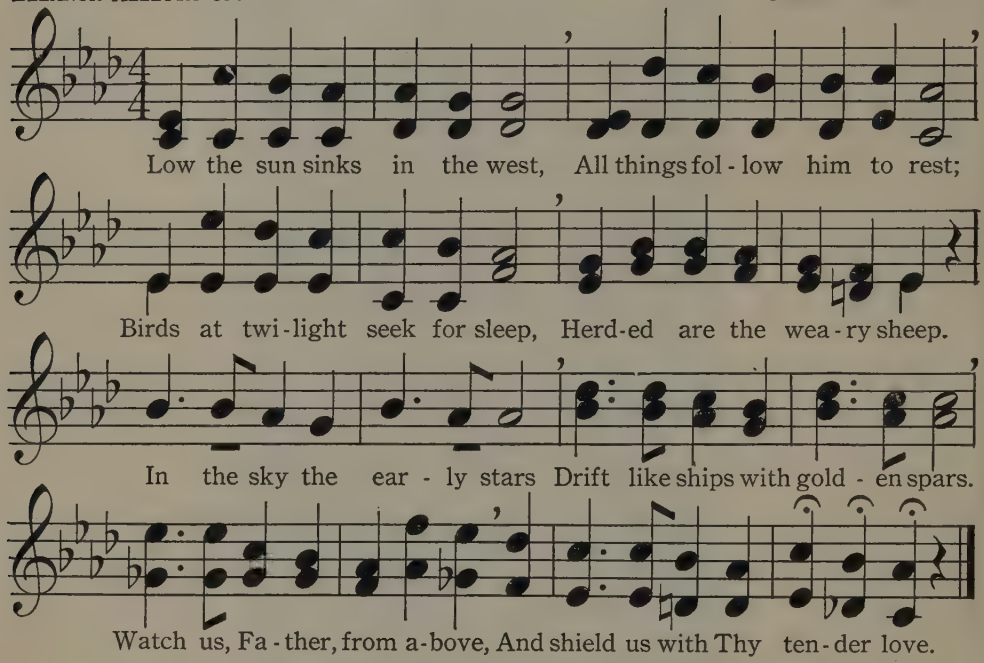
RICHARD WAGNER
from "DIE WALKÜRE"



An Evensong

Reading Song

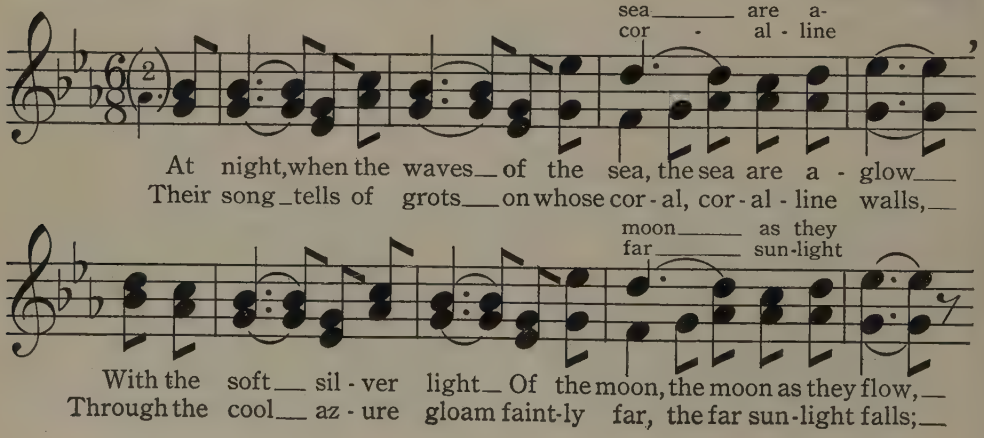
ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE — GERMAN FOLK SONG

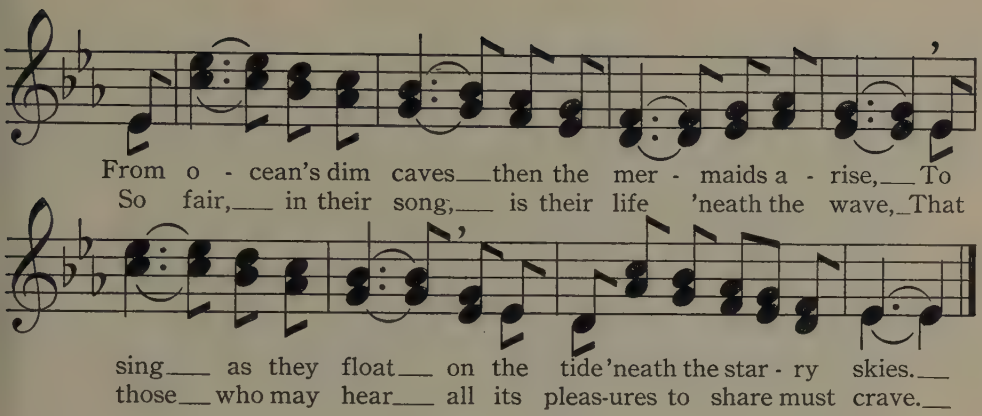

Low the sun sinks in the west, All things fol - low him to rest;
Birds at twi - light seek for sleep, Herd - ed are the wea - ry sheep.
In the sky the ear - ly stars Drift like ships with gold - en spars.
Watch us, Fa - ther, from a - bove, And shield us with Thy ten - der love.

The Mermaids' Song

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — CARL M. VON WEBER, from "OBERON"

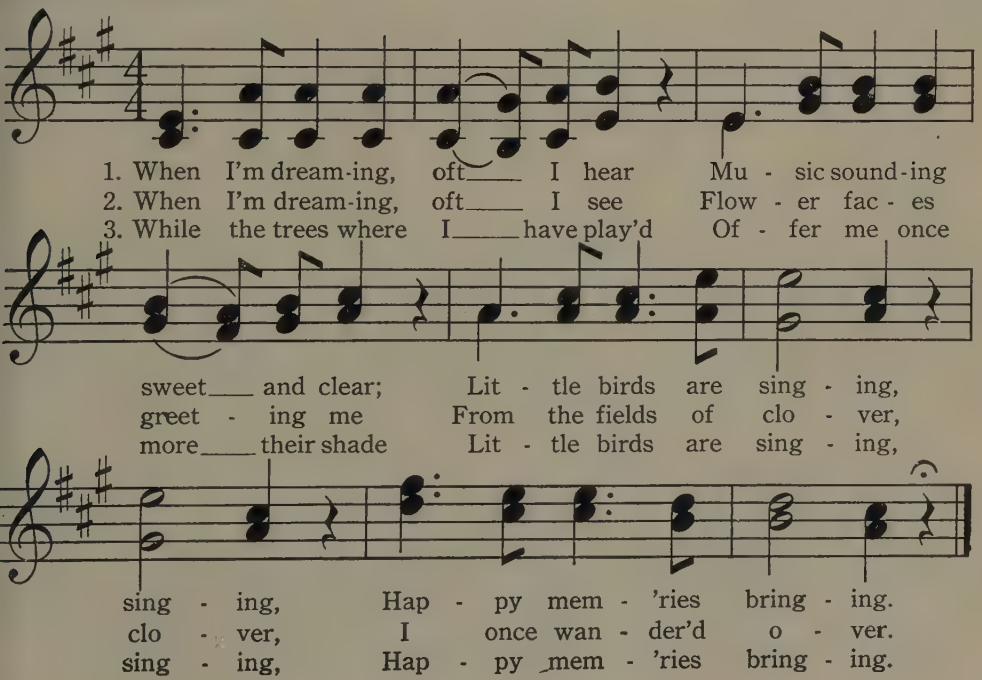

sea are a-
cor - al - line
At night, when the waves of the sea, the sea are a - glow
Their song tells of grots on whose cor - al, cor - al - line walls,
moon as they
far sun-light
With the soft sil - ver light Of the moon, the moon as they flow,
Through the cool az - ure gloam faint-ly far, the far sun-light falls;


From o - cean's dim caves then the mer - maids a - rise, To
So fair, in their song, is their life 'neath the wave, That
sing as they float on the tide 'neath the star - ry skies.
those who may hear all its pleas-ures to share must crave.

When I'm Dreaming

Reading Song

REBECCA B. FORESMAN — GERMAN FOLK SONG

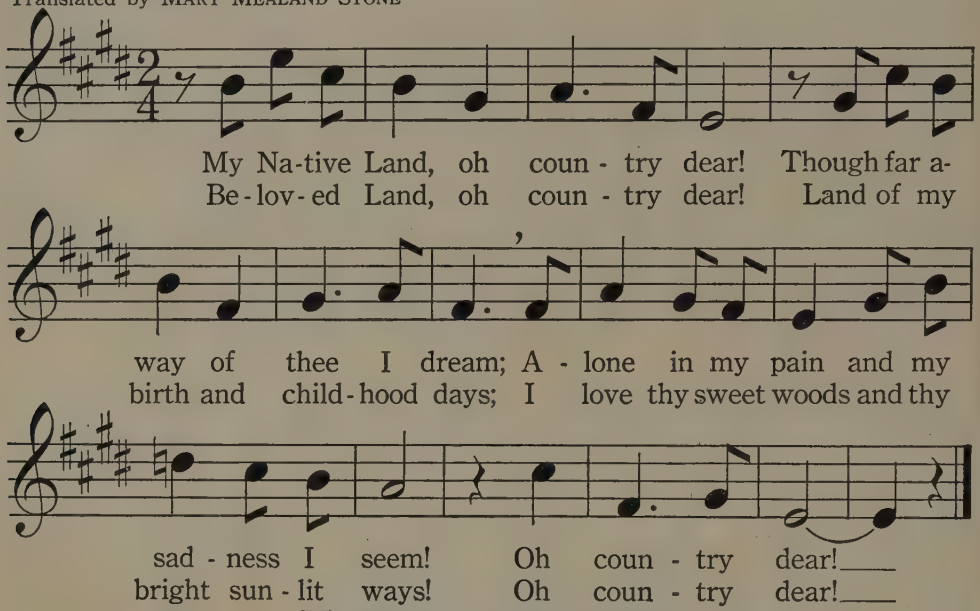

1. When I'm dream-ing, oft I hear Mu - sic sound-ing
2. When I'm dream-ing, oft I see Flow - er fac - es
3. While the trees where I have play'd Of - fer me once
sweet and clear; Lit - tle birds are sing - ing,
greet - ing me From the fields of clo - ver,
more their shade Lit - tle birds are sing - ing,
sing - ing, Hap - py mem - 'ries bring - ing.
clo - ver, I once wan - der'd o - ver.
sing - ing, Hap - py mem - 'ries bring - ing.

My Native Land

MME. H. RENAUDIN
Translated by MARY MEALAND STONE

Rote Song

ANDRÉ GÉDALGE

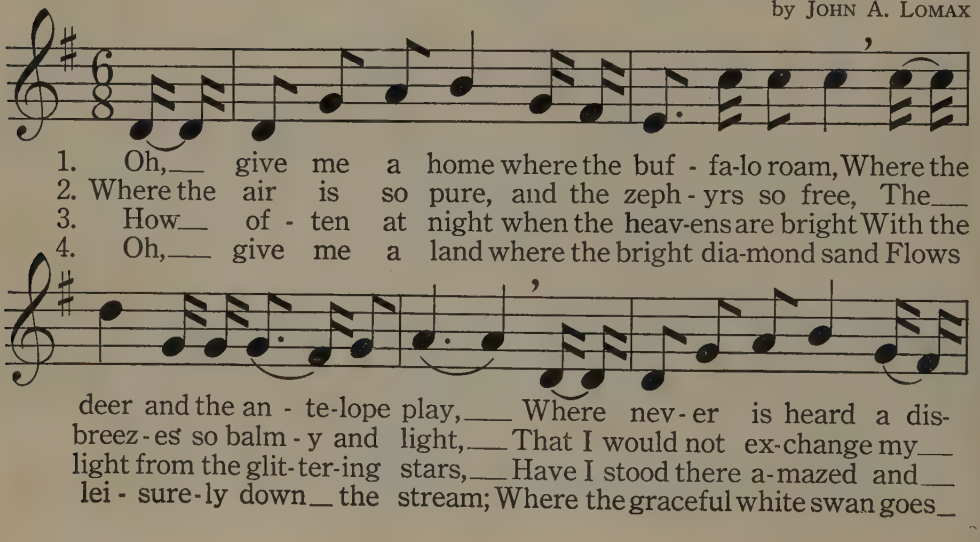

My Na-tive Land, oh coun - try dear! Though far a-
Be-lov-ed Land, oh coun - try dear! Land of my
way of thee I dream; A - lone in my pain and my
birth and child-hood days; I love thy sweet woods and thy
sad - ness I seem! Oh coun - try dear!
bright sun - lit ways! Oh coun - try dear!

Home on the Range

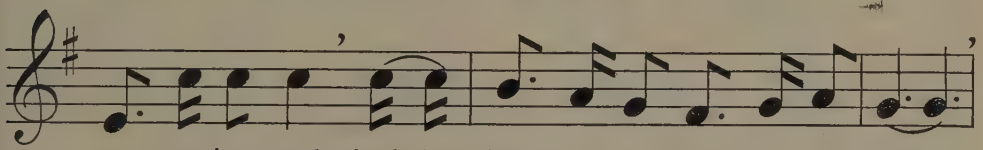
COWBOY SONG

Rote Song

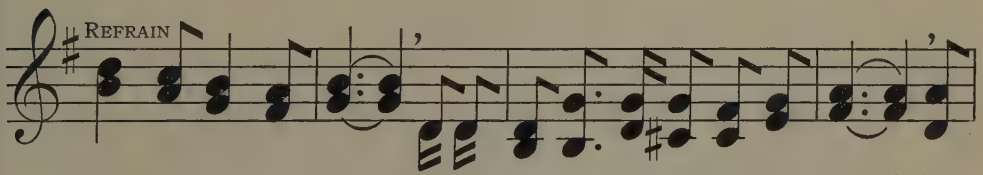
From "Cowboy Songs" collected by JOHN A. LOMAX


1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa-lo roam, Where the
2. Where the air is so pure, and the zeph - yrs so free, The
3. How of - ten at night when the heav-ens are bright With the
4. Oh, give me a land where the bright dia-mond sand Flows
deer and the an - te-lope play, Where nev-er is heard a dis-
breez-es so balm - y and light, That I would not ex-change my
light from the glit-ter-ing stars, Have I stood there a-mazed and
lei - sure-ly down the stream; Where the graceful white swan goes

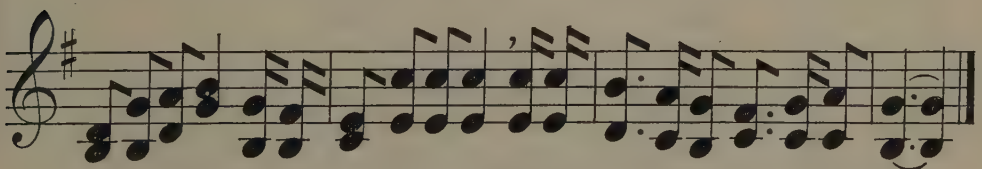
Courtesy Art Extension Press, Inc., Westport, Conn.
THE SANTA FE TRAIL, BY YOUNG-HUNTER



cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.
home on the range For___ all of the cit - ies so bright.
asked as I gazed If their glo - ry ex-ceeds that of ours.
glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream.



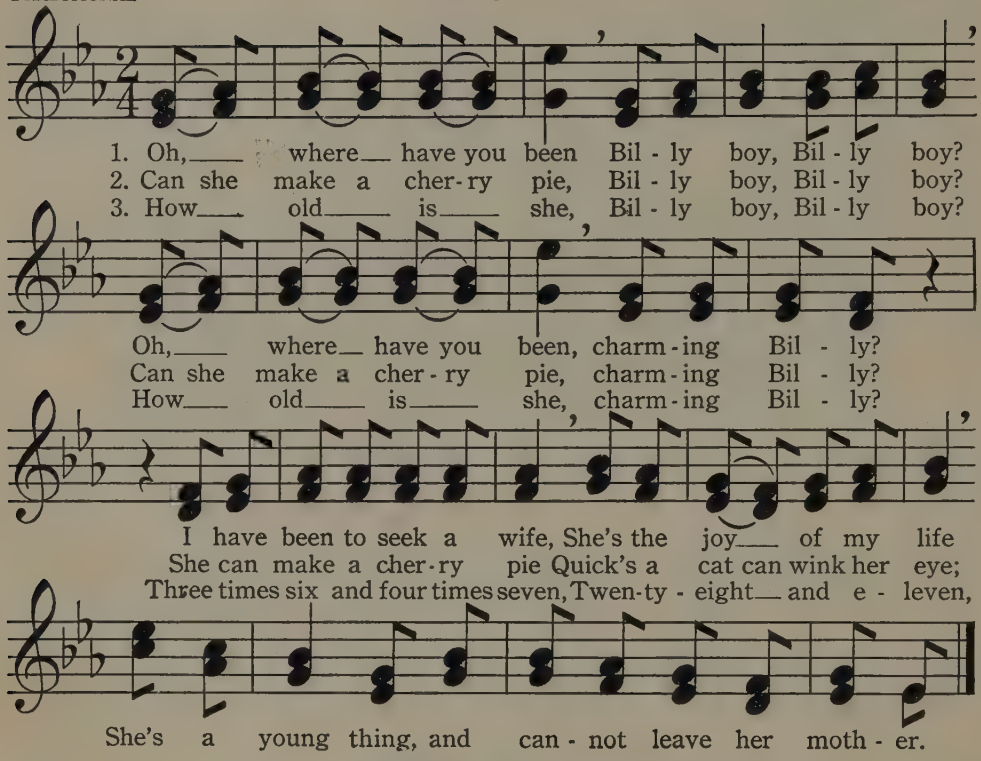
Home, home on the range Where the deer and the an - te - lope play, Where



nev - er is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.___

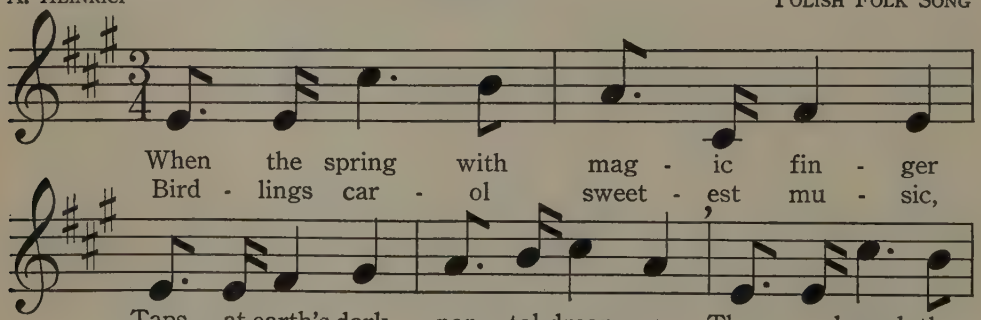
Billy Boy

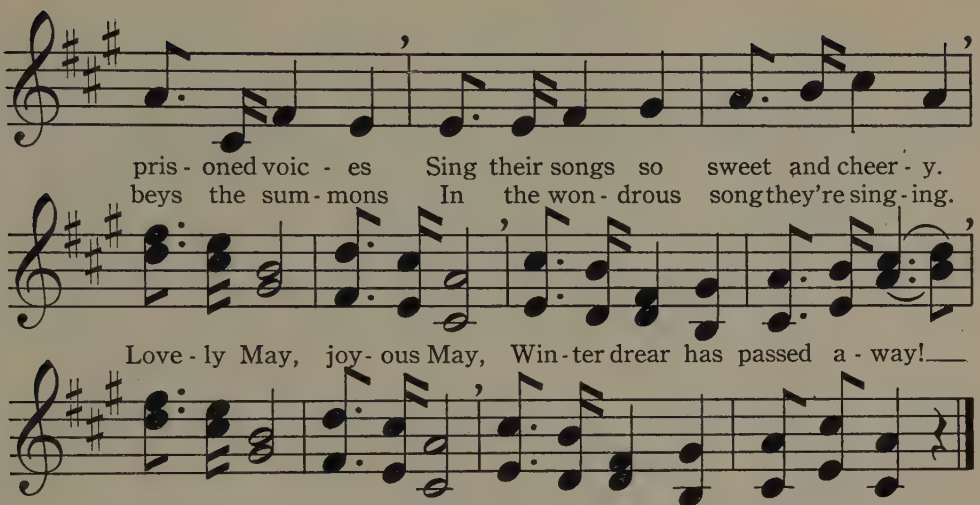
TRADITIONAL — Reading Song — EDWARD L. WHITE


1. Oh, where have you been Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy?
2. Can she make a cher-ry pie, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy?
3. How old is she, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly boy?
Oh, where have you been, charm-ing Bil - ly?
Can she make a cher-ry pie, charm-ing Bil - ly?
How old is she, charm-ing Bil - ly?
I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life
She can make a cher-ry pie Quick's a cat can wink her eye;
Three times six and four times seven, Twen-ty - eight and e - leven,
She's a young thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.

May Time

A. HEINRICI — Reading Song — POLISH FOLK SONG

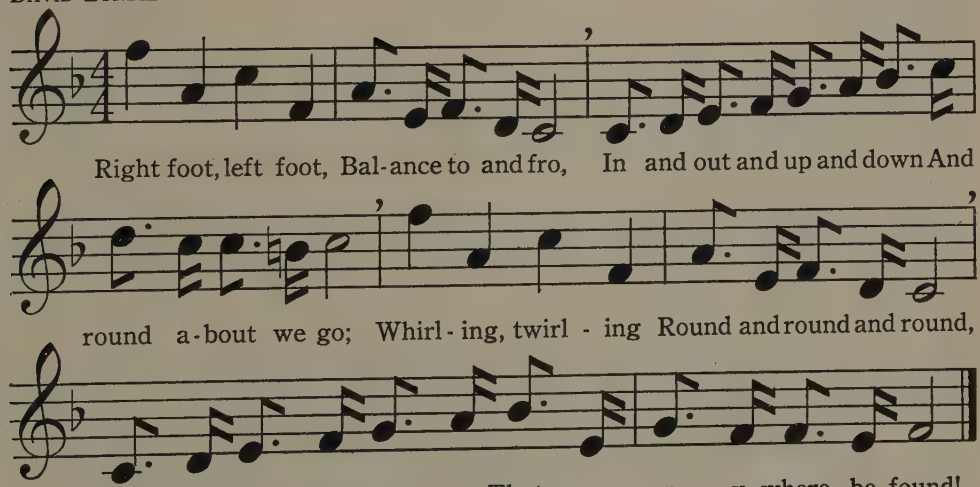

When the spring with mag - ic fin - ger
Bird - lings car - ol sweet - est mu - sic,
Taps at earth's dark por - tal drear - y, Then, re-leased, the
Spring-time's joy to us they're bring-ing, And my heart o-


pris - oned voic - es Sing their songs so sweet and cheer - y.
beys the sum - mons In the won - drous song they're sing - ing.
Love - ly May, joy - ous May, Win - ter drear has passed a - way!
Love - ly May, joy - ous May, Win - ter drear has passed a - way!

Dancing School

Reading Song

DAVID LUNDIE — OLD AMERICAN DANCE

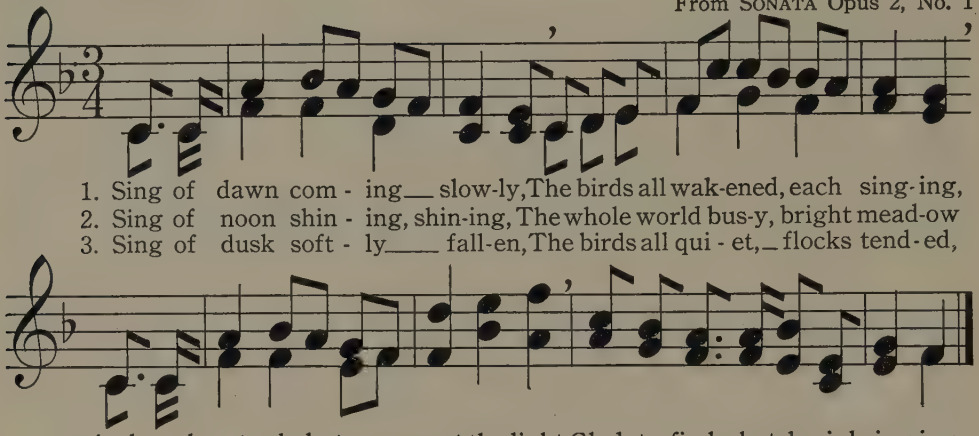

Right foot, left foot, Bal - ance to and fro, In and out and up and down And
round a - bout we go; Whirl - ing, twirl - ing Round and round and round,
With the fin - est part - ner That can an - y - where be found!

Sing of a Day

Reading Song

NANCY BYRD TURNER

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
From SONATA Opus 2, No. 1

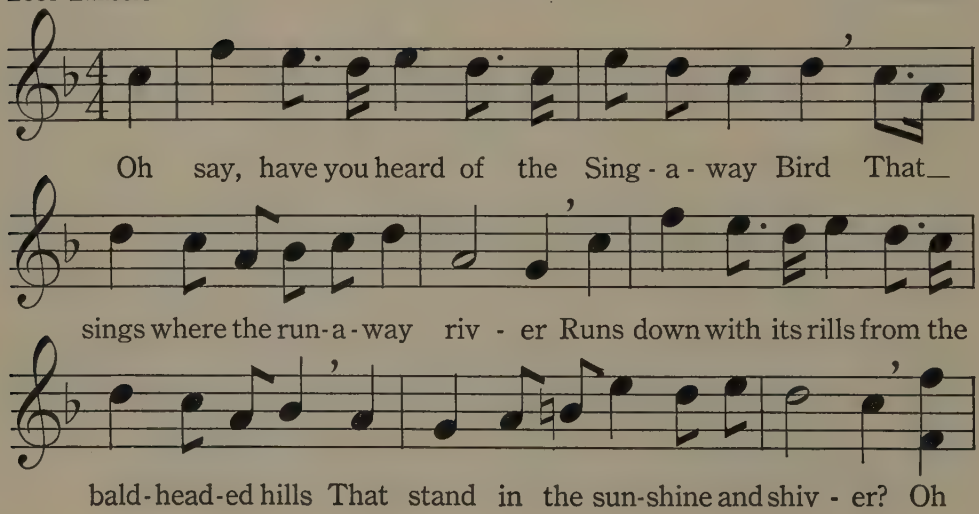

1. Sing of dawn com - ing slow-ly, The birds all wak-ened, each sing-ing,
2. Sing of noon shin - ing, shin-ing, The whole world bus-y, bright mead-ow
3. Sing of dusk soft - ly fall-en, The birds all qui - et, flocks tend-ed,
And our hearts glad to meet the light, Glad to find what day is bring-ing.
Street and lane filled with sunshine bright, Filled with moving light and shadow.
Lights of home clear, and stars a-glow; Day is done, in beau-ty end-ed.

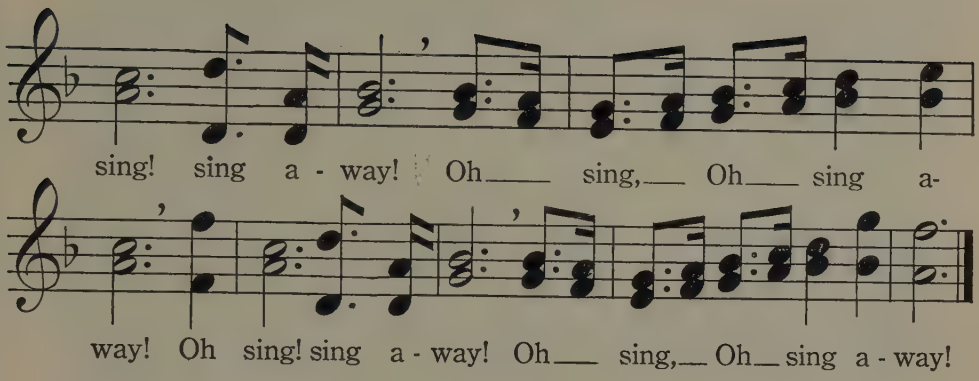
The Singaway Bird

Reading Song

LUCY LARCOM

PAUL AMBROSE


Oh say, have you heard of the Sing - a - way Bird That
sings where the run-a-way riv - er Runs down with its rills from the
bald-head-ed hills That stand in the sun-shine and shiv - er? Oh

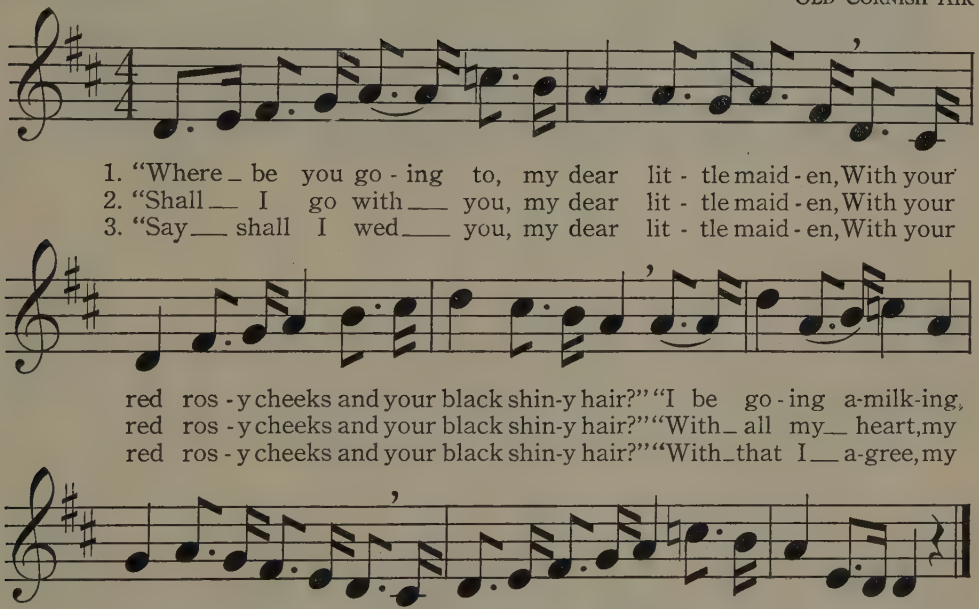


Dabbling in the Dew

Reading Song

TRADITIONAL

OLD CORNISH AIR

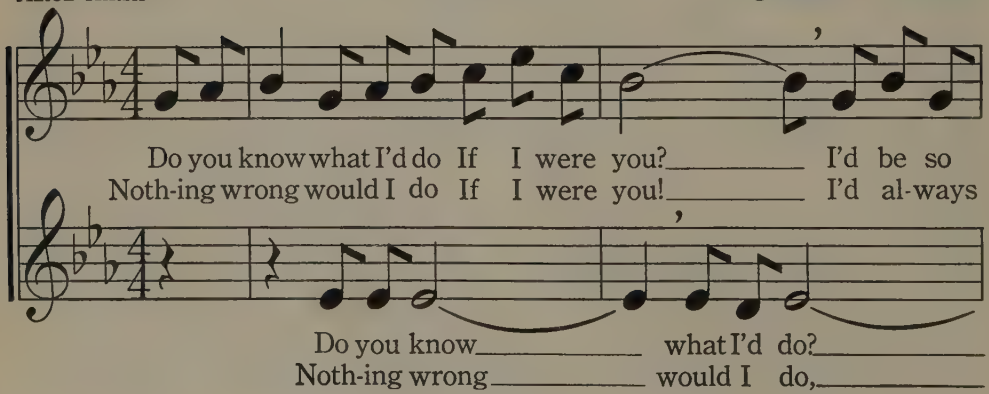

1. "Where be you go - ing to, my dear lit - tle maid - en, With your
2. "Shall I go with you, my dear lit - tle maid - en, With your
3. "Say shall I wed you, my dear lit - tle maid - en, With your
red ros - y cheeks and your black shin-y hair?" "I be go - ing a-milk-ing,
red ros - y cheeks and your black shin-y hair?" "With all my heart, my
red ros - y cheeks and your black shin-y hair?" "With that I a-gree, my
kind lit-tle man," she said, "It's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."
kind lit-tle man," she said, "It's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."
kind lit-tle man," she said, "It's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

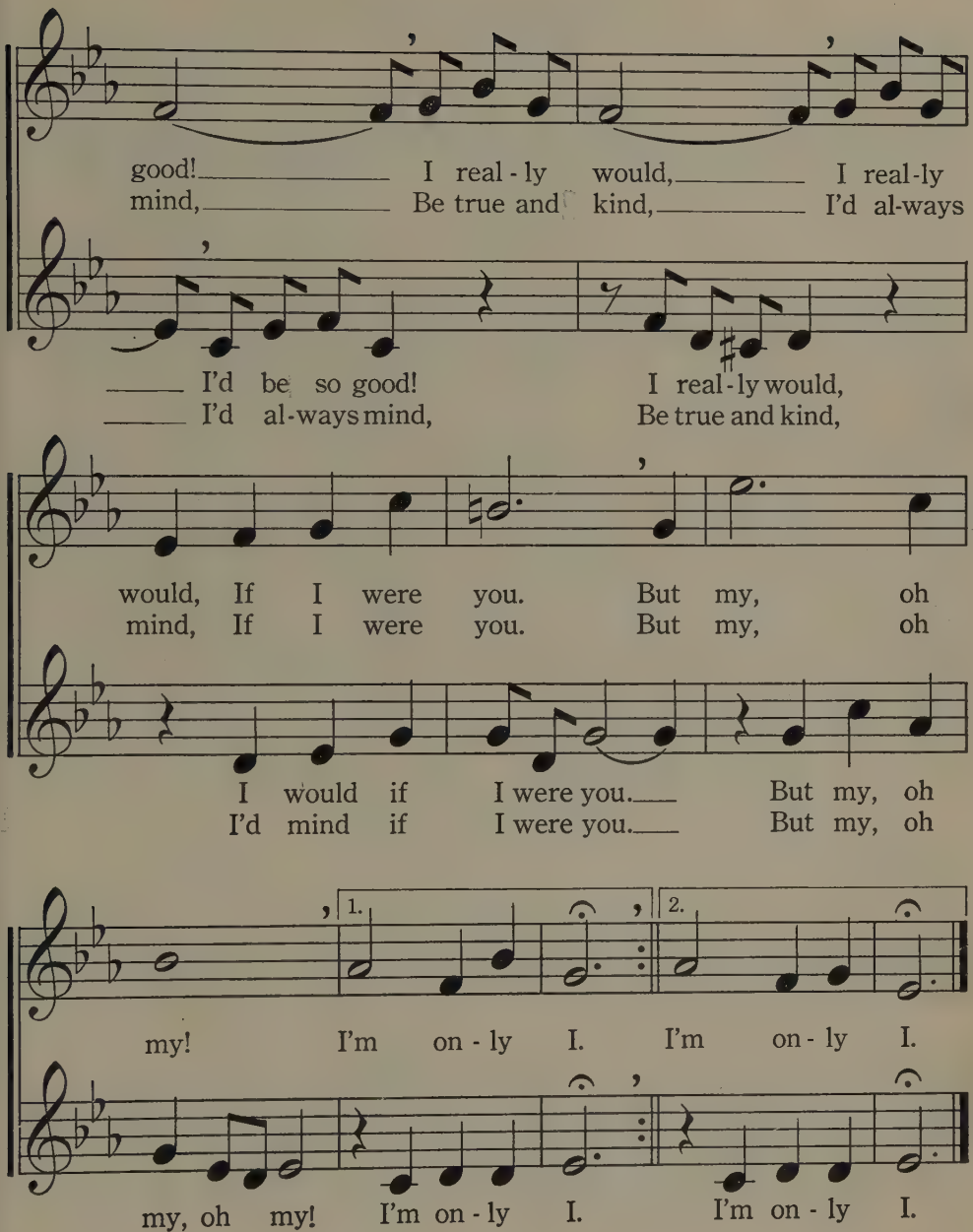
GEORGE W. CHADWICK

If I Were You

Reading Song

ALICE HIRSH — GEORGE W. CHADWICK


Do you know what I'd do If I were you? I'd be so
Noth-ing wrong would I do If I were you! I'd al-ways
Do you know what I'd do?
Noth-ing wrong would I do,


good! I real-ly would, I real-ly
mind, Be true and kind, I'd al-ways
I'd be so good! I real-ly would,
I'd al-ways mind, Be true and kind,
would, If I were you. But my, oh
mind, If I were you. But my, oh
I would if I were you. But my, oh
I'd mind if I were you. But my, oh
1.
2.
my! I'm on-ly I. I'm on-ly I.
my, oh my! I'm on-ly I. I'm on-ly I.

"Adios Mama!"

ANICE TERHUNE
"Adios" is the Spanish word for "good-by"

Rote Song

ANICE TERHUNE
After the SPANISH

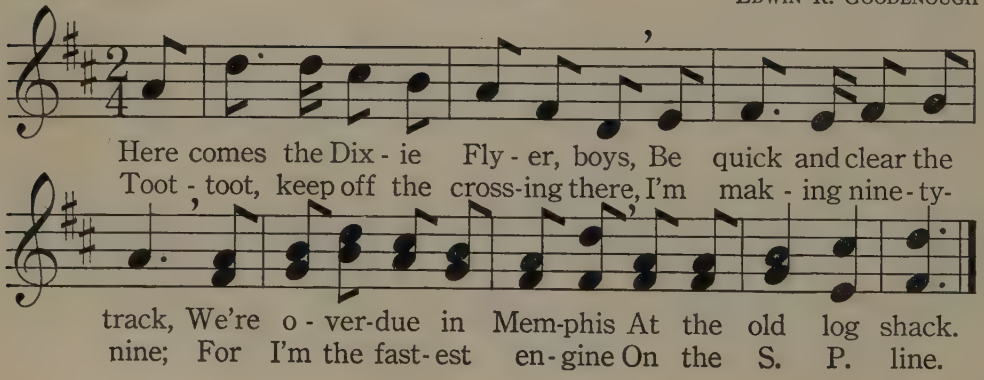
A - di - os Ma - ma! A - di - os Ma - ma!
A - di - os Ma - ma! A - di - os Ma - ma!
We're off to mar - ket ver - y soon, And won't be
We've man - y, man - y things to sell, Our lit - tle
back till aft - er - noon; Just see us Ma - ma! Just see us Ma - ma!
bur - ro knows it well! Just see us Ma - ma! Just see us Ma - ma!
Our bur - ro seems high - er than the moon!
When we come home great___ things we shall tell.

The Dixie Flyer

WILLIAM ADAMS

Reading Song

EDWIN R. GOODENOUGH

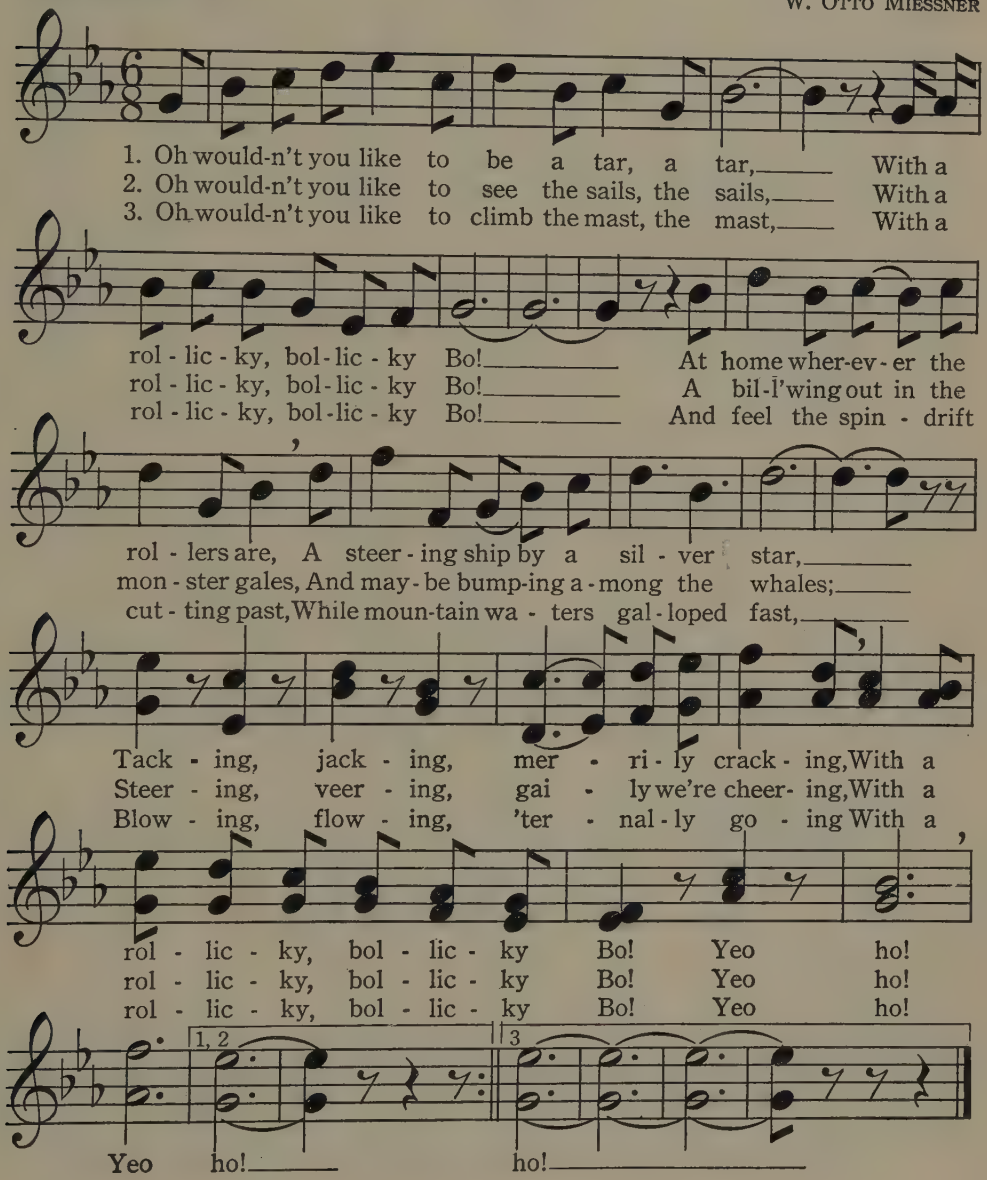

Here comes the Dix - ie Fly - er, boys, Be quick and clear the
Toot - toot, keep off the cross-ing there, I'm mak - ing nine - ty -
track, We're o - ver-due in Mem-phis At the old log shack.
nine; For I'm the fast - est en - gine On the S. P. line.

Sailor Song

Rote Song

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

W. OTTO MIESSNER


1. Oh would-n't you like to be a tar, a tar, With a
2. Oh would-n't you like to see the sails, the sails, With a
3. Oh would-n't you like to climb the mast, the mast, With a
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! At home wher-ev - er the
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! A bil-l'wing out in the
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! And feel the spin - drift
rol - lers are, A steer - ing ship by a sil - ver star,
mon - ster gales, And may - be bump-ing a - mong the whales;
cut - ting past, While moun-tain wa - ters gal - loped fast,
Tack - ing, jack - ing, mer - ri - ly crack - ing, With a
Steer - ing, veer - ing, gai - ly we're cheer- ing, With a
Blow - ing, flow - ing, 'ter - nal - ly go - ing With a
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! Yeo ho!
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! Yeo ho!
rol - lic - ky, bol - lic - ky Bo! Yeo ho!
1, 2
3
Yeo ho!
ho!

Memorial Flowers

Reading Song

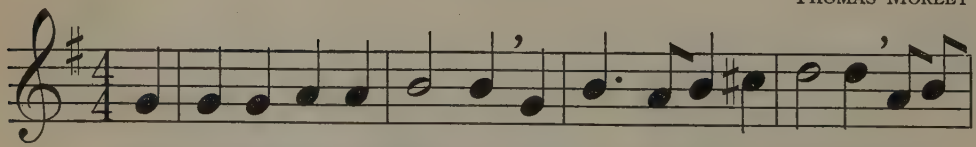
NANCY BYRD TURNER — HELEN DALLAM

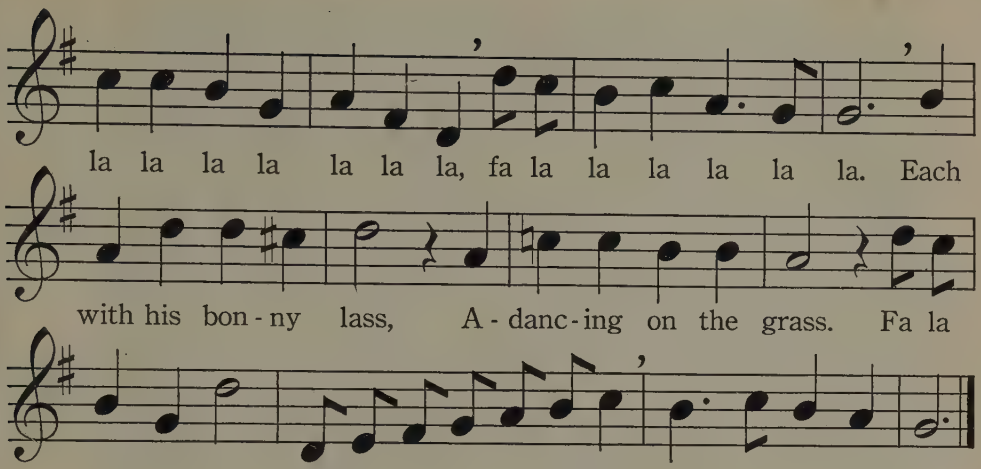
1. Just be - fore dawn Me - mo - rial Day, I think the flow'rs a - wake, And whis - p'ring to each
2. Ros - es so red by gar - den wall, White dai - sies on the hill; When first the sun - rise
3. Not one sweet flow'r but un - der - stands, Not one but soft - ly breathes, "Oh, chil - dren, come in
oth - er say, "There will be need of us to - day, For the dead sol - diers' sake."
breez - es call Sud - den - ly, swift - ly through them all Steals a sweet lov - ing thrill.
qui - et bands, Gath - er us with your gen - tle hands, And en - twine me - mo - rial wreaths!"

Now Is the Month of Maying

Reading Song

TRADITIONAL — THOMAS MORLEY




la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la. Each
with his bon - ny lass, A - danc - ing on the grass. Fa la
la la la, fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

The Passing Day

Reading Song

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

Nev - er let a gold-en day, Join the blue from whence it
came, Till in pass - ing, it dis - play Some kind
act your heart may claim, As a bless-ing up - on its way.

In Abbott Hall, Marblehead, Mass.

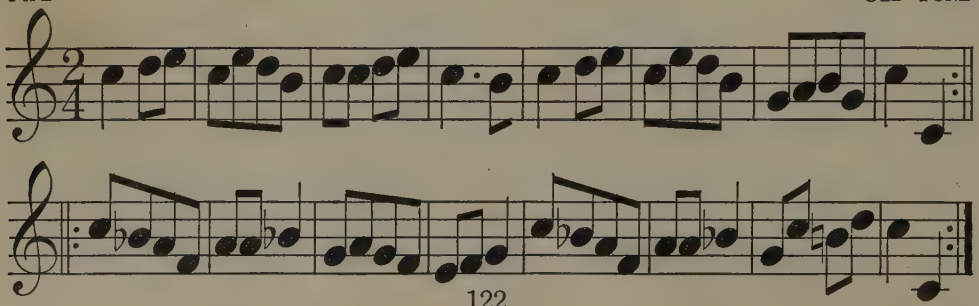
THE SPIRIT OF '76, BY WILLARD

Yankee Doodle

As Played by the Fife in Revolutionary Days

FIFE

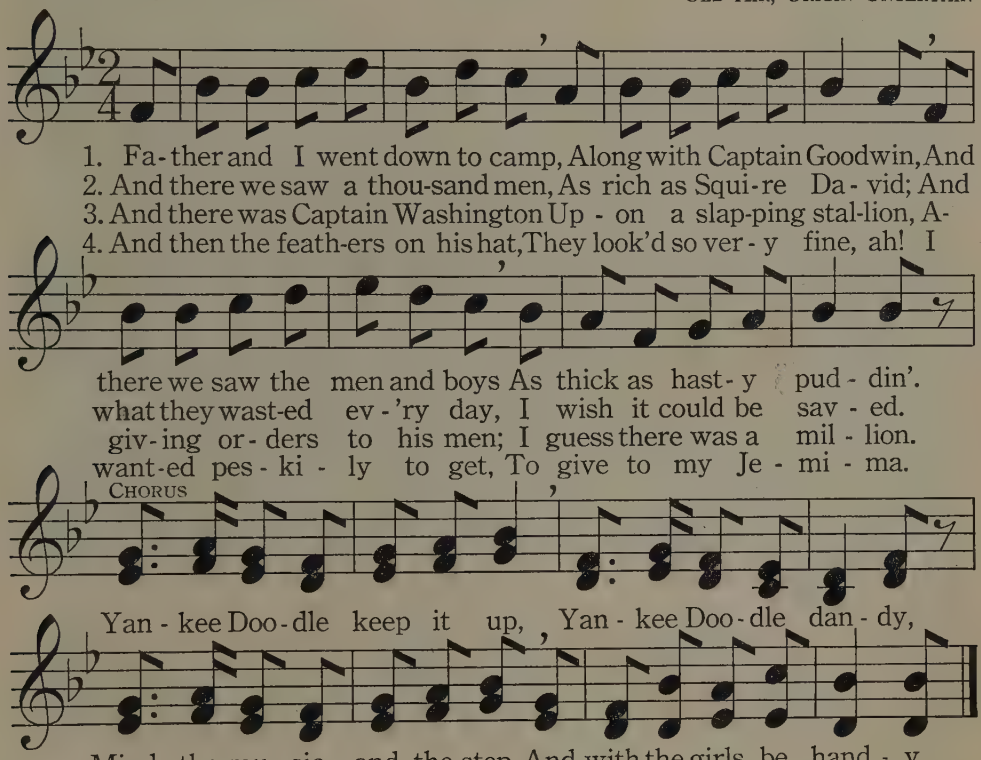
OLD TUNE



Yankee Doodle

Reading Song

DR. SHAMBURG — OLD AIR, ORIGIN UNCERTAIN


1. Fa-ther and I went down to camp, Along with Captain Goodwin, And there I saw the men and boys As thick as hast-y pud-din'.
2. And there we saw a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi-re Da-vid; And what they wast-ed ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
3. And there was Captain Washington Up-on a slap-ping stal-lion, A- giv-ing or-ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They look'd so ver-y fine, ah! I want-ed pes-ki-ly to get, To give to my Je-mi-ma.
CHORUS
Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,
Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be hand-y.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
   Big as a log of maple,
   Upon a mighty little cart;
   A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off
   It took a horn of powder;
   It made a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
   Its heads all made of leather,
   They knocked upon't with little sticks
   To call the folks together.

8. And Captain Davis had a gun,
   He kind o' clapt his hand on't,
   And stuck a crooked stabbling iron
   Upon the little end on't.

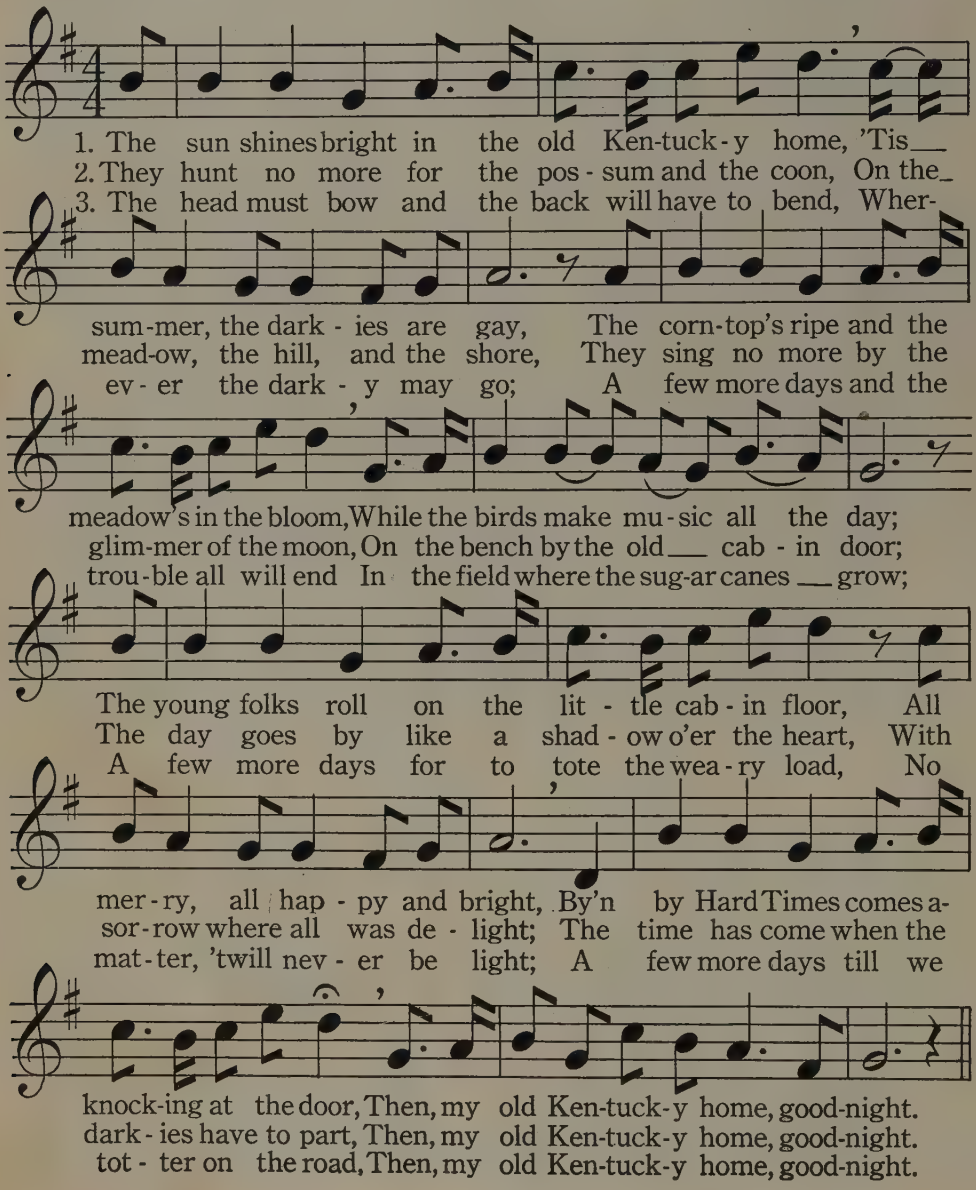
9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
   And fire right in our faces;
   It scared me almost half to death
   To see them run such races.

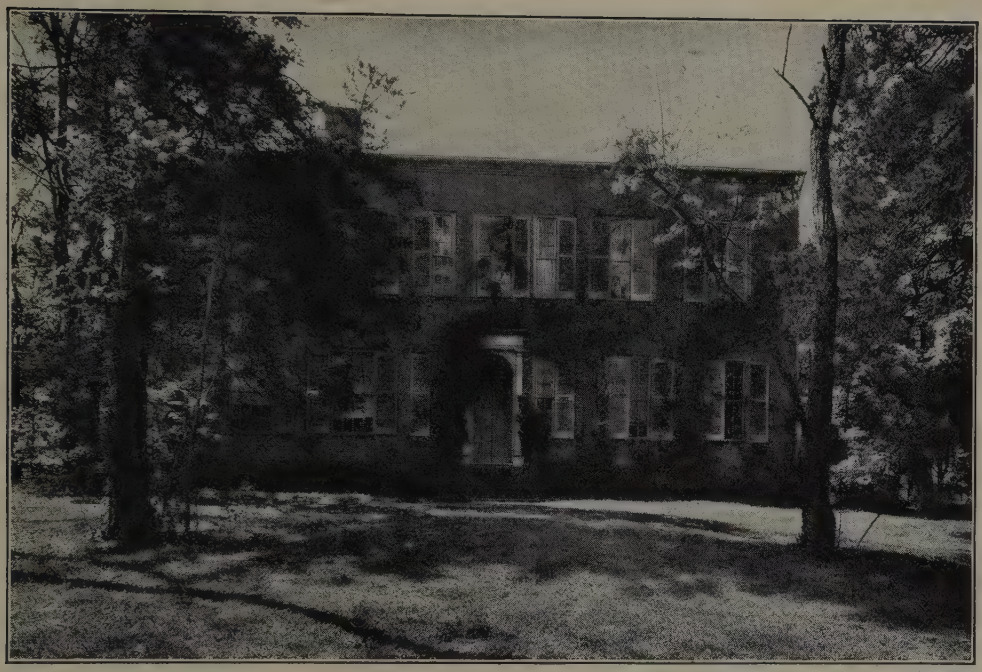
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
    Nor stopped, as I remember,
    Nor turned about till I got home,
    Locked up in mother's chamber.

My Old Kentucky Home

Rote Song

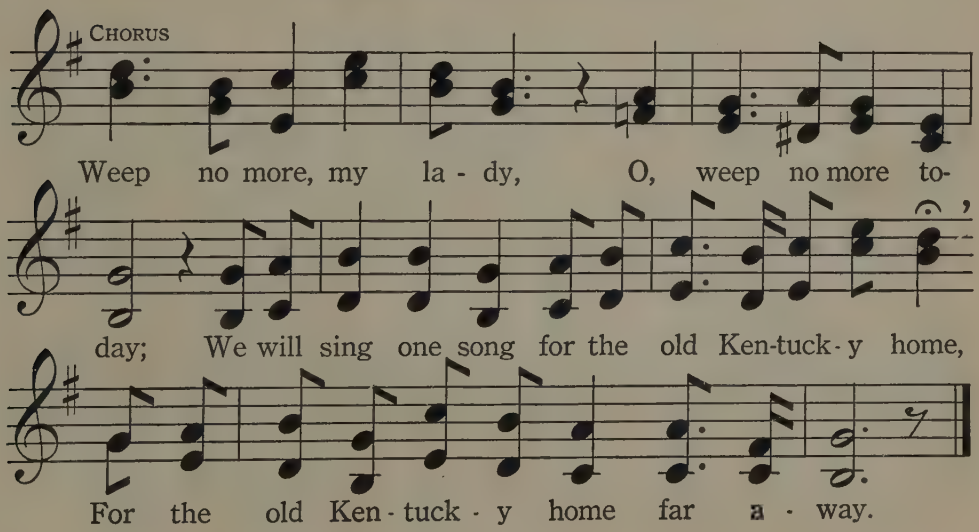
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER


1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-
sum-mer, the dark - ies are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
mead-ow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the
ev - er the dark - y may go; A few more days and the
meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the day;
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in door;
trou-ble all will end In the field where the sug-ar canes grow;
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n by Hard Times comes a-
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we
knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
dark - ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.
tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night.



Courtesy of Caufield & Shook, Inc., Louisville, Ky.

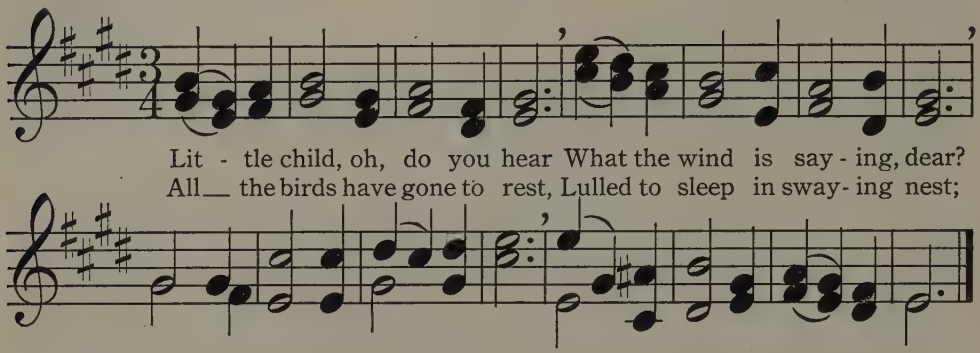
THE HOUSE AT BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, WHERE STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER COMPOSED "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."


CHORUS
Weep no more, my la - dy, O, weep no more to-
day; We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck - y home,
For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

A Lullaby

Reading Song

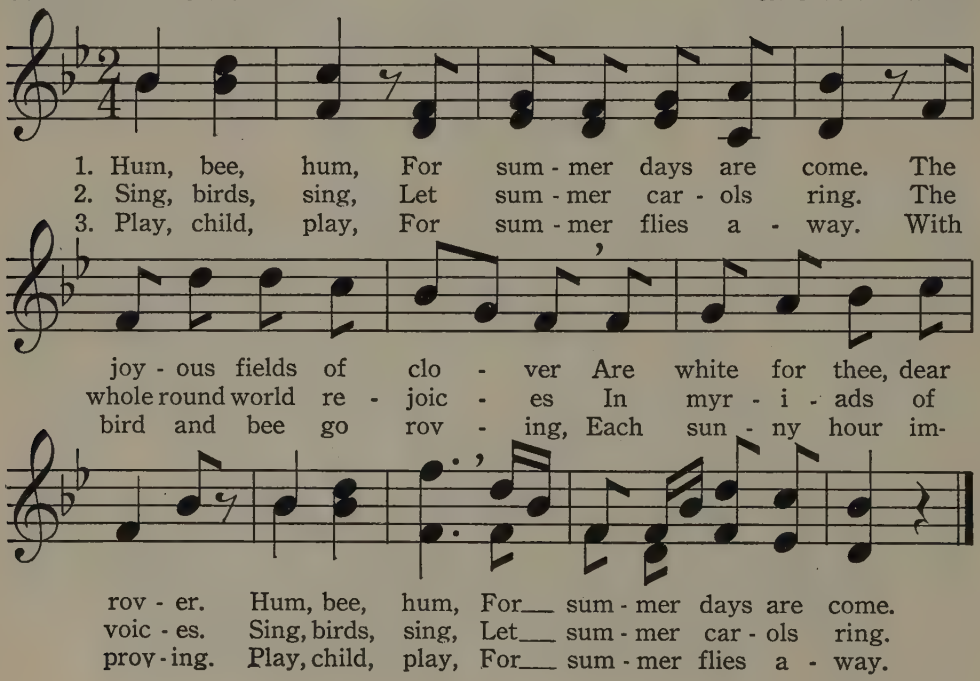
THE MODERN MUSIC SERIES — KARL VON WINTERFELD


Lit - tle child, oh, do you hear What the wind is say - ing, dear?
All__ the birds have gone to rest, Lulled to sleep in sway - ing nest;
It is mur-m'ring, "sweet good-night, Sleep and dream till morn-ing light."
Chil-dren, too, should close their eyes, While the wind sings lull - a - bies.

In Summer

Rote Song

Translated from the GERMAN — CARL M. VON WEBER

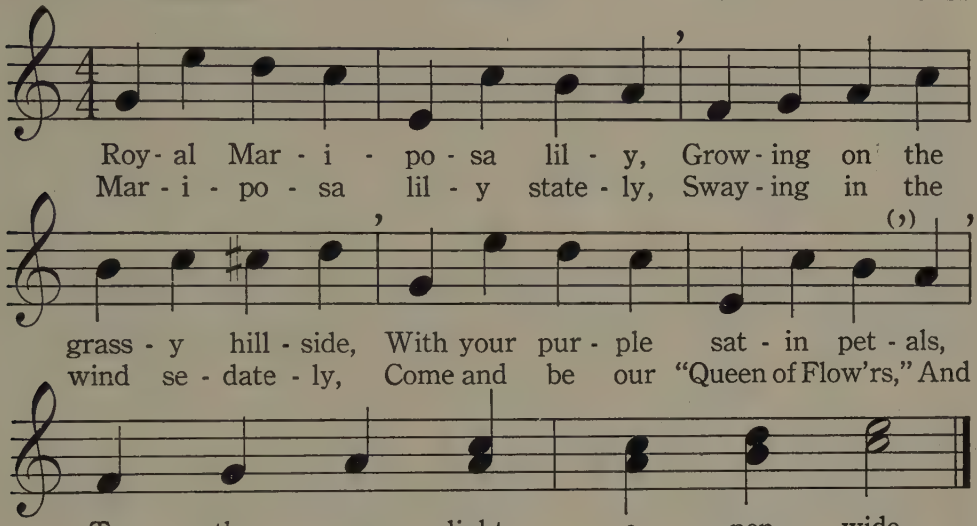

1. Hum, bee, hum, For sum - mer days are come. The
2. Sing, birds, sing, Let sum - mer car - ols ring. The
3. Play, child, play, For sum - mer flies a - way. With
joy - ous fields of clo - ver Are white for thee, dear
whole round world re - joic - es In myr - i - ads of
bird and bee go rov - ing, Each sun - ny hour im-
rov - er. Hum, bee, hum, For__ sum - mer days are come.
voic - es. Sing, birds, sing, Let__ sum - mer car - ols ring.
prov - ing. Play, child, play, For__ sum - mer flies a - way.

Mariposa Lily

Reading Song

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

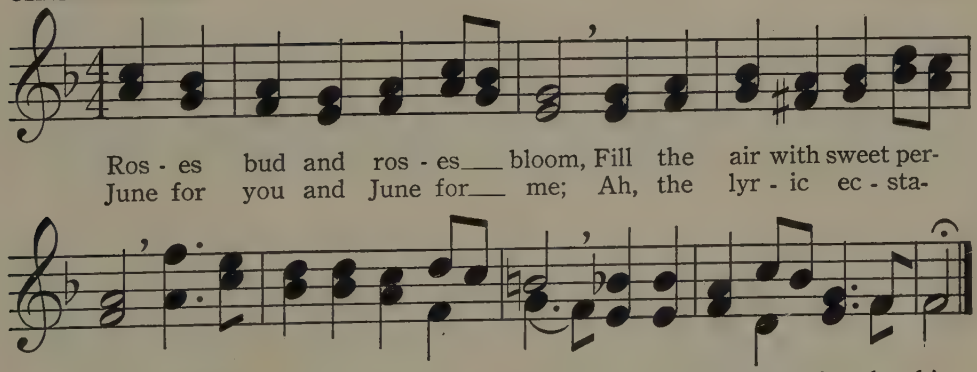

Roy - al Mar - i - po - sa lil - y, Grow - ing on the
Mar - i - po - sa lil - y state - ly, Sway - ing in the
grass - y hill - side, With your pur - ple sat - in pet - als,
wind se - date - ly, Come and be our "Queen of Flow'rs," And
To the sun - light o - pen wide.
reign through all the warm spring hours.

June

Reading Song

CLINTON SCOLLARD

CARL REINECKE

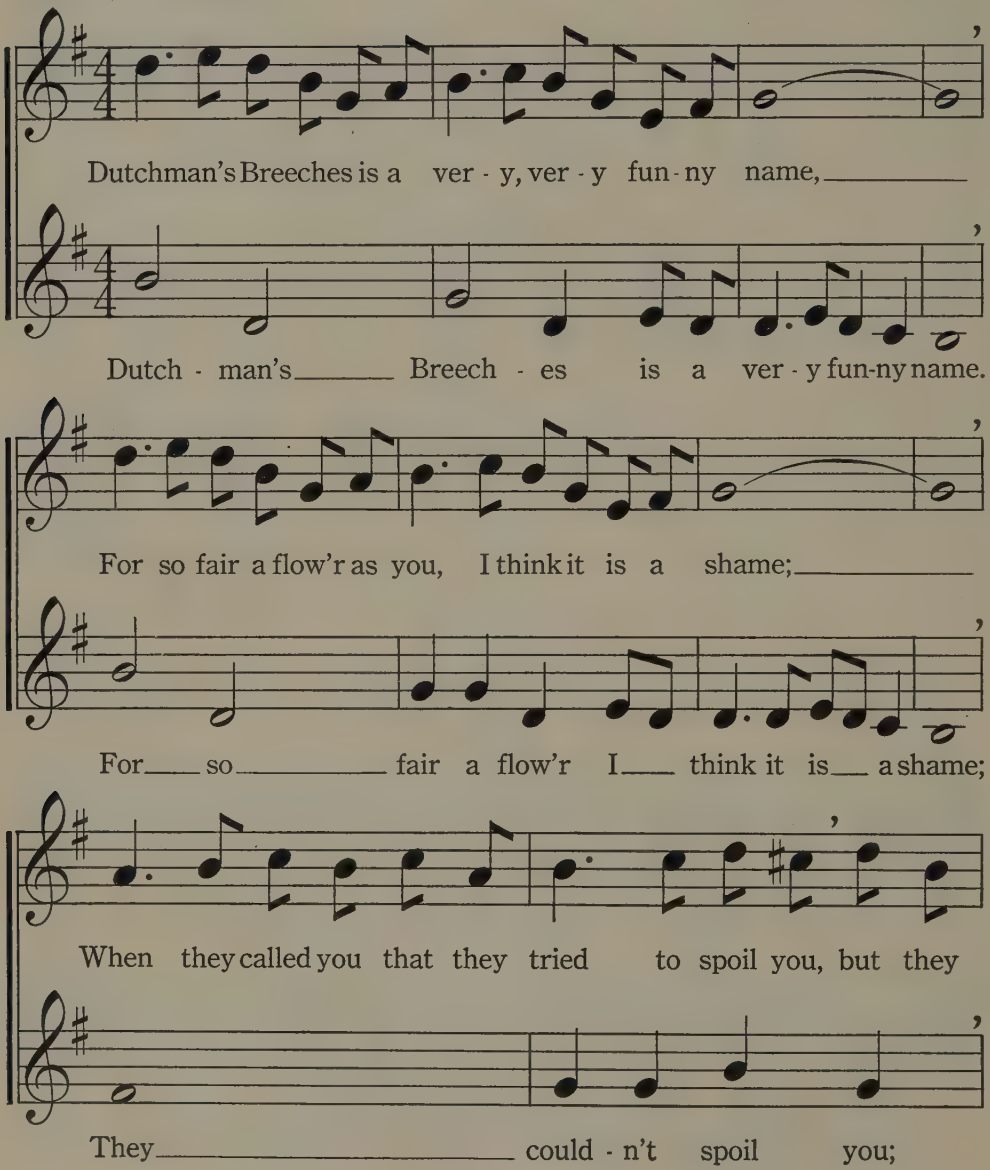

Ros - es bud and ros - es bloom, Fill the air with sweet per-
June for you and June for me; Ah, the lyr - ic ec - sta-
fume, Thrush-es call till day - light dies, Till the stars are in the skies.
cy! Joy in - deed, if we had here, Love - ly June through all the year!

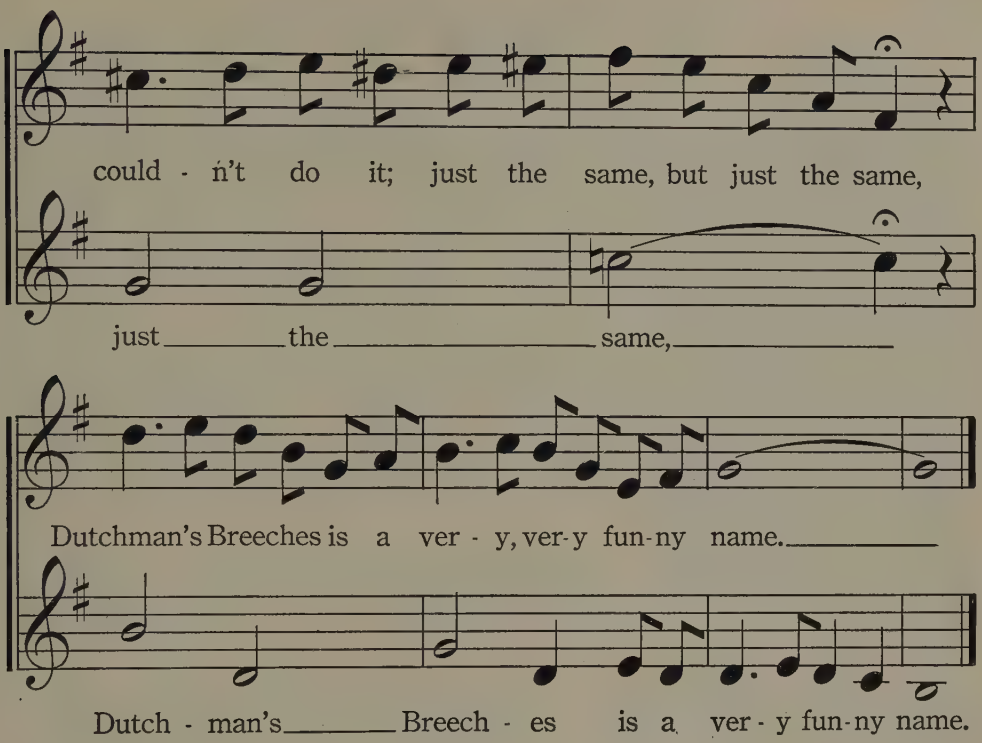
Dutchman's Breeches

Reading Song

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER

ANNIE M. C. OSTRANDER


Dutchman's Breeches is a ver - y, ver - y fun - ny name,
Dutch - man's Breech - es is a ver - y fun-ny name.
For so fair a flow'r as you, I think it is a shame;
For so fair a flow'r I think it is a shame;
When they called you that they tried to spoil you, but they
They could - n't spoil you;

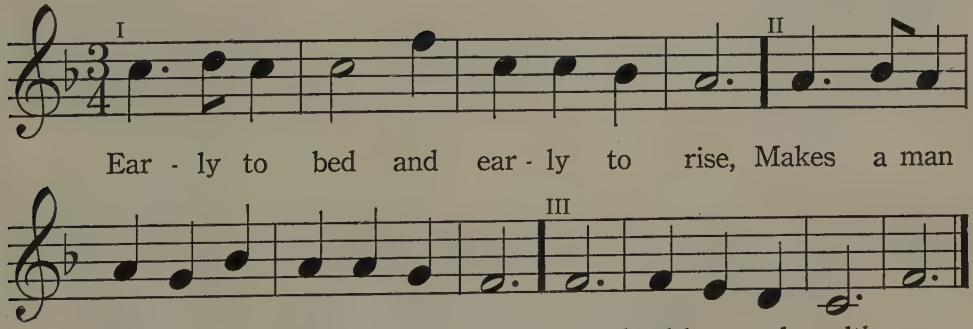

could - n't do it; just the same, but just the same,
just the same,
Dutchman's Breeches is a ver - y, ver-y fun-ny name.
Dutch - man's Breech - es is a ver - y fun-ny name.

Early to Bed

Three-Part Round

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

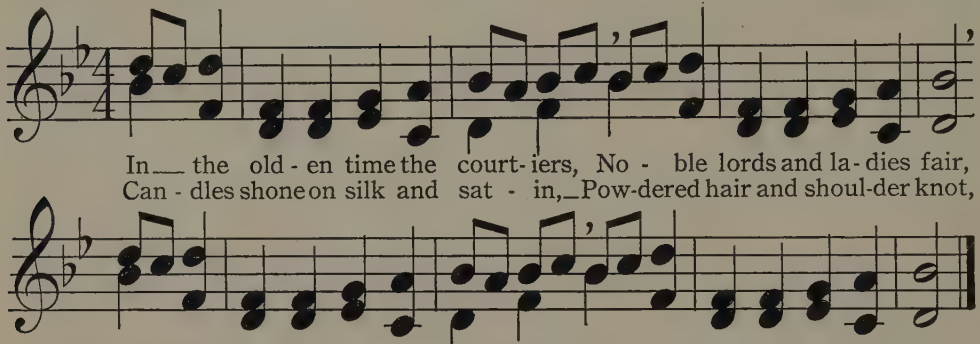
OLD ENGLISH ROUND



Dancing the Old Gavotte

Reading Song

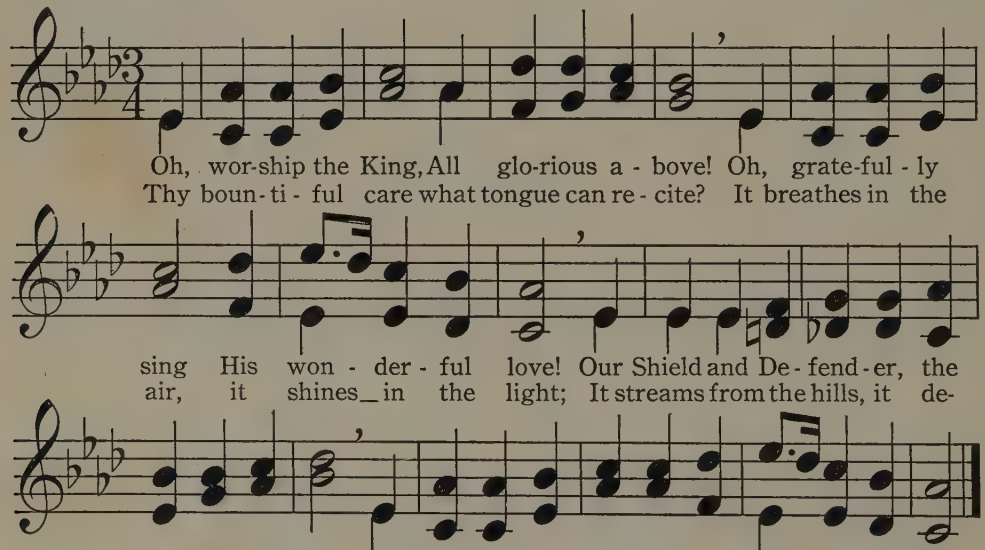
NANCY BYRD TURNER — JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH


In the old-en time the court-iers, No-ble lords and la-dies fair,
Can-dles shone on silk and sat-in, Pow-dered hair and shoul-der knot,
Danced with grace a state-ly meas-ure With a slow, ma-jes-tic air.
When the no-ble lords and la-dies Danced the grace-ful old ga-votte.

Oh, Worship the King

Reading Song

SIR ROBERT GRANT — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN


Oh, wor-ship the King, All glo-rious a-bove! Oh, grate-ful-ly
Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
sing His won-der-ful love! Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.

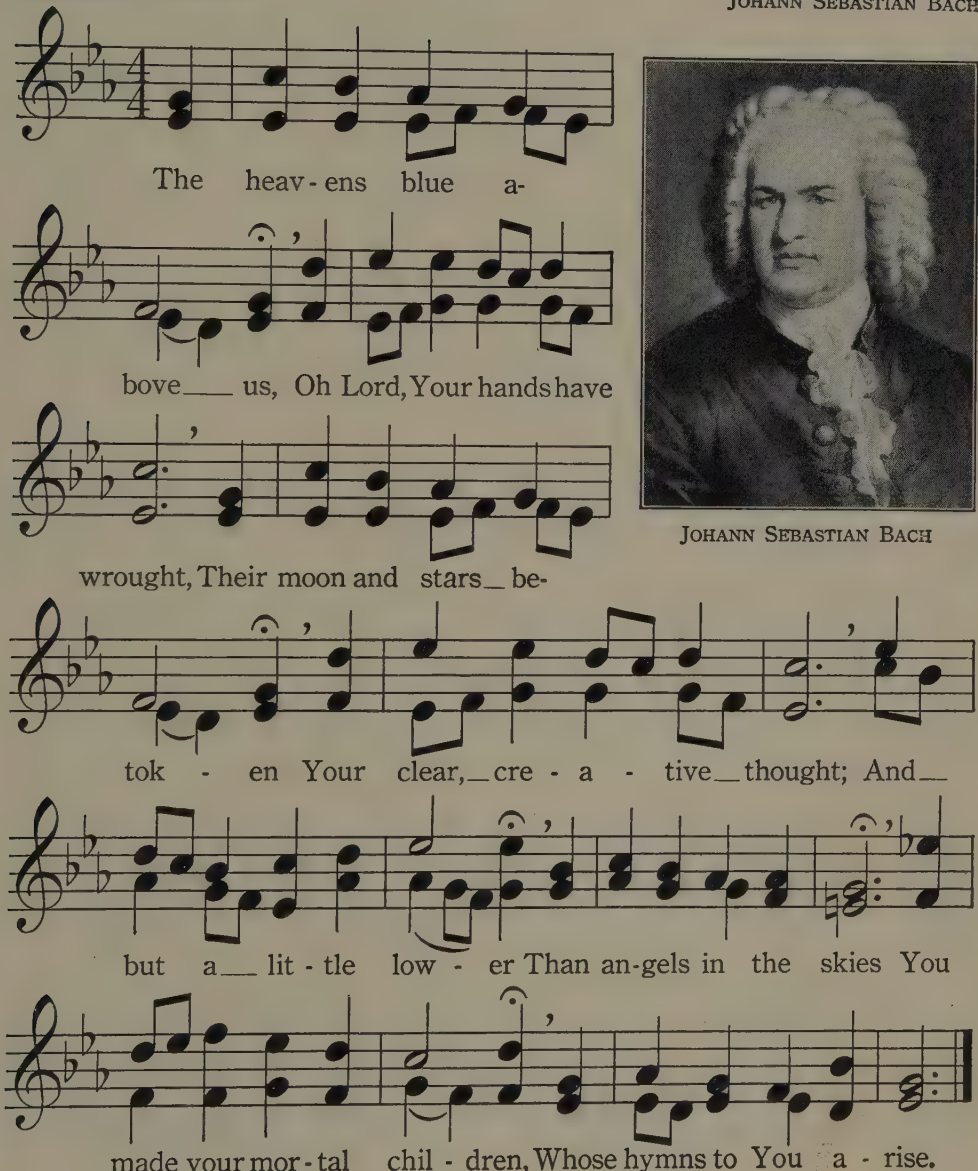
The Eighth Psalm

Reading Song

Paraphrased by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

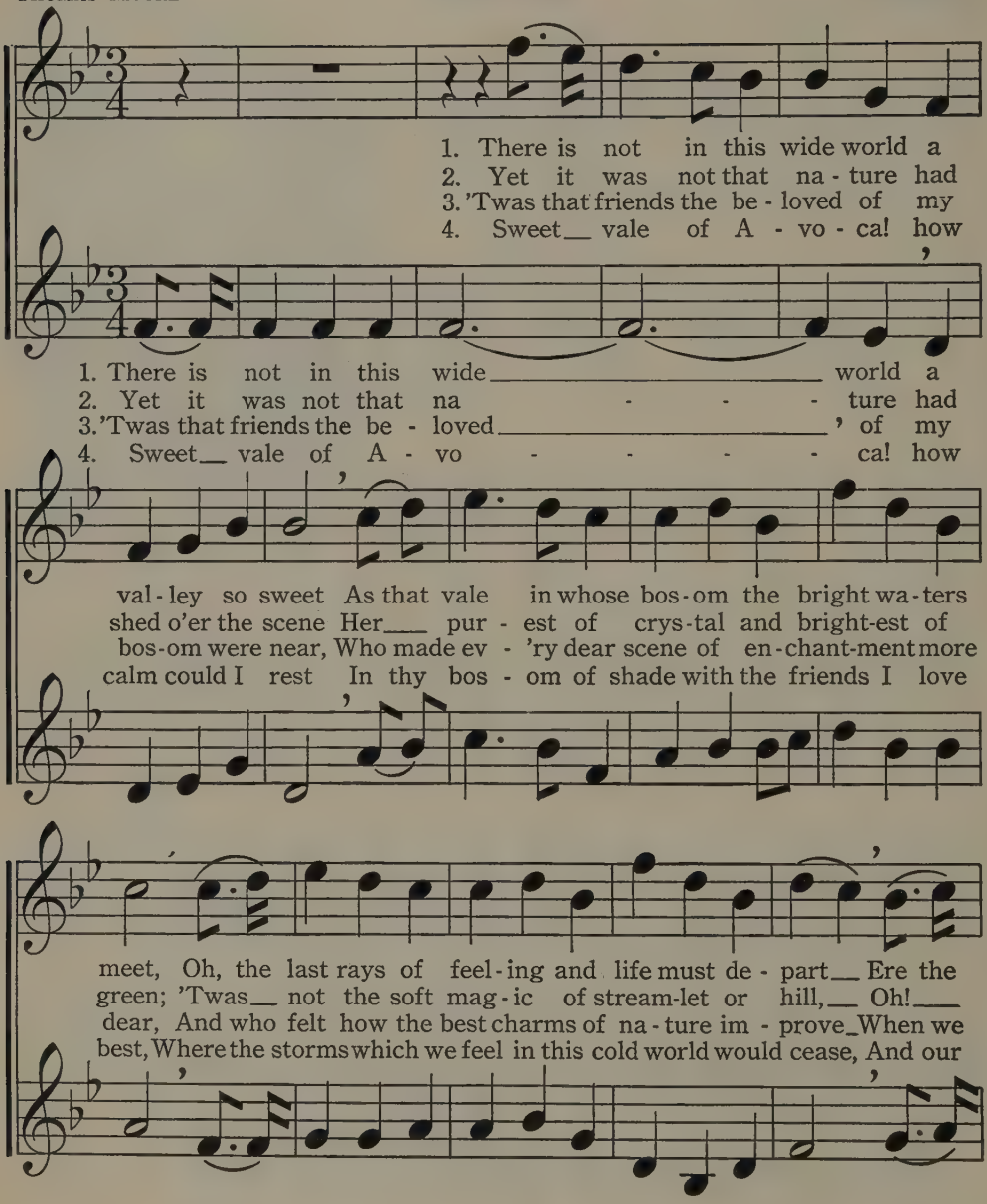
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

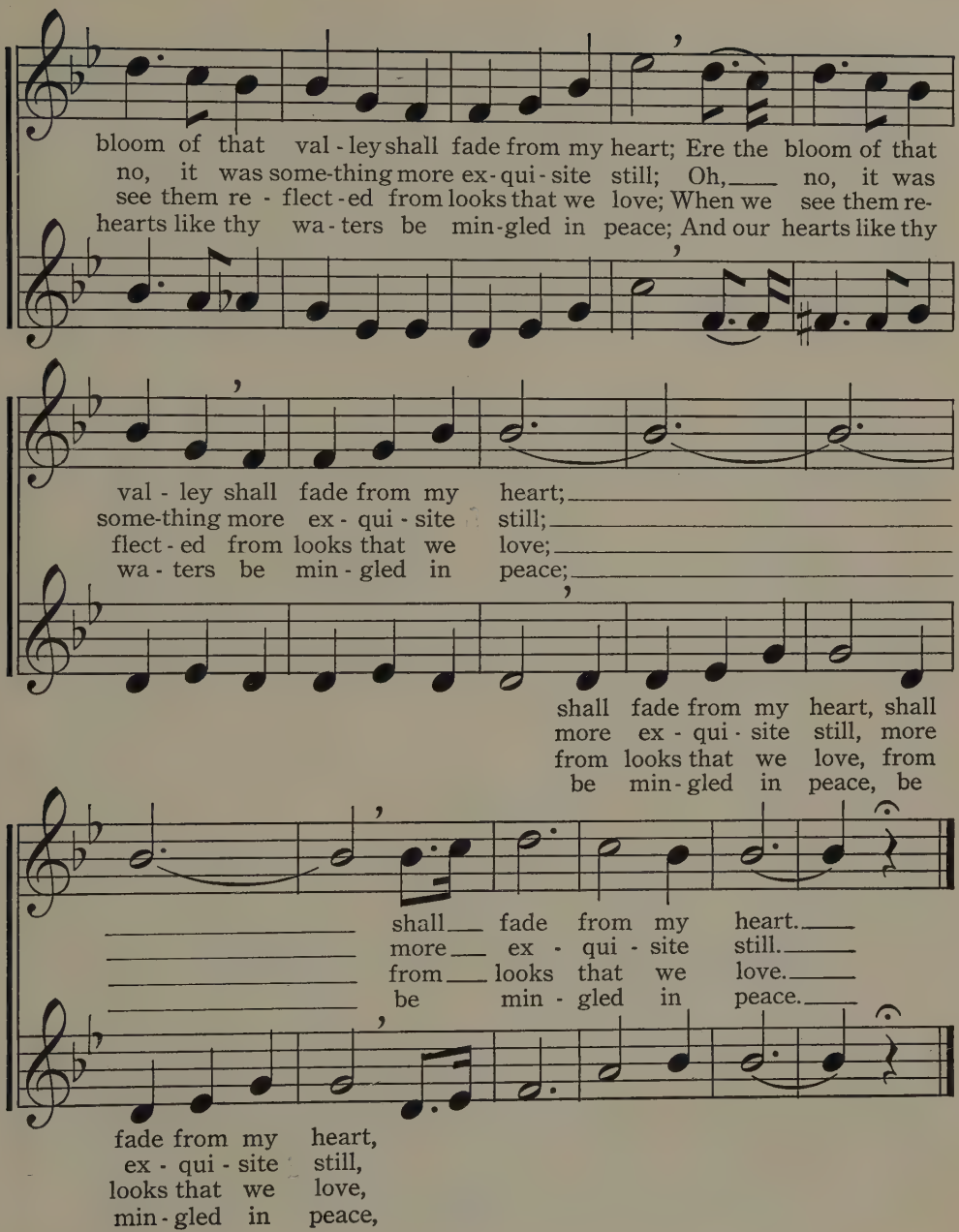

The heav - ens blue a-
bove___ us, Oh Lord, Your hands have
wrought, Their moon and stars_ be-
tok - en Your clear,_cre - a - tive_thought; And_
but a___ lit - tle low - er Than an-gels in the skies You
made your mor - tal chil - dren, Whose hymns to You a - rise.

The Meeting of the Waters

Reading Song

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

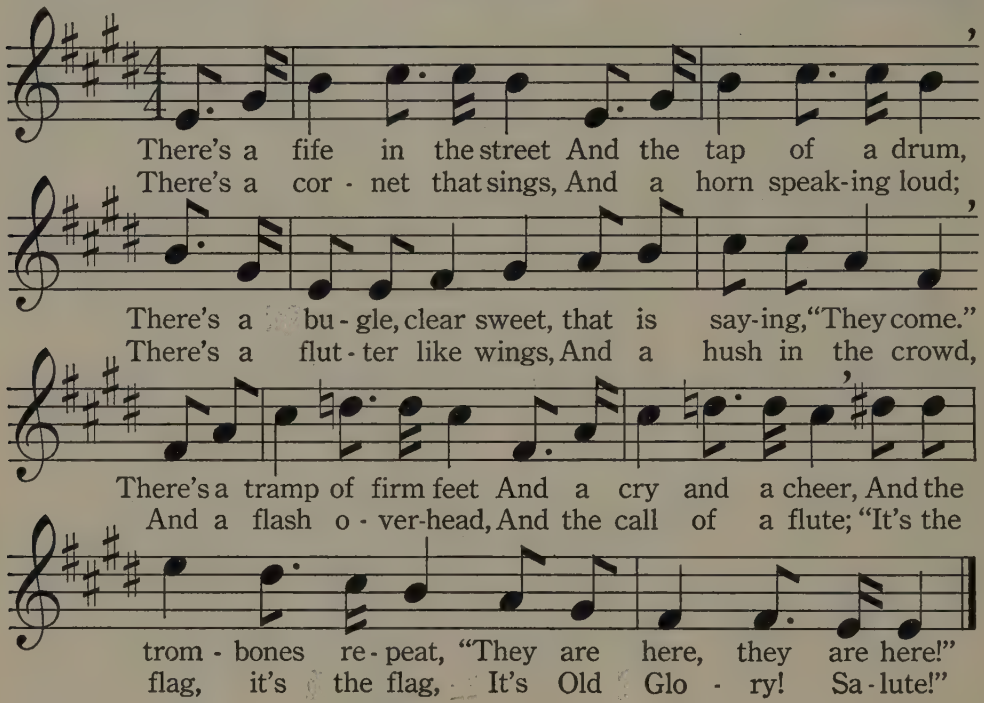

1. There is not in this wide world a
2. Yet it was not that na - ture had
3. 'Twas that friends the be - loved of my
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how
1. There is not in this wide world a
2. Yet it was not that na - ture had
3. 'Twas that friends the be - loved of my
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how
val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters
shed o'er the scene Her pur - est of crys - tal and bright - est of
bos - om were near, Who made ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more
calm could I rest In thy bos - om of shade with the friends I love
meet, Oh, the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part Ere the
green; 'Twas not the soft mag - ic of stream - let or hill, Oh!
dear, And who felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove When we
best, Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease, And our


bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart; Ere the bloom of that
no, it was some-thing more ex - qui - site still; Oh, no, it was
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love; When we see them re-
hearts like thy wa - ters be min - gled in peace; And our hearts like thy
val - ley shall fade from my heart;
some-thing more ex - qui - site still;
flect - ed from looks that we love;
wa - ters be min - gled in peace;
shall fade from my heart, shall
more ex - qui - site still, more
from looks that we love, from
be min - gled in peace, be
shall fade from my heart.
more ex - qui - site still.
from looks that we love.
be min - gled in peace.
fade from my heart,
ex - qui - site still,
looks that we love,
min - gled in peace,

On the Fourth

Reading Song

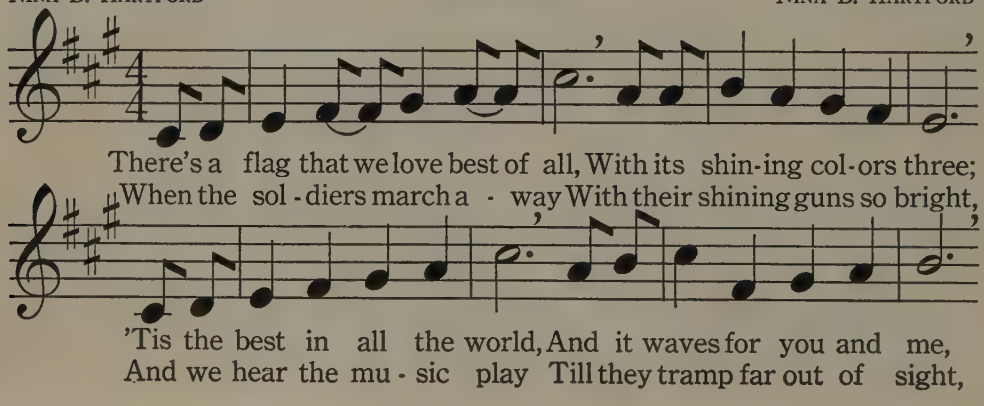
NANCY BYRD TURNER — FELIX BOROWSKI

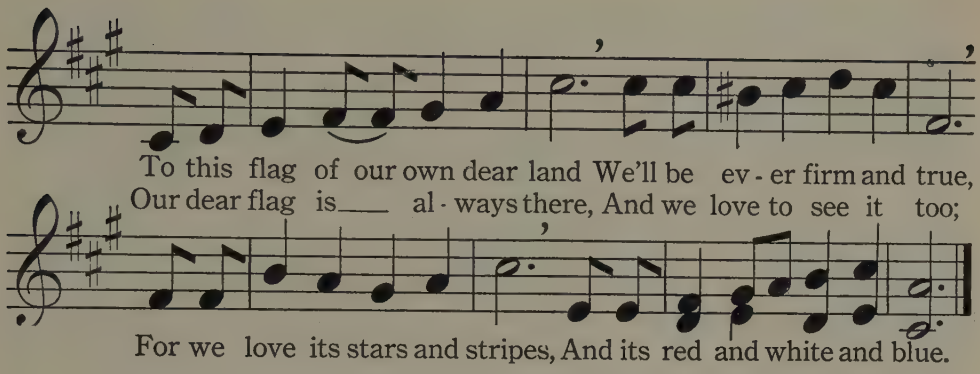

There's a fife in the street And the tap of a drum,
There's a cor - net that sings, And a horn speak-ing loud;
There's a bu - gle, clear sweet, that is say-ing, "They come."
There's a flut - ter like wings, And a hush in the crowd,
There's a tramp of firm feet And a cry and a cheer, And the
And a flash o - ver-head, And the call of a flute; "It's the
trom - bones re - peat, "They are here, they are here!"
flag, it's the flag, It's Old Glo - ry! Sa - lute!"

Flag Song

Reading Song

NINA B. HARTFORD — NINA B. HARTFORD

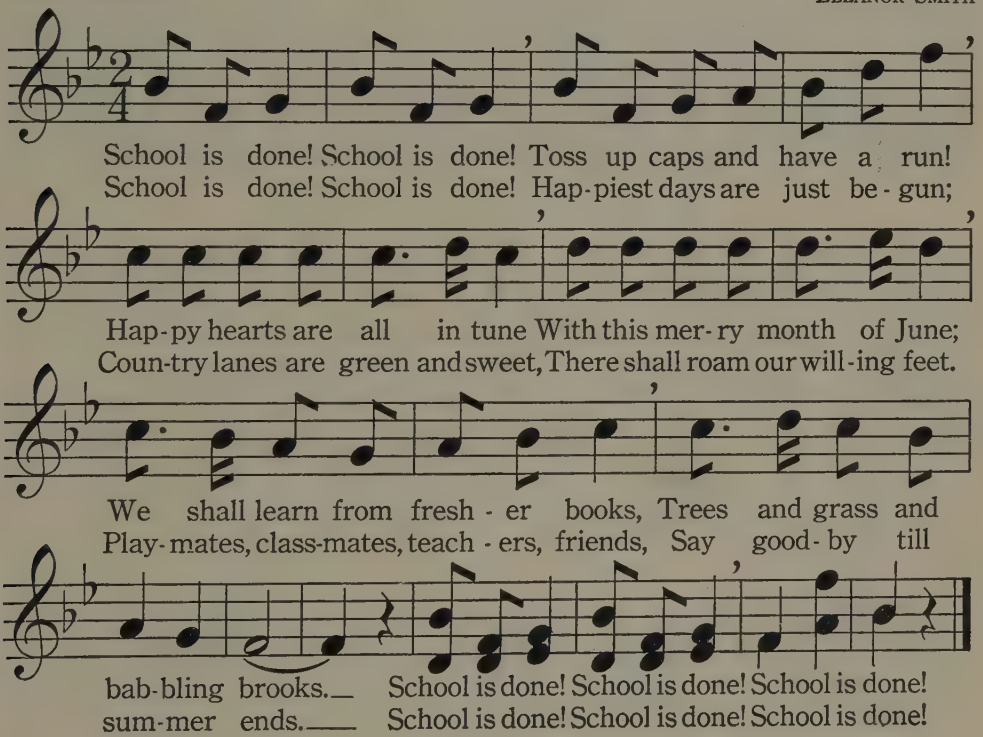

There's a flag that we love best of all, With its shin-ing col-ors three;
When the sol - diers march a - way With their shining guns so bright,
'Tis the best in all the world, And it waves for you and me,
And we hear the mu - sic play Till they tramp far out of sight,

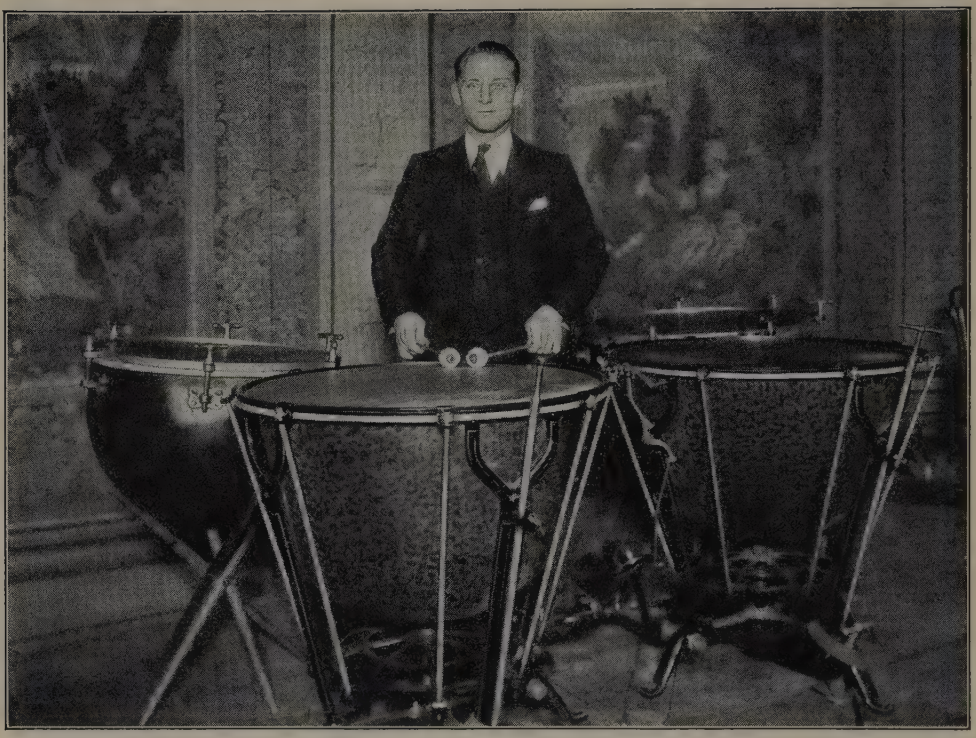

To this flag of our own dear land We'll be ev - er firm and true,
Our dear flag is al - ways there, And we love to see it too;
For we love its stars and stripes, And its red and white and blue.

Vacation Song

Reading Song

LULA CURRAN ELEANOR SMITH


School is done! School is done! Toss up caps and have a run!
School is done! School is done! Hap-piest days are just be - gun;
Hap-py hearts are all in tune With this mer-ry month of June;
Coun-try lanes are green and sweet, There shall roam our will-ing feet.
We shall learn from fresh - er books, Trees and grass and
Play-mates, class-mates, teach - ers, friends, Say good-by till
bab-bling brooks. School is done! School is done! School is done!
sum-mer ends. School is done! School is done! School is done!



SAUL GOODMAN PLAYING THE TYMPANI

Ballet Music from "Samson and Delilah"

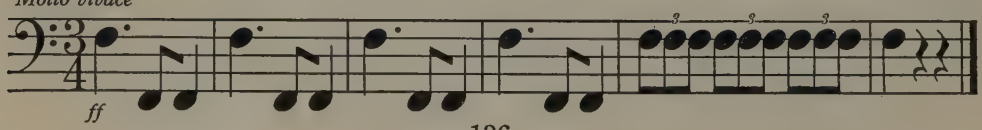
TYMPANI — CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Allegro moderato

Scherzo from the Ninth Symphony

TYMPANI — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Molto vivace

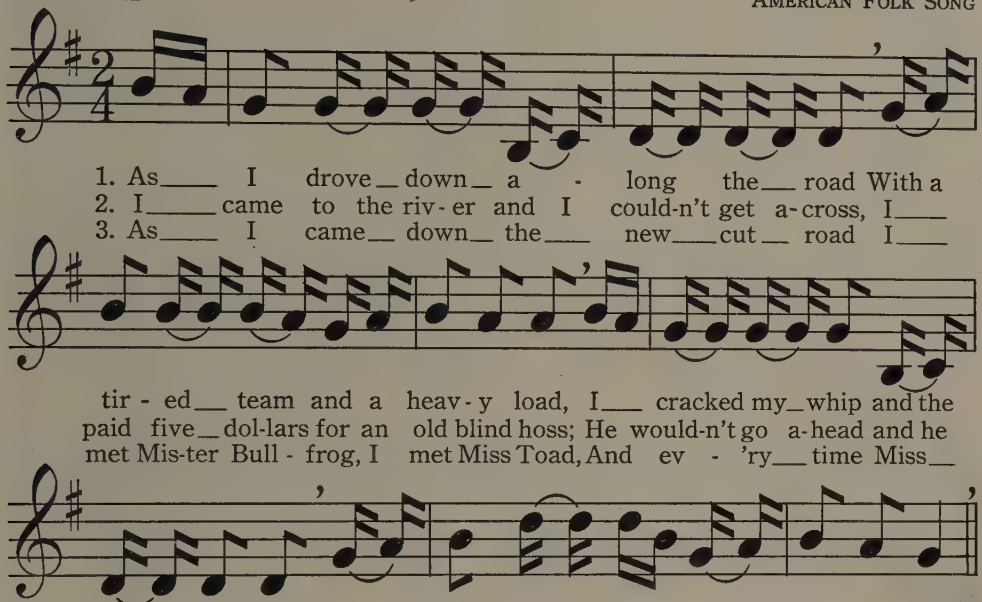


Turkey in the Straw

Rote Song

TRADITIONAL

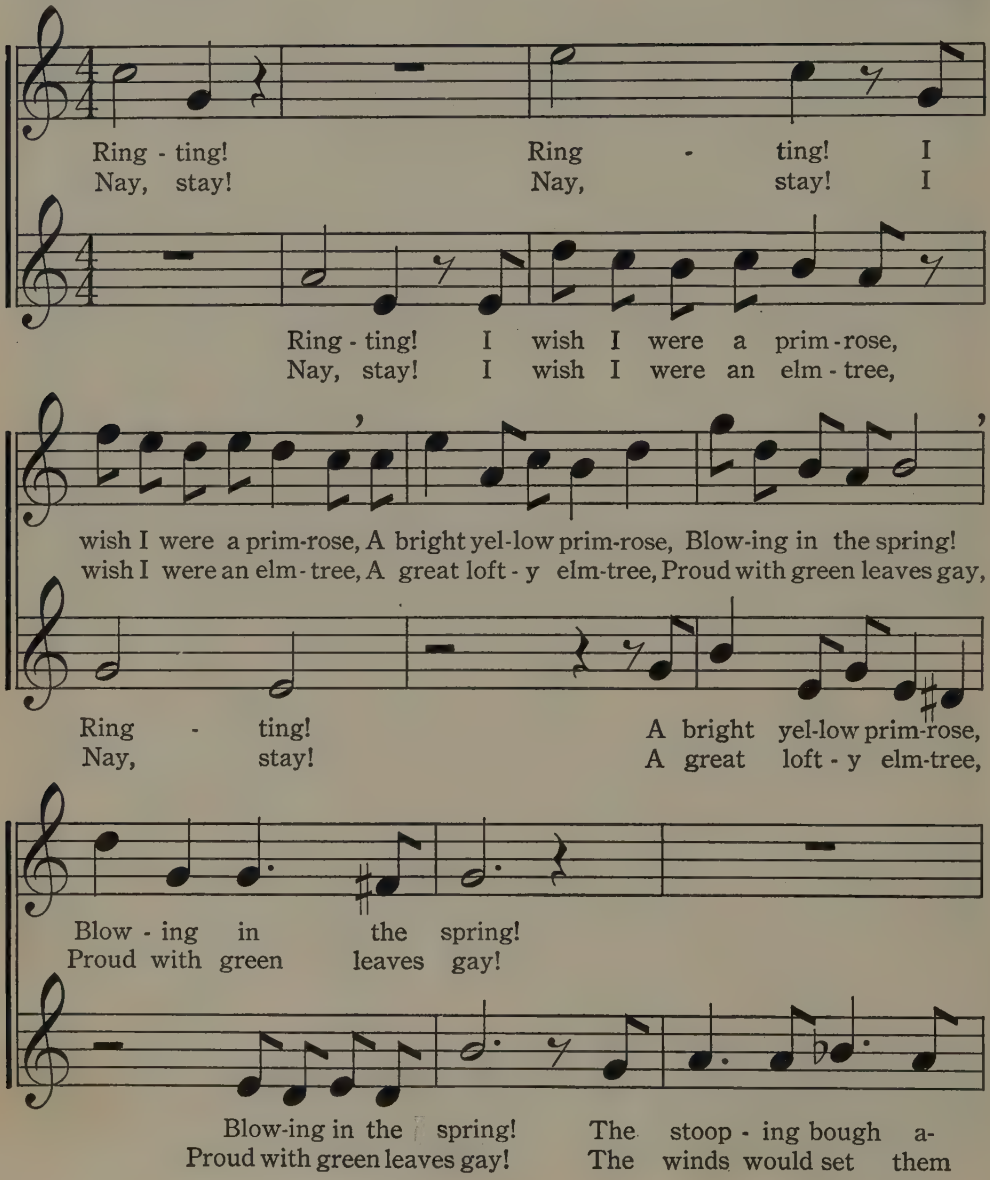
AMERICAN FOLK SONG

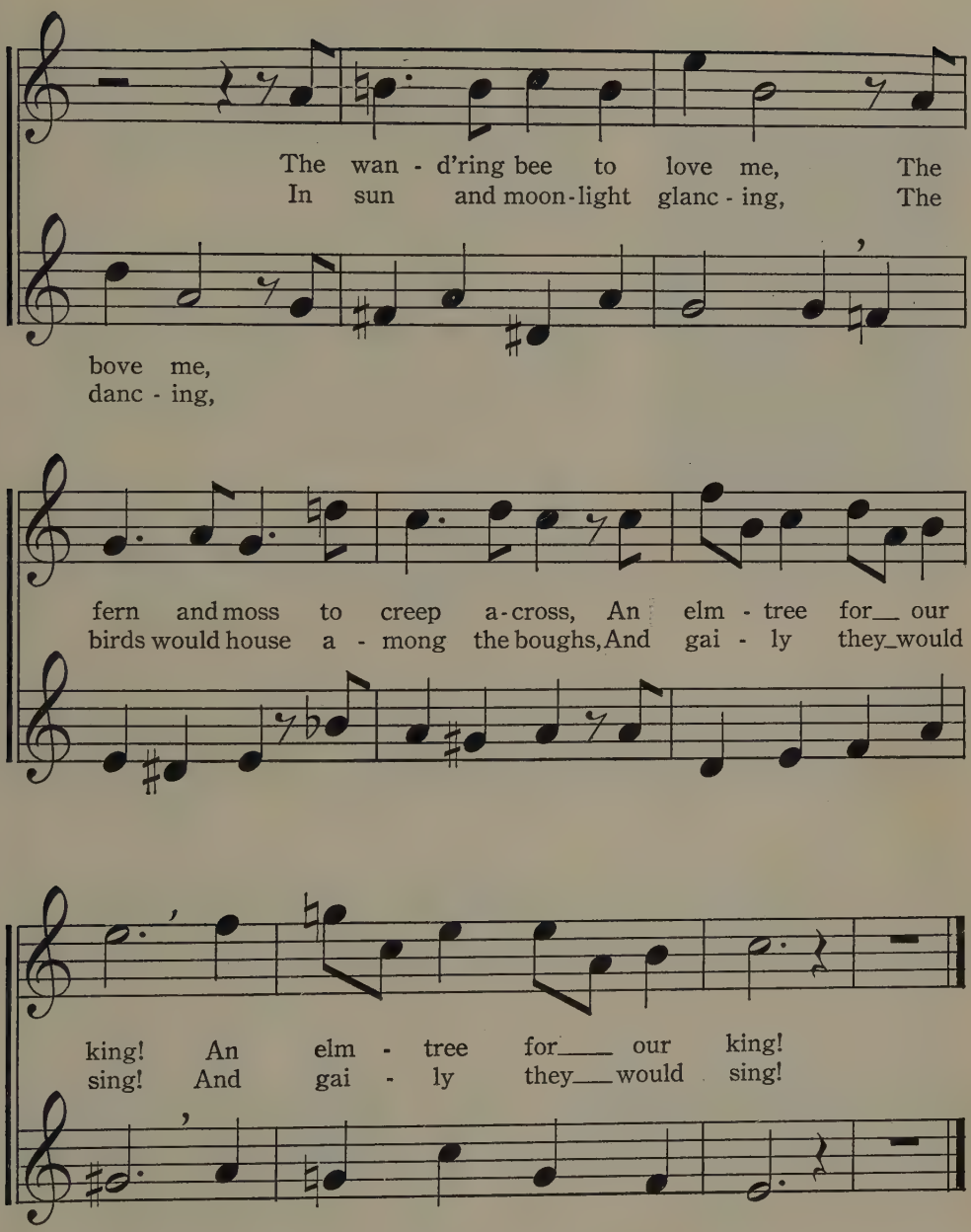

1. As I drove down a long the road With a
2. I came to the riv-er and I could-n't get a-cross, I
3. As I came down the new cut road I
tir-ed team and a heav-y load, I cracked my whip and the
paid five dol-lars for an old blind hoss; He would-n't go a-head and he
met Mis-ter Bull-frog, I met Miss Toad, And ev-'ry time Miss
lead-er sprung; I said good-by to the wag-on tongue.
would-n't stand still, So he went up and down like an old saw mill.
Toad would sing Old Bull-frog cut a pi-geon-wing.
Tur-key in the straw, Tur-key in the hay, Tune up the fid-dles
Doo-dle de day, With a hop and a spring and a
high tuck-a-haw Strike up the tune called Tur-key in the Straw.

Wishing

Reading Song

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM — W. OTTO MIESSNER


Ring - ting! Ring - ting! I
Nay, stay! Nay, stay! I
Ring - ting! I wish I were a prim - rose,
Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm - tree,
wish I were a prim-rose, A bright yel-low prim-rose, Blow-ing in the spring!
wish I were an elm - tree, A great loft - y elm-tree, Proud with green leaves gay,
Ring - ting! A bright yel-low prim-rose,
Nay, stay! A great loft - y elm-tree,
Blow - ing in the spring!
Proud with green leaves gay!
Blow-ing in the spring! The stoop - ing bough a-
Proud with green leaves gay! The winds would set them


The wan - d'ring bee to love me, The
In sun and moon-light glanc - ing, The
bove me,
danc - ing,
fern and moss to creep a-cross, An elm - tree for our
birds would house a - mong the boughs, And gai - ly they would
king! An elm - tree for our king!
sing! And gai - ly they would sing!

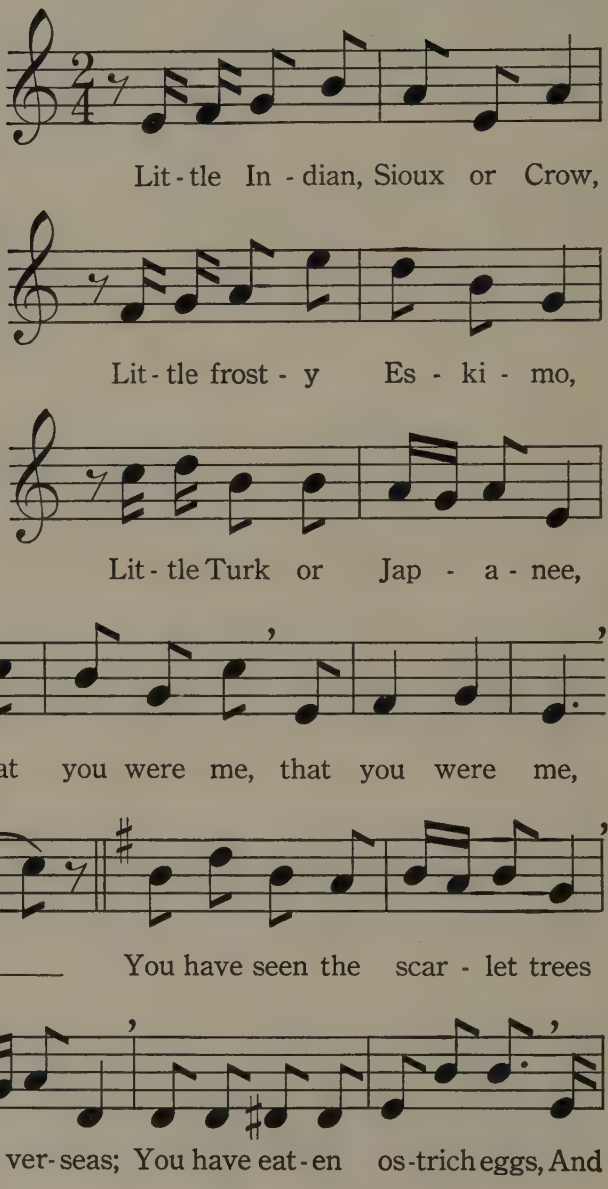
Foreign Children

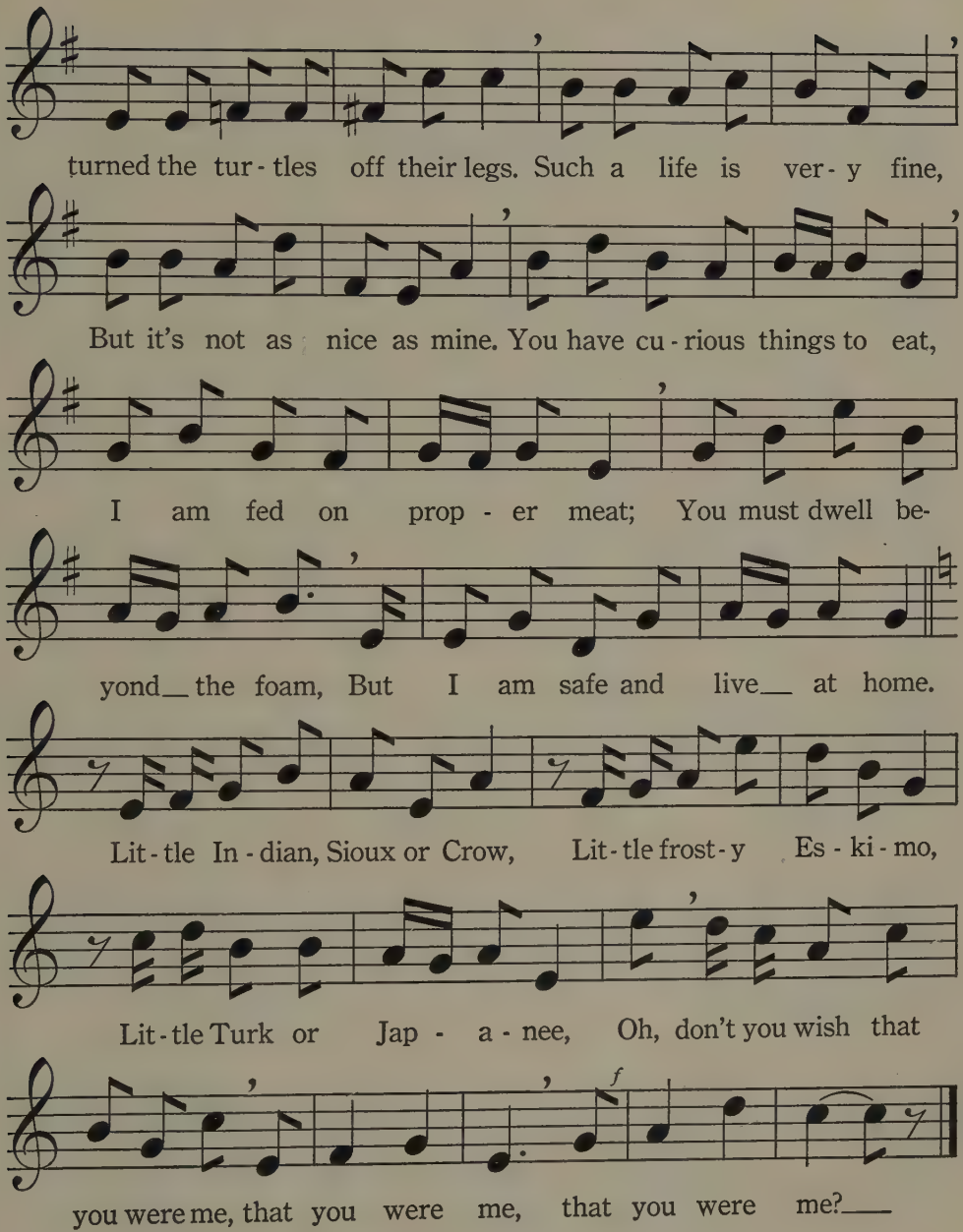
Rote Song

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

VICTOR HERBERT

VICTOR HERBERT

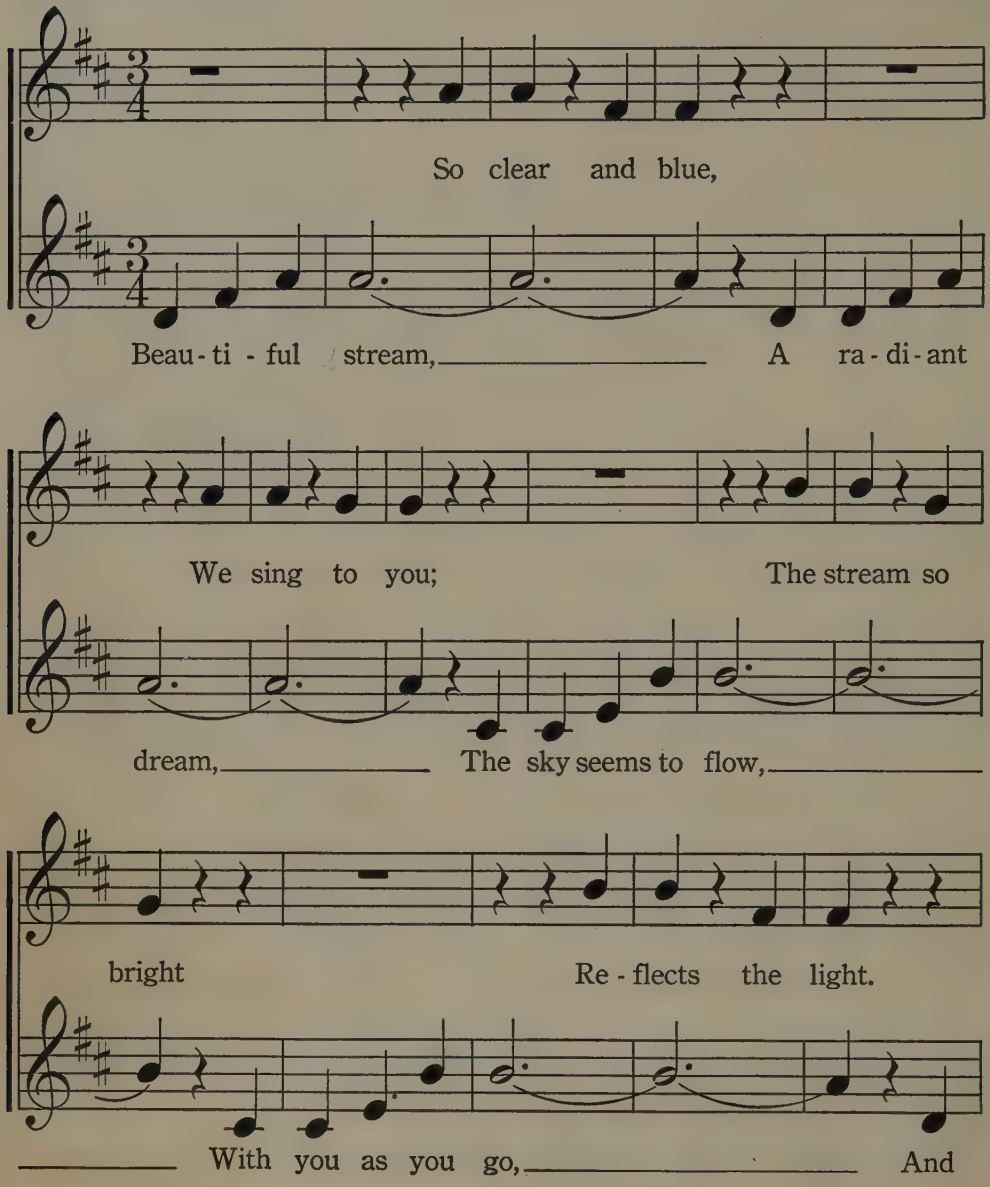

Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux or Crow,
Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,
Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me, that you were me,
that you were me?____ You have seen the scar - let trees
And the li - ons o - ver - seas; You have eat - en os - trich eggs, And

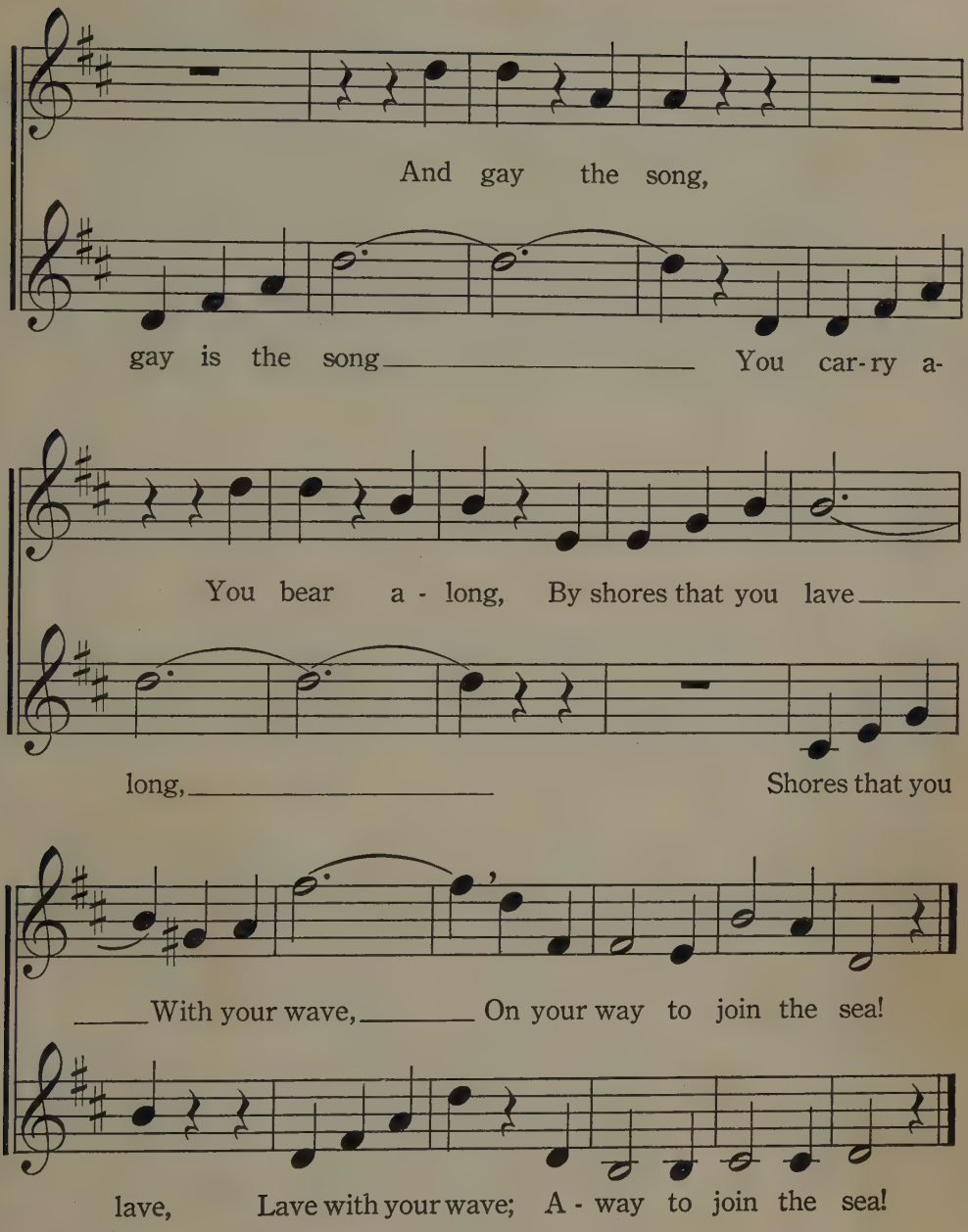

turned the tur - tles off their legs. Such a life is ver - y fine,
But it's not as nice as mine. You have cu - rious things to eat,
I am fed on prop - er meat; You must dwell be-
yond the foam, But I am safe and live at home.
Lit - tle In - dian, Sioux or Crow, Lit - tle frost - y Es - ki - mo,
Lit - tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that
f
you were me, that you were me, that you were me?

The Beautiful Blue Danube

Reading Song

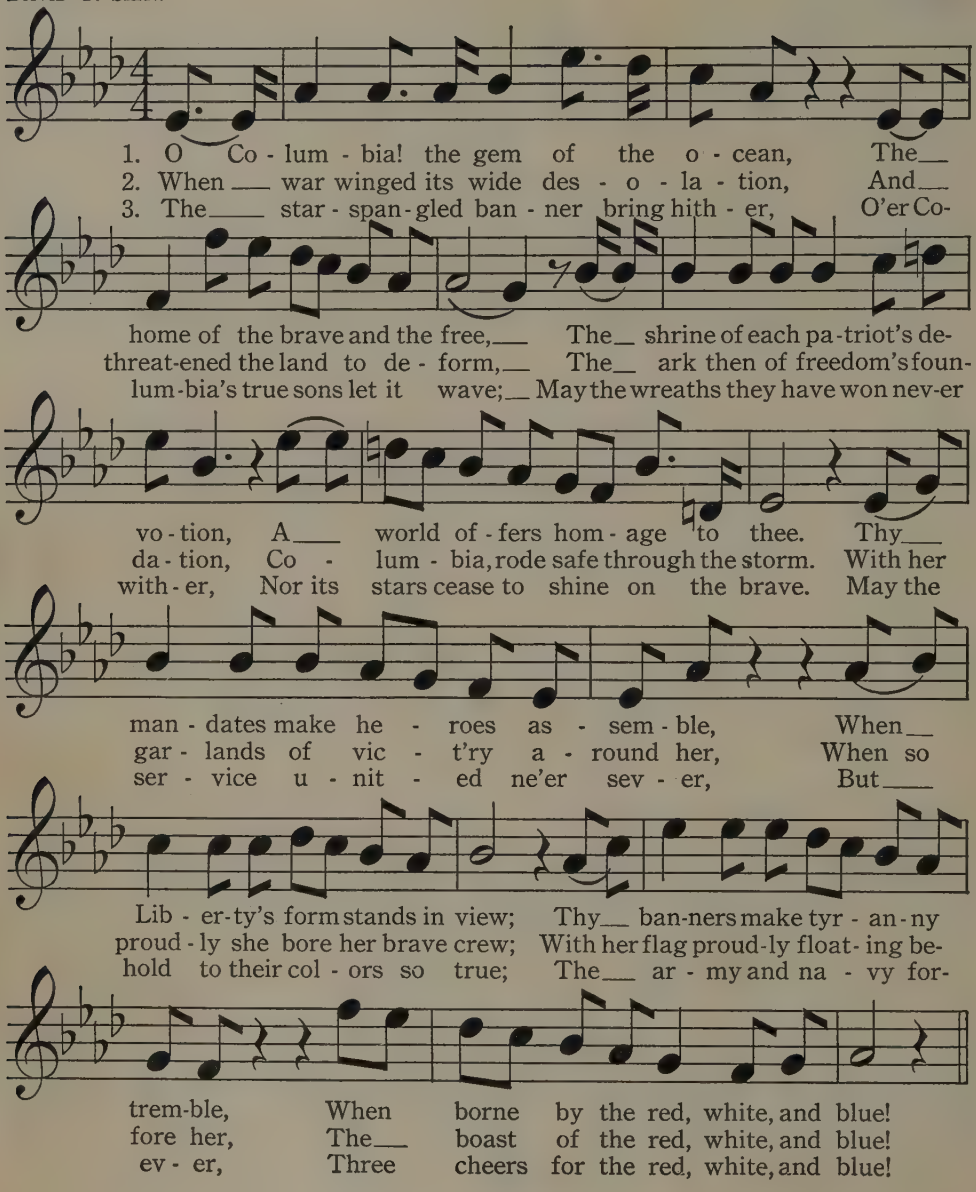
FREDERICK H. MARTENS — JOHANN STRAUSS


So clear and blue,
Beau-ti-ful stream, A ra-di-ant
We sing to you; The stream so
dream, The sky seems to flow,
bright Re-flects the light.
With you as you go, And


And gay the song,
gay is the song You car-ry a-
You bear a - long, By shores that you lave
long, Shores that you
With your wave, On your way to join the sea!
lave, Lave with your wave; A - way to join the sea!

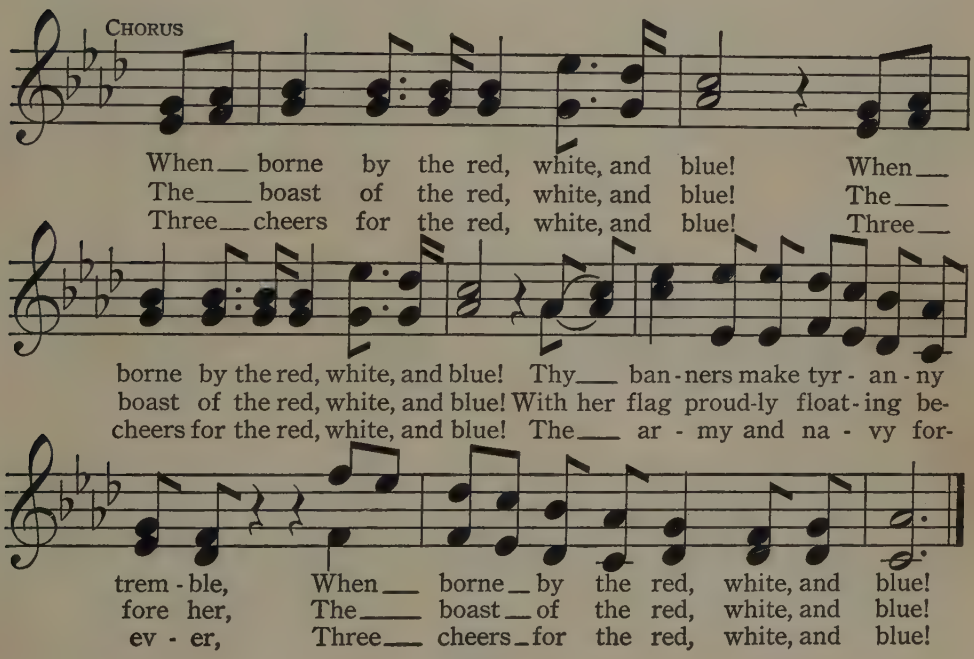
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

DAVID T. SHAW DAVID T. SHAW


1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The__
2. When__ war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And__
3. The__ star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-
home of the brave and the free,__ The__ shrine of each pa-triot's de-
threat-ened the land to de - form,__ The__ ark then of freedom's foun-
lum-bia's true sons let it wave;__ May the wreaths they have won nev-er
vo - tion, A__ world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy__
da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe through the storm. With her
with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the
man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When__
gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But__
Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; Thy__ ban-ners make tyr - an - ny
proud - ly she bore her brave crew; With her flag proud-ly float - ing be-
hold to their col - ors so true; The__ ar - my and na - vy for-
trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
fore her, The__ boast of the red, white, and blue!
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

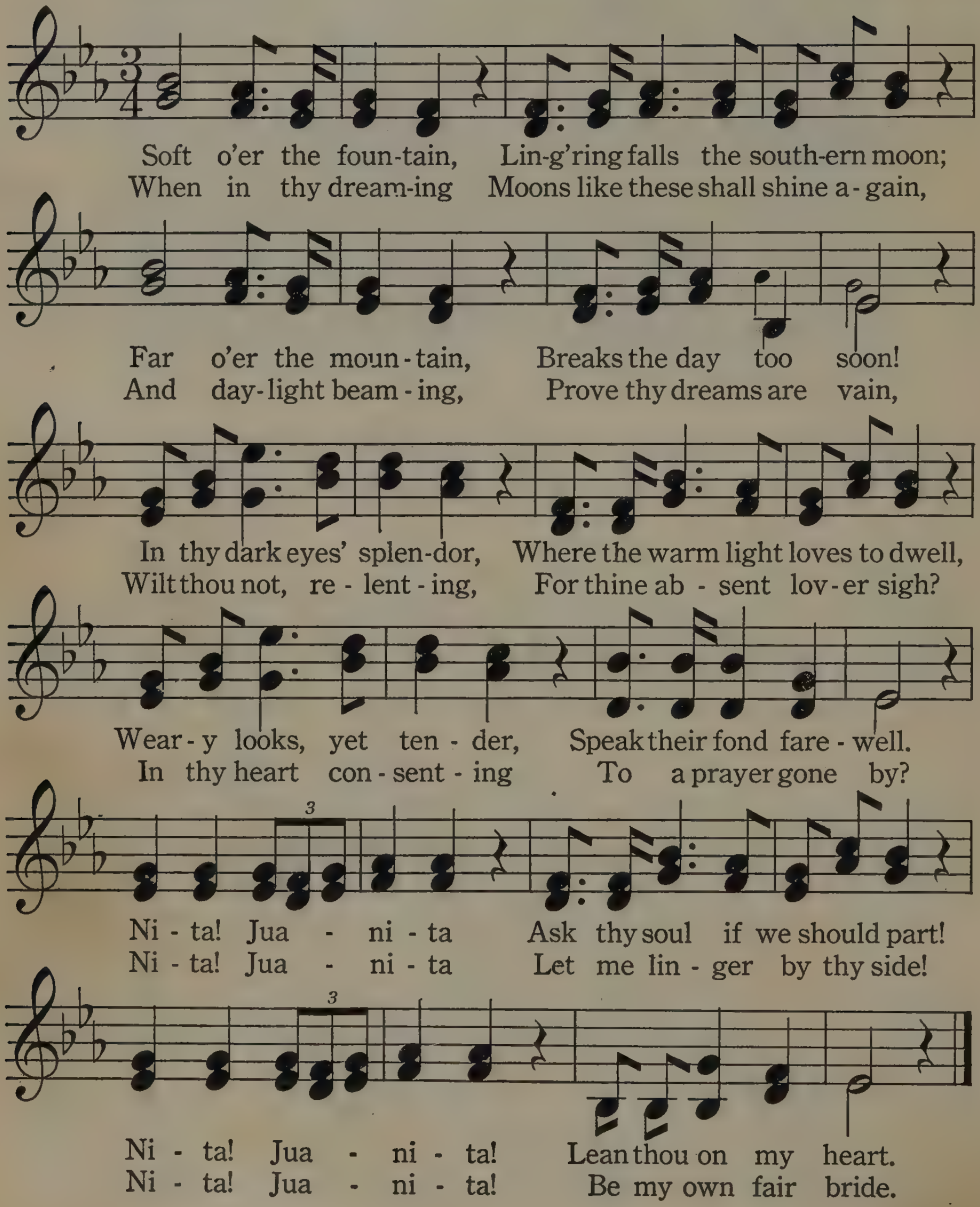
GEORGE HAMBURY *Tuba* | PELLIGRINI LECCE *French Horn* | EDWARD GEFFERT *Trombone* | EDWARD LLEWELLYN *Trumpet*

PRINCIPALS OF THE BRASS SECTION
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, FOUNDED BY THEODORE THOMAS


CHORUS
When__ borne by the red, white, and blue! When__
The____ boast of the red, white, and blue! The____
Three__ cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three__
borne by the red, white, and blue! Thy__ ban-ners make tyr- an-ny
boast of the red, white, and blue! With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-
cheers for the red, white, and blue! The__ ar - my and na - vy for-
trem-ble, When__ borne_by the red, white, and blue!
fore her, The____ boast__of the red, white, and blue!
ev - er, Three__ cheers_for the red, white, and blue!

Juanita

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON — SPANISH AIR

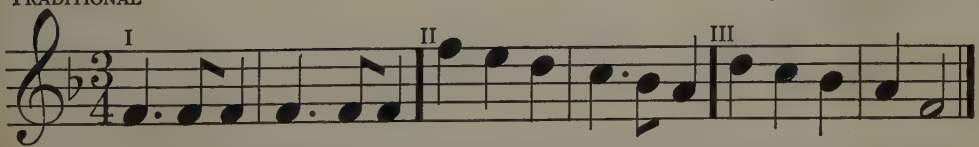

Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon;
When in thy dream-ing Moons like these shall shine a-gain,
Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon!
And day-light beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain,
In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?
Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well.
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by?
3
Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta Let me lin-ger by thy side!
3
Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride.

Turn Again

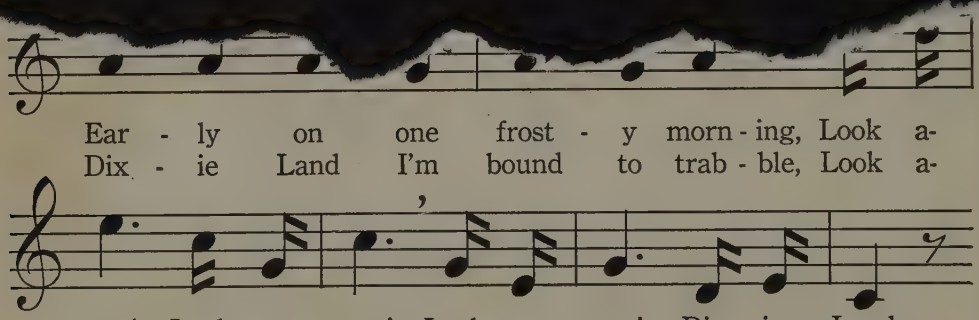
Three-Part Round

TRADITIONAL

OLD ENGLISH ROUND



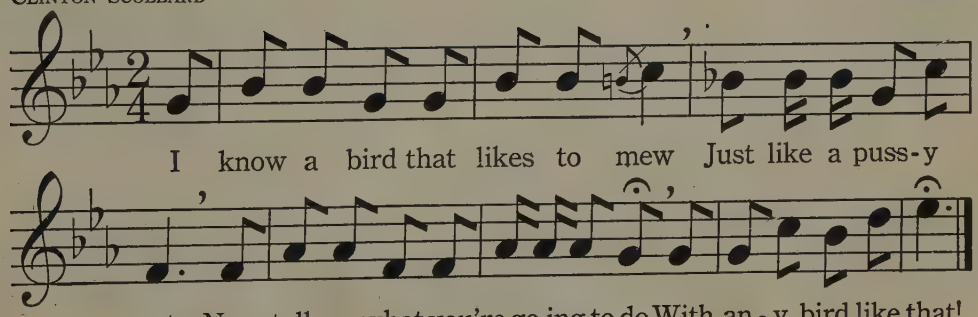
Turn a-gain, Whittington, Thou worthy cit-i-zen, Lord Mayor of London.


Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - ing, Look a-
Dix - ie Land I'm bound to trab - ble, Look a-
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo-
ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand To lib and die in
Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A-way, down South in Dix - ie, A-
way, a - way, A - way, down South in Dix - ie.

A Bird

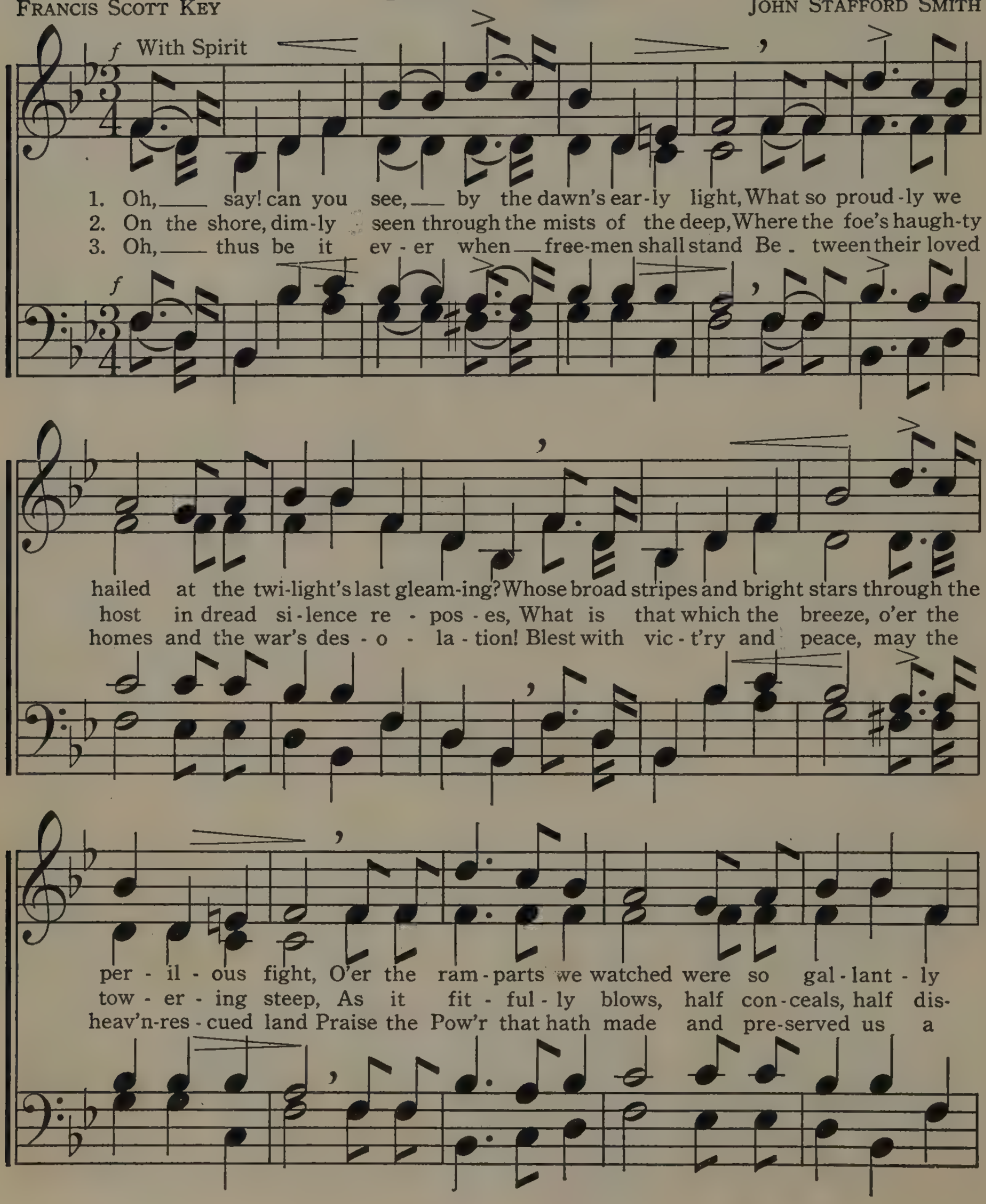
CLINTON SCOLLARD ADOLF WEIDIG

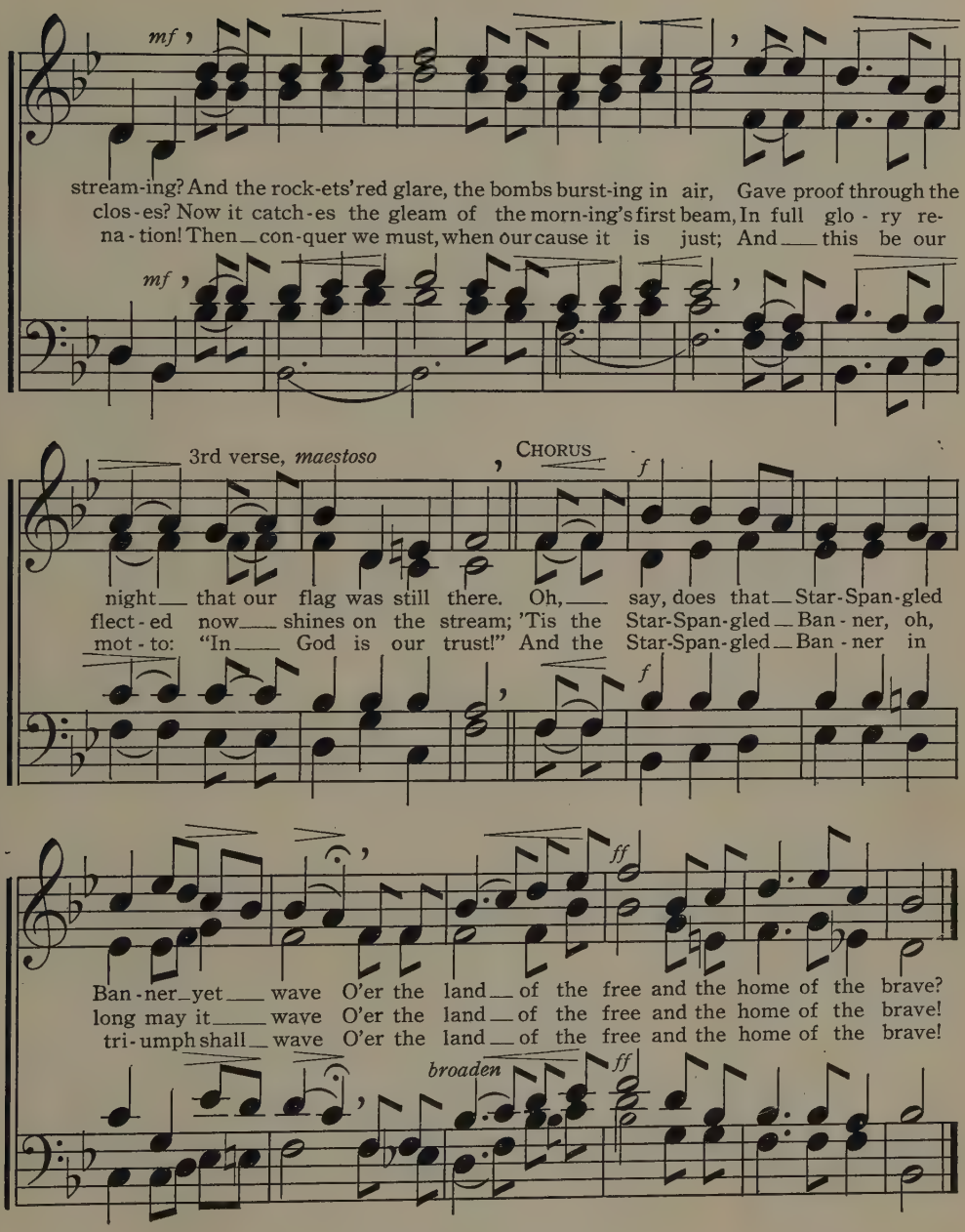


The Star-Spangled Banner

Service Version

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY JOHN STAFFORD SMITH


f With Spirit
1. Oh, say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved
f
hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the
per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a


mf
stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our
mf
3rd verse, maestoso
CHORUS
f
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that Star-Span-gled
flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-Span-gled Ban-ner, oh,
mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-Span-gled Ban-ner in
f
ff
Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
broaden
ff

America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With Free - dom's
Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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